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OUR YOUNG FOLKS ABROAD.

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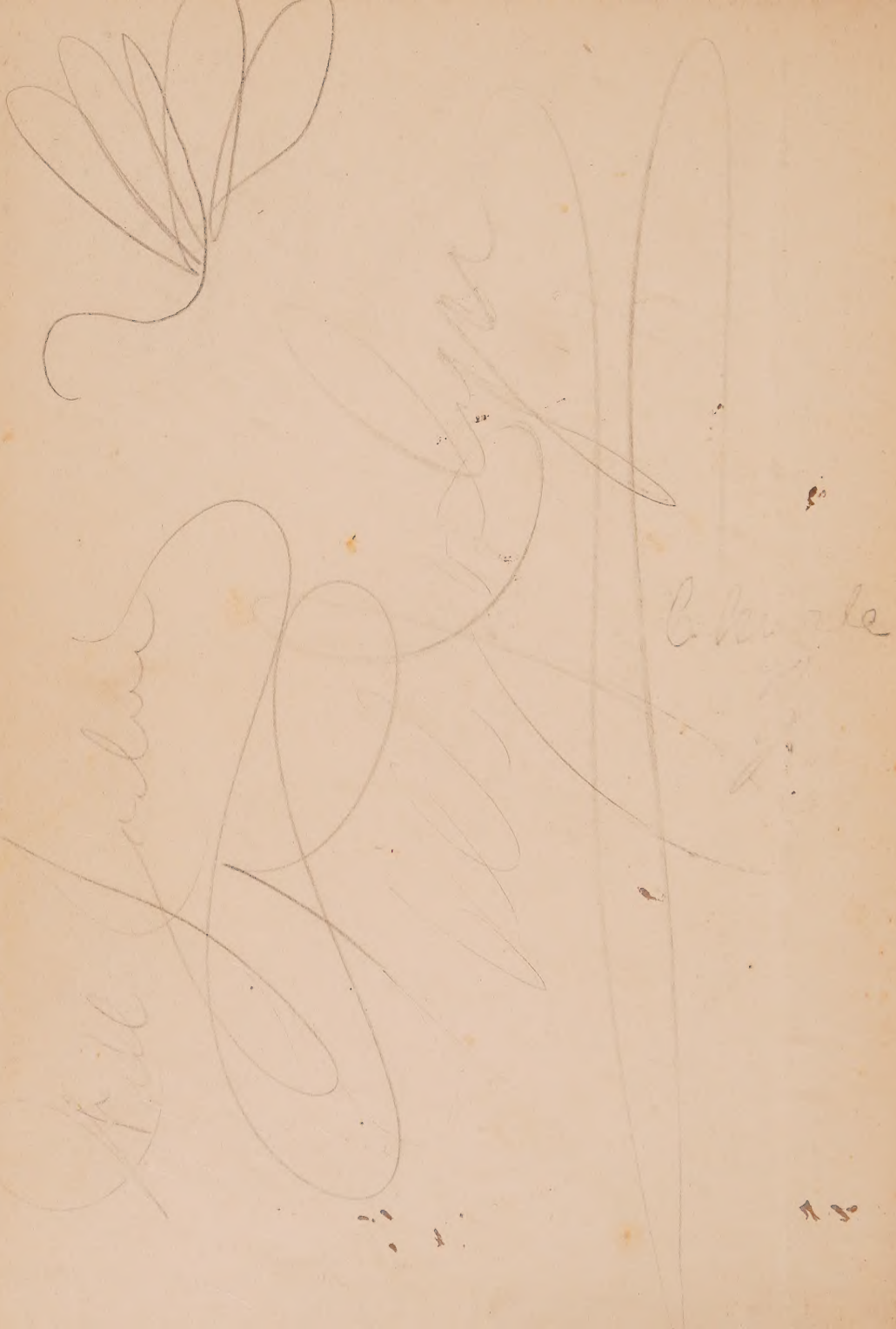

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A Christmas Present
from Less & Ross Joslin
to
Charles William Joslin

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CUSTOM-HOUSE IN THE SPLÜGEN PASS.

[*Frontispiece.*]

OUR

YOUNG FOLKS ABROAD

THE ADVENTURES

OF

FOUR AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS

IN

A JOURNEY THROUGH EUROPE TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY

JAMES D. McCABE,

AUTHOR OF "THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD," "PARIS BY SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH many books of travel have appeared in past years, it has seemed to the author and the publishers of this volume that there is room for one which shall bring up before the young readers of this country the principal places and scenes of the most charming portions of the Old World, together with such incidents of their history and romance as will interest without fatiguing.

The plan adopted has some elements of novelty. An American gentleman and his wife sail for Europe, taking with them their son and daughter, and their nephew and niece. They travel through portions of England, France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, until they reach Genoa. There they engage a swift-sailing yacht, and make a pleasant summer cruise in the Mediterranean, visiting Mentone, Monaco, Nice, Leghorn, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Palermo, and other points in Sicily, Athens, and Constantinople, where the voyage is brought to an end. The narrative consists of a recital of their adventures, the wonderful things they saw, and the impressions of the younger portion of the party. The author has not relied solely upon his imagination in the treatment of his subject, for while the names and characters of the travellers are fictitious, he has drawn freely upon his own experience during several visits to Europe.

His aim, throughout, has been to instruct, as well as to amuse. The places visited are described in such a manner as seemed most likely to interest the readers for whom the work is intended, the leading events of their history

have been presented chiefly in conversational form, and a number of the legends of the Middle Ages have been introduced, as adding to the attraction of the work, and as showing the ideas and mode of thought of the people of those far-off times.

For the illustration of the book the publishers have placed at his disposal one of the most admirable and extensive series of engravings to be found in this country. These have been freely used, and the author can vouch from his personal knowledge that they are faithful delineations of the scenes they portray.

It is his hope that Our Young Folks at Home may find the adventures of Our Young Folks Abroad not only of interest for the moment, but that they may be led by them into wider and more profitable fields of reading and research. He also indulges the belief that many of Our Old Folks, whose privilege it has been to wander amid the scenes described herein, will find in these pages a pleasant reminder of some of the happiest days of their lives.

J. D. McC.

GERMANTOWN, PA., 11th April, 1881.

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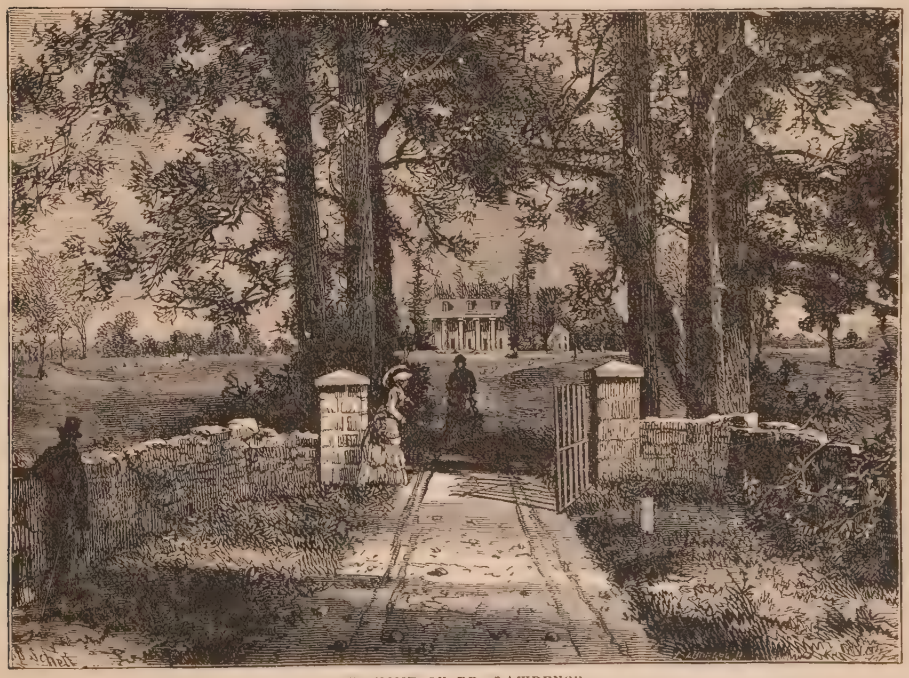
CHAPTER I.

LEAVING HOME.

"WYNNEWOOD," the residence of Dr. Edward Lawrence, was one of the stateliest mansions in Central Pennsylvania. It was well known throughout the country for its elegance and for the hospitality of its owner It stood in the midst of a grove of noble oaks, and around it lay several hun-



THE HOME OF DR. LAWRENCE.

dred acres of the best-cultivated land in the State; for Dr. Lawrence was an enthusiastic farmer, and had by his actual experience and his writings become recognized throughout the United States as an authority upon agricultural matters.

Nor was this his only claim to distinction. He had practised medicine for many years, and had won fame as a skilful physician. Possessed of an ample fortune, which had come to him partly by inheritance and partly through his wife, he had been able to devote himself to scientific research, and had acquired an enviable reputation on both sides of the Atlantic by his writings upon his favorite subjects. He was a tall, handsome man, courtly in manners and gentle and winning in disposition. He had married a lady well fitted to be his helpmeet, and their family consisted of a son and daughter. The boy was now a manly youth of eighteen, and gave promise of fulfilling the ardent hopes his parents cherished for him; the daughter was just sixteen, and was ripening into a sweet and beautiful woman. Both children were being carefully educated, and both were making rapid progress in their studies. George was already looking forward to pursuing the profession of a physician, in which his father had won such distinction, and was to enter college within a year after his introduction to the reader. Mary, his sister, shared his hopes, and was devoted to and proud of her handsome brother, who fully returned her affection.

A short time before this narrative opens, Dr. Lawrence had withdrawn from the practice of medicine in order that he might devote himself more exclusively to his other pursuits. His career had been a busy one, and, as he was now well on in middle life, he felt himself entitled to the rest that is so grateful to men of his years. He had long contemplated a visit to Europe, and now that he was freed from the cares of his practice he determined to put his plan into execution.

One night, late in January, 1880, a cheerful group was assembled in the library at Wynnewood. It consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence, George and Mary, and a gentleman who had been spending a few days with them.

The gentleman was Mr. Henry Lee, a resident of New York, and a member of the well-known firm of Lee Brothers, Bankers. He was a brother of Mrs. Lawrence, and was a great favorite in the doctor's family.

"And so, Lawrence," said Mr. Lee, "you have definitely determined on a European trip?"

"Yes," answered the doctor. "I shall go as soon as I can make my arrangements."

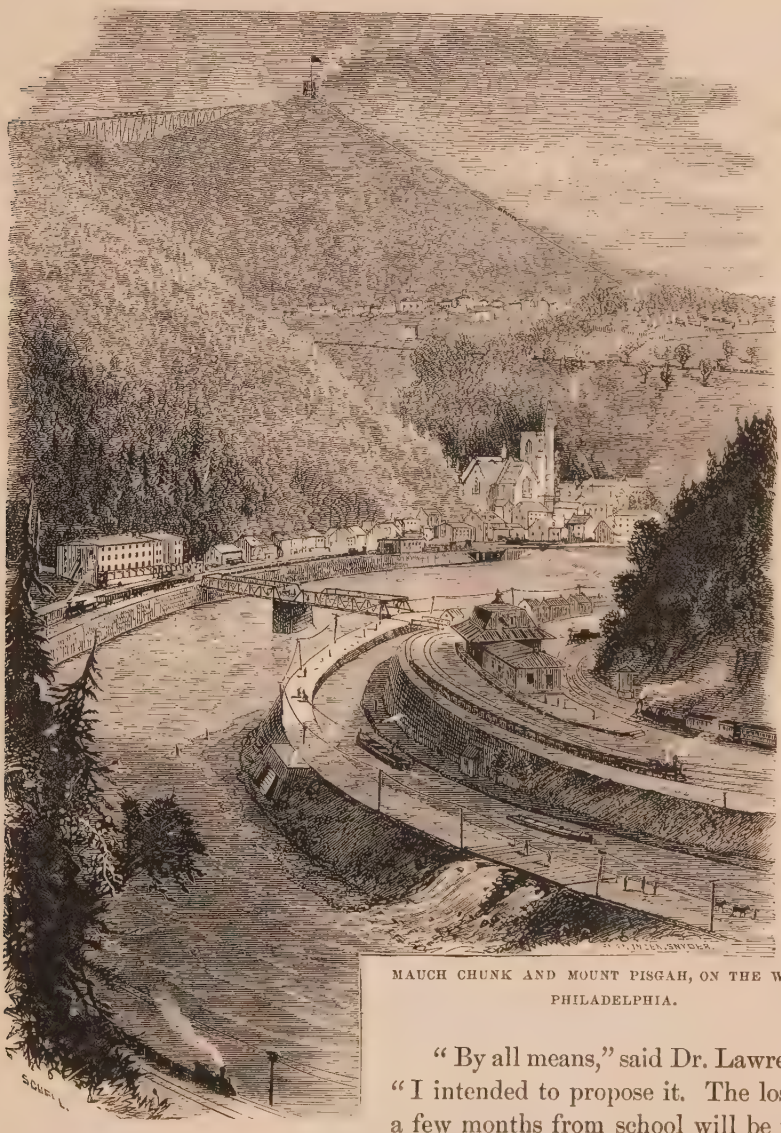
"What will you do with George and Mary?"

"Take them with us," said the doctor; "for you know their mother goes with me."

"I was about to ask you to let me have them during your absence," said Mr. Lee; "but I suppose they are delighted at the prospect before them. My children would be glad to have them stay with us."

"But, Henry," exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, suddenly, "why not let Walter

and Annie go with us? You can well afford it, and it will be an excellent opportunity for them to see something of Europe."



MAUCH CHUNK AND MOUNT PISGAH, ON THE WAY TO PHILADELPHIA.

"By all means," said Dr. Lawrence; "I intended to propose it. The loss of a few months from school will be fully made up by the knowledge they will gain abroad; and our respective young people will be excellent company for one another."

Mr. Lee looked thoughtful, but said he would take the matter into consideration. During his visit, which lasted some days longer, he had frequent con-

versations with the doctor and his sister, and at last decided that, if his wife would consent, he would send his children with the Lawrences. George and Mary were delighted with this promise, and at once wrote to their cousins to urge their mother to consent to the arrangement. About a week after Mr. Lee's return to New York, Dr. Lawrence received a letter from him stating that his wife had consented to the plan, and that they would join the doctor and his party at Philadelphia and see them set sail for the Old World.

The matter now being decided, the Lawrences began their preparations for the journey. Several brief visits were made by the doctor and his wife to Philadelphia to procure the articles necessary to the travellers' outfits, and George and Mary had also their arrangements to settle.

The doctor decided to cross the Atlantic on one of the steamers of the American Line, sailing from Philadelphia, and during one of his visits to that city he secured passage for his party on the steamer "Ohio," which was to sail for Liverpool early in March.

Dr. Lawrence had visited Europe several times before, and he had learned that the great secret of travelling comfortably in the Old World is to carry as little baggage as possible. Therefore, while indulgent in all other matters, he was firm in requiring that the members of his party should carry only such clothing and other articles as were absolutely necessary.

"ALL ABOARD!"

At last all the preparations were finished, and the day of the departure of the party from Wynnewood arrived. They were to go to Philadelphia a day or two before sailing, and would there be joined by the Lees on the day previous to the departure of the steamer.

It was a bright morning in the early part of March when the Lawrences left home. So many friends had assembled at the station to bid them good-by that the doctor could hardly shake hands with all. It was only after the conductor had shouted "All aboard!" several times that he wrung the last outstretched hand and stepped on the train. There was a sharp blast from the whistle of the locomotive, and then the train sped onward and the doctor and his companions had begun their travels.

The journey to Philadelphia was a pleasant one, and was quickly made.

Upon reaching the city the party went to the Continental Hotel, where they were to remain until the day of sailing. The two days of their stay in the city were spent in visiting various places of interest. They went to Independence Hall, and Mary saw for the first time the fine old chamber in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. They strolled on Chestnut and Walnut Streets, and had a charming, though a very cold, drive through Fair-

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

mount Park. The doctor was glad that the last home impressions of his children should be drawn from one of the principal cities of the Union and one so rich in historical associations, and was very attentive in showing them all that he thought could interest or instruct them.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee and their children, Walter and Annie, whose arrangements and preparations had been directed by the doctor, came over from New York on the night of the 9th of March, and went to the "Continental" to be with their relatives. The evening was passed pleasantly and quietly, and the travellers retired to rest early, as the "Ohio" was to sail at eight o'clock the next morning.

Walter and Annie Lee were of the same ages as George and Mary Lawrence. The cousins had been much together in their childhood, and were greatly attached to each other. They were full of eagerness, and did not sleep

much during the night; so that when they were roused, before daylight, it seemed to them they had just closed their eyes.

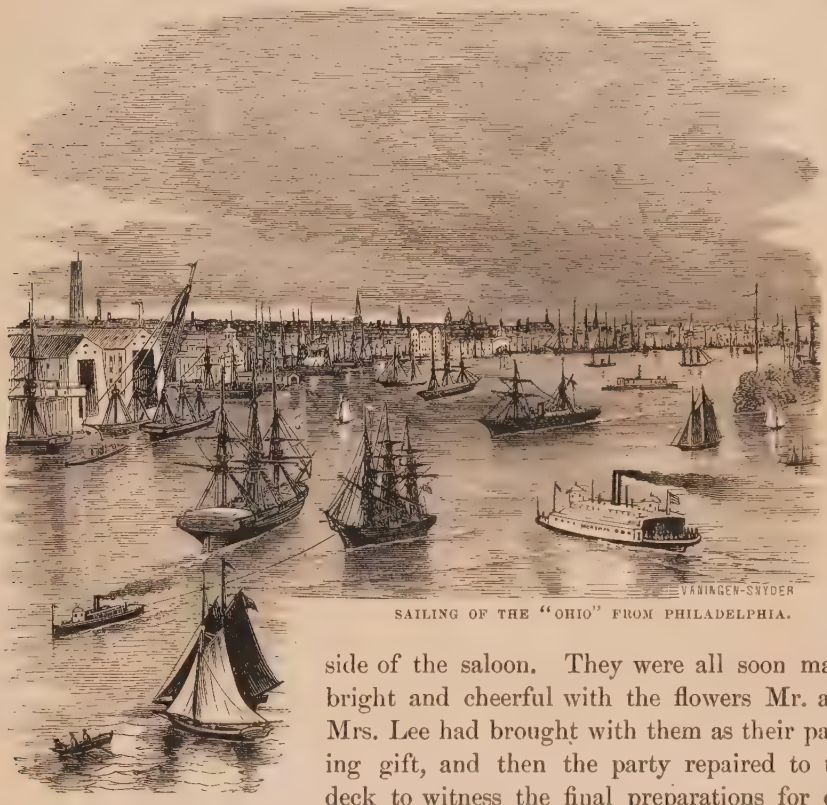
An early breakfast was provided for the travellers, after which the whole party took the large coach of the hotel for the steamer.

FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

Upon reaching the dock of the American Line they found the steamer in readiness to sail, and only awaiting the hour of departure. Officers and sailors were hurrying to and fro attending to the many matters that engage their attention at the moment of leaving port, and the pilot was leisurely pacing the bridge, glancing every now and then at his watch. A dull column of smoke rose from the red funnel of the steamer, and the steam was rushing with a shrill, fierce sound from the escape-pipes.

The porters carried the baggage of the travellers on board, and, while the doctor was giving directions as to which of the trunks should be sent down into the hold and which retained in the cabin for use during the voyage, the rest of the party went below to take possession of the rooms engaged for them. The doctor had secured three of the pleasantest rooms on the steamer. They

were situated near the centre of the saloon; each had two large berths and a sofa, and everything about them looked so neat and fresh that Mrs. Lawrence declared that half of her fears for the voyage were already dissipated. The girls were given the room situated in the same gangway with that of Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence, while the boys were assigned an excellent room on the opposite

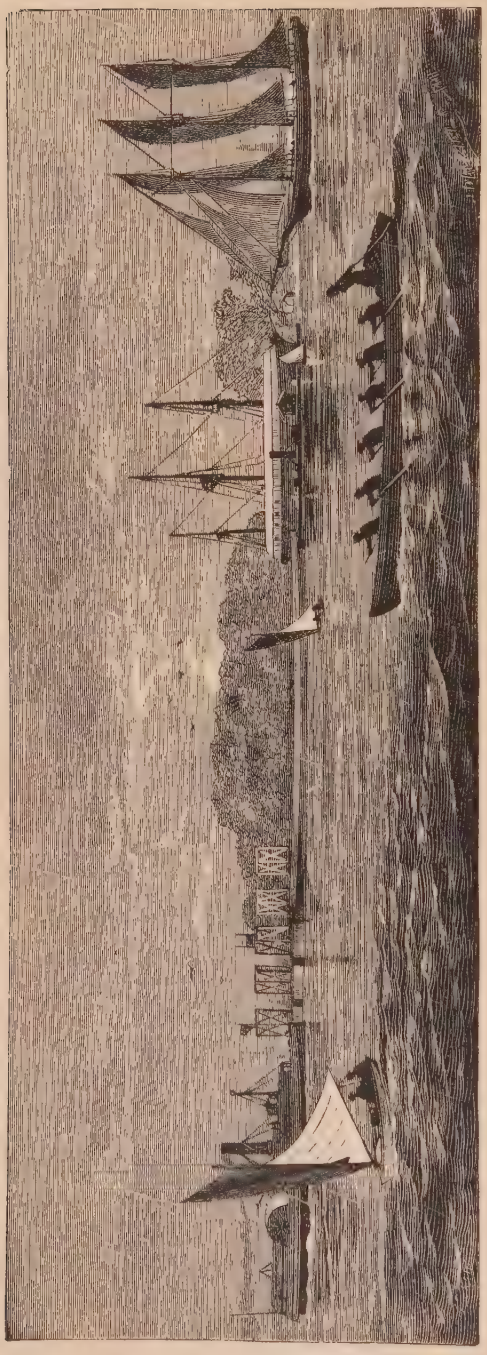


SAILING OF THE "OHIO" FROM PHILADELPHIA.

side of the saloon. They were all soon made bright and cheerful with the flowers Mr. and Mrs. Lee had brought with them as their parting gift, and then the party repaired to the deck to witness the final preparations for departure. The boys were restless and roamed impatiently about the decks, eager for the hour of starting to come. They soon made the acquaintance of the first officer of the ship, who told them, to their great delight, that the day promised to be bright and mild, and that they would have a quick run down the Delaware and get to sea with pleasant weather.

"I am more than half sorry, Lawrence," said Mr. Lee, as the first bell rang, "that you did not choose one of the larger steamers sailing from New York. This vessel looks so much smaller than the Cunard and the White Star steamers."

"I chose this line for several reasons," said the doctor. "These ships are all over three thousand tons in size, and are all good, stanch sea-boats. They



LEAGUE ISLAND.

are said to be very comfortable, and they take the southward passage at this time of the year, which I think is safer than the northward route. Besides, they are American in character as well as name, and we shall have something of home with us all the way over the Atlantic. Another advantage is that we shall be on board seven hours before getting to sea, and we shall have time to make ourselves comfortable and become used to the ship before getting out on the ocean; this I think a decided advantage."

The sharp clangor of the steamer's gong now rang out, and the order was given for all persons who were not to sail to go ashore. The last farewells were said, not without tears; many promises were made to write often; and Mr. and Mrs. Lee left the steamer and took their places on the dock to watch their dear ones as long as they could see them. Then the planks were cast off, the lines that held the steamer to the wharf were loosened, and the vessel began to move slowly from her place into the stream. It took nearly half an hour to get out into the river and turn down stream, and during this time there was a constant interchange of waving of handkerchiefs between our travellers and their friends on the shore. At last, however, the steamer

was fairly in the stream with her head downward, the tug that had assisted her was cast off, the gun was fired, the flag was dipped, the huge screw began to revolve, and the voyage was begun. A few moments more and the pier was hidden by the shipping and the travellers had lost sight of their friends. The ladies were much saddened by the parting, and their eyes were dim with tears; but the boys were excited and eager to see all the sights along the river.

The steamer now increased her speed and glided onward rapidly past the long lines of shipping, and soon the city was left behind, and the river widened as it rolled onward between the shores of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The travellers remained on deck until after Chester was passed. The doctor pointed out League Island, a short distance below Philadelphia, and one of the principal naval depots of the United States. Several ships-of-war were lying at the island, and also a number of ironclads of the class known as monitors. The boys enjoyed the sight of these very greatly, and the doctor told them some interesting stories of the exploits of the ironclads during the late civil war.

The day was bright and beautiful, the wind soft and balmy, and the river as placid as a summer lake. The steamer made excellent time, and the doctor declared they could not have had a more delightful or promising commencement of their voyage. Soon after starting the breakfast-bell rang, and the travellers, whose appetites had been sharpened by their early rising and the bracing air of the river, went below and did ample justice to an excellent meal.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the steamer passed Fort Delaware and entered Delaware

CHESTER, FROM THE RIVER.

Bay. None of the young people had ever seen a real fort before, and they greatly enjoyed their hasty view of it as the vessel swept by it. The sail down the bay was rapidly accomplished, and by three o'clock the steamer was off the Delaware Breakwater, which could be distinctly seen to the westward. The breakwater, the doctor explained, consists of an immense structure of stone built so as to break the force of the waves rolling into the bay from the sea, and thus affords an artificial but safe harbor for vessels. Back of it lies the pretty little town of Lewes, Delaware, which could be seen from the steamer's deck with the aid of a glass.

Upon leaving Philadelphia the doctor had been told that if his party wished to send any letters ashore by the pilot they could do so when he left the ship at the Breakwater. Mrs. Lawrence and Walter and Annie Lee had written a few lines during the day, and these were now delivered to the pilot, who promised to mail them that afternoon, as he was going ashore after leaving the ship.

As the Breakwater came in sight the doctor called the attention of his companions to a little sloop which was cruising about some distance ahead of them. This, he told them, was the pilot's boat, which was to take him off now that the run down the bay had been safely accomplished. In a little while the steamer stopped and lay rocking idly upon the waves. The travellers now saw a small boat propelled by two oarsmen approaching them over the water, and noticed that the pilot-boat had changed her course and was also standing towards them. The small boat soon came alongside; a rope was tossed to it and caught by the men in the boat, and the little craft was drawn safely to the side of the steamer. The pilot and a man who had accompanied him from the city now went down the ladder, which was lowered over the ship's side, and entered the boat, which at once put off for the little sloop, which was now quite near. Shouts of farewell were exchanged with the occupants of the boat, and then the bell of the steamer rang, the engines once more commenced their throbbing, and the vessel swung round to her proper course and stood out towards the open sea.

The motion of the ship now became greater, and, though there was but "little sea on," as the sailors say, she rolled lazily from side to side, to the great delight of the young people. In a little while they were passing Cape Henlopen, which was quite near, with its high sand-hills and tall light-house in full view. Across the bay was Cape May, where all the party had spent the previous summer. The light-house was greeted as an old friend, and each object in the town was recognized as it came into view as the steamer rounded the cape. By four o'clock the "Ohio" was fairly at sea, and the sails were set to catch the favorable breeze, which greatly added to her speed.

Just after they got to sea the large bell of the ship rang out sharply for sev-

eral minutes, and there was a hurried scampering of the entire crew up the ladders and companion-ways to the deck. The ladies were somewhat startled when they learned that this was an alarm of fire; but they were quickly and smilingly reassured by the first officer of the ship, who told them that this was only a fire- and boat-drill, the object of which was to train the men in assembling promptly at their proper places in the event of actual danger. As soon as the men had assembled on the deck lines of hose were brought out and attached to the steam-pumps, which were set going, and in a short while several streams of water were playing over the ship's side. Then the men were taught their proper places and numbers in the boats, after which they were dismissed below.

Towards sunset a large light-ship was passed, tossing lonely on the waves. This the captain, who was on deck at the time, told the doctor was the Five-Fathom Light-ship, which marks

THE "OHIO" PASSING FORT DELAWARE.

a dangerous shoal some twenty or twenty-five miles northeast of Cape May.

"Look at it well, ladies," he said, smiling. "It is the last thing, except a passing ship, you will see until we make the land on the other side."

At six o'clock the dinner-bell rang, and all the passengers assembled at the table. The doctor and the boys were seated at the captain's right hand and Mrs. Lawrence and the girls on his left. They were well pleased with their seats, and found the captain then, as he proved throughout the voyage, a courteous and charming companion.

CAPE MAY, AS SEEN FROM THE STEAMER.

Towards nightfall the wind freshened and the roll of the ship increased. Soon after dinner the ladies withdrew to their rooms, for the doctor thought it best that they should retire to their berths at once and become accustomed to the motion of the ship before they became sea-sick. The boys remained with him on deck and in the smoking-room until nine o'clock, when they too went below. The doctor had a bed made on the sofa in the boys' state-room, so that both George and Walter could have a lower berth.

As they passed into the cabin the rolling of the vessel and the heat of the saloon made both boys feel uncomfortable, and by the time they reached their state-room both were quite sick. The doctor told them they must expect to pay the tribute due to Neptune from all landsmen, and made them remove their shoes and coats and lie down in the rest of their clothing. George was quite sick for the next hour or two, but Walter escaped with less trouble. At last they fell asleep, and, soothed by the long, steady roll of the vessel, they slept heavily through their first night on the Atlantic.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

WHEN the boys awoke the next morning the ship was rolling heavily, for the sea had risen during the night. Both felt rather dizzy, but they resolved to make a hard fight against sea-sickness, and so lost no time in arranging their toilets and hurrying on deck. There they found Dr. Lawrence enjoying a cigar and looking as comfortable as though he were on solid ground. The doctor made the smoking-room servant bring each of the boys a cup of strong coffee, and after they had drank this they felt much more comfortable. He told them that Mrs. Lawrence and the girls had been very sick during the night, but were easier now. They would remain in their rooms during the day, but he hoped to have them on deck the next morning. Very few of the passengers made their appearance at the breakfast-table. Dr. Leslie, the surgeon of the ship, laughingly said they had "gone ashore." Dr. Lawrence was delighted to find in the surgeon a former college-mate, and during the voyage passed many pleasant hours with him. The boys managed to make a hearty breakfast, though they were obliged to surrender it a few hours later. During the morning they were a little uncomfortable, but by afternoon had fairly "gotten their sea-legs on," and were not again troubled with sea-sickness during the voyage.

The day was bright and clear and the wind favorable. The steamer had all sails set, and swept along at a rattling pace of fourteen knots an hour When the run of the ship was posted at noon, it was found that she had made two hundred and fifty-one knots from Cape Henlopen. The doctor explained to George and Walter that a "knot" is a sailor's term for a geographical mile, by which all distances at sea are reckoned. By roughly estimating a "knot" at one and one-sixth statute miles, they could easily reckon the run of the ship in statute miles.

During the day the captain told Dr. Lawrence that he should keep well to the southward on this voyage. On the passage over from England he had encountered considerable ice, and intended now to keep out of its way.

"I am sorry for that," said Walter, "for I hoped we should see some icebergs on the voyage."

"We sailors are content to read about them," said the captain. "We don't care to see them at any time."

"But, captain," said George, "can't a steamer go faster than an iceberg?"

"Yes," answered the captain. "If we could always see them in time, we could easily avoid them. But where there is ice there is also fog, and the danger is that a vessel may go crashing into a berg before it can be seen. I prefer the part of prudence, and keep out of their track."

The next morning Mrs. Lawrence and the girls were on deck, having gotten over their sea-sickness. All the passengers, with the exception of an old lady, who was more or less ill during the whole voyage, assembled at the breakfast-table, and from that time but little was heard among them of sea-sickness.

Besides our travellers there were thirteen saloon-passengers on the "Ohio," and about twenty in the steerage. The most of the former were gentlemen, merchants going out to make purchases for the coming season at home. There were several ladies among the passengers, and these, with Mrs. Lawrence and the girls, made quite a pleasant party in the ladies' parlor when the gentlemen betook themselves to the smoking-room. At sea one soon makes the acquaintance of his fellow-passengers. Each feels his dependence upon the others for society, and all unite in making the time pass as pleasantly as possible. The party on the "Ohio" proved no exception to the general rule, and the voyage, in this respect, was as delightful as any one could desire.

An ocean steamer is a world within itself, and our young travellers found much in the "Ohio" to interest and instruct them. In the "Social Hall" the captain had hung a large chart of the Atlantic, on which he had traced a number of the routes usually pursued by the steamers of the line, and the boys were greatly interested in watching the vessel's course from day to day on this. The genial captain gave them a great deal of information respecting nautical matters, and took them into his room on several occasions and explained to them the method of reckoning the latitude and longitude of the vessel and of navigating the ship across the sea. He took them up into the wheel-house on the bridge and showed them the steam steering-apparatus, by which a single man can direct the course of the most powerful steamer. The chief engineer, whose acquaintance they made soon after sailing, took them down into the engine-room, and showed them the powerful machinery by which the vessel was driven through even the heaviest seas, and carried them down lower still among the furnaces, where the firemen, stripped to their waists and grimy with coal-dirt, were feeding the glowing fires under the boilers. Then he went with them into the tunnel, showed them how the long shaft is carried back from the engines to the screw, and explained to them the principles and the working

of a screw propeller. The boatswain, old Jimmy Ropeyarn, took a great liking to the boys, and told them some wonderful stories of life at sea; for he had sailed on many oceans and had had many a strange adventure in distant lands.

CHARLES II.

He explained to them the rigging of the ship and the manner of "throwing the log" and ascertaining the speed of the vessel, and made firm friends of the young Americans by his hearty kindness.

When they had been some days out Mary told her father that she had great

trouble in keeping her watch with the ship's clock. She set it every day, but only to find it half an hour slow the next day. The doctor was much amused at her perplexity, but told her that her trouble was not an uncommon one. He then explained to the young people that in crossing the Atlantic there is a gradual change of time to every two hundred and fifty miles on the route, and that in approaching Europe from America one must move the hands of his watch forward daily from twenty to thirty-five minutes. When they reached London, he added, they would be five hours ahead of the time at home; so that when it was noon at London it would be only seven o'clock in the morning at New York. He advised them not to alter their watches until they reached Liverpool, when they could set them by Greenwich time, but to depend on "bell time" while on the ship. He explained to them the system of "bell time," which is always used on shipboard, cautioning them to remember that the even numbers of strokes represent the hours and the odd strokes the half-hours.

George made a table of "bell time" in his note-book, which we give for the benefit of our readers:

1 bell	12.30	o'clock A M.	1 bell 12.30 o'clock P.M.
2 bells	1	" "	2 bells 1 " "
3 "	1.30	" "	3 " 1.30 " "
4 "	2	" "	4 " 2 " "
5 "	2.30	" "	5 " 2.30 " "
6 "	3	" "	6 " 3 " "
7 "	3.30	" "	7 " 3.30 " "
8 "	4	" "	8 " 4 " "
1 bell	4.30	" "	1 bell 4.30 " "
2 bells	5	" "	2 bells 5 " "
3 "	5.30	" "	3 " 5.30 " "
4 "	6	" "	4 " 6 " "
5 "	6.30	" "	5 " 6.30 " "
6 "	7	" "	6 " 7 " "
7 "	7.30	" "	7 " 7.30 " "
8 "	8	" "	8 " 8 " "
1 bell	8.30	" "	1 bell 8.30 " "
2 bells	9	" "	2 bells 9 " "
3 "	9.30	" "	3 " 9.30 " "
4 "	10	" "	4 " 10 " "
5 "	10.30	" "	5 " 10.30 " "
6 "	11	" "	6 " 11 " "
7 "	11.30	" "	7 " 11.30 " "
8 "	12	" noon	8 " 12 " midnight

During the voyage the steamer passed many "schools" of porpoises. Sometimes the sea was black with these creatures for long distances. They would follow the ship, as if racing with her, until her superior speed left them behind, and again immense numbers of them would cross the course of the vessel,

diving to escape her as she passed through them, and reappearing after she had gone by. At such times there was a rush of the passengers to the ship's side, and all enjoyed the excitement of watching the graceful and powerful leaps of the dark creatures as they vainly endeavored to keep up with the steamer.

On Sunday, the fourth day after leaving the Delaware, a new excitement was afforded the travellers in a passing steamer. She was heading southward, but was too far distant for her character to be distinguished. With their glasses they could see that she had two masts and was burning a great deal of coal. The captain said he thought she was "a tramp," or a vessel which has no regular route, but sails to and from such ports as can provide her with cargoes. At noon it was found that the run of the ship for the past twenty-four hours had been three hundred knots, and that they were then eleven hundred and forty-eight knots from Cape Henlopen, or not half-way over the Atlantic. At night a heavy squall set in, and the ship rolled so much that both George and Walter were thrown out of their berths. As they escaped with only a few light bruises, they took their mishaps good humoredly, and spent the rest of the night in trying to keep in bed.

The next day the weather was still rough, and the ship rolled heavily. This made it unpleasant at the table, for the plates and dishes kept up such a dance, in spite of the racks in which they were laid, that it was difficult to keep them from sliding off to the floor or into the laps of the passengers. This brought out a laughing remark from Mrs. Lawrence to the effect that the ship invariably began to roll heaviest at the dinner-hour.

"When I was a youngster," said the captain, smiling, "I sailed with a skipper whose business it was to provide the food for the passengers. All he could save in this was clear gain to him; so, when the hours for meals came, he invariably had the ship put about, which caused her to roll so much that the passengers became sick, could not eat, and therefore did not notice the scantiness of the fare served out to them. The old man made considerable money in this way before his practice became known to his employers."

"How did they find it out?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"We had on board on one voyage," replied Captain Morrison, "a captain who was going out to take charge of a vessel in a foreign port. He was as tough an old salt as our own skipper, and the roughest weather could not interfere with his appetite. To our skipper's dismay he stuck to the table, and so discovered the trick, and reported it to the agents when we got to the end of the voyage."

On the sixth day of the passage the weather was gloomy, and a drizzling rain fell all day. On the horizon a low fog hung like a cloud, and towards nightfall the mist enveloped the whole ocean. All through the night the warning fog-whistle of the steamer was blown at regular intervals, and this,

together with their anxiety, kept the ladies awake during the greater part of the night. The boys slept heavily, however, unmindful of the fog.

On Friday, the ninth day of the voyage, the sea was very high and the wind dead ahead. The weather was cold and raw and the ladies kept themselves in their cosey parlor below, while the gentlemen and the boys took refuge in the smoking-room on deck. When the ship's run was posted at noon, it was found that they were two thousand seven hundred and twenty-six knots from Cape Henlopen, and a little over three hundred knots from Queenstown. About half-past three in the afternoon the passengers were called on deck to see the "Pennsylvania," a sister-steamer of the "Ohio." She was about five miles distant, and was steering southwest. The colors of the "Ohio" were set, and as the vessels came abreast of each other the American flag at the stern was dipped three times. With their glasses the travellers could see that the same ceremony was being observed by the "Pennsylvania." They watched her till she was out of sight, and then sought more comfortable quarters. All were in high spirits, for the captain had told them they would make the land the next morning by daylight and be at Queenstown early in the afternoon. Towards nightfall the sea became quieter, and after night the moon and stars came out brightly, promising fair weather on the morrow. A merry evening was passed in the saloon with music and games, and all retired late in eager anticipation of seeing land in the morning.

When the steward called the boys the next morning, he told them the doctor and the ladies were already on deck. They had made the land, sighting first the Calf Light-house about four o'clock in the morning. George and Walter dressed hurriedly and hastened on deck, where they were rallied by the girls for being so late.

Land was indeed in sight, and quite near. Before them was a bold headland crowned by a tower from which several flags were flying. The first officer who was standing near, told them this was "Brow Head," on the southern coast of Ireland, from which all arriving steamers are signalled and their arrivals telegraphed to Liverpool and America. He told Walter and Annie that their vessel had just exchanged signals with the tower on the headland, and that their parents would see the news of their safe arrival in the New York papers that afternoon.

The interest with which our travellers gazed upon the shores of the Old World was very great. The day was bright and beautiful, and the sea was smooth. Dr. Lawrence called the attention of his party to the color of the water, which had changed from the deep blue of mid-ocean to a bright green. Hundreds of sea-gulls wheeled and screamed about the ship and settled down in the foaming wake behind her, seeking such food as they could pick up from the refuse cast from the ship.

Breakfast was hastily despatched, and then the passengers reassembled on the deck to watch the Irish coast as they ran by it. By a little before nine o'clock the steamer passed the Fastnet Rock, with its tall light-house, which lies several miles out at sea, off Cape Clear. Although there was but little sea on, the waves, as they rolled in from the Atlantic, struck the rock heavily and sent the spray dashing up against the light-tower in clouds of foam which glittered and sparkled in the sunlight. Soon after passing the Fastnet the steamer rounded Cape Clear, a stern, rugged headland which rises up like a wall from the sea, and against which the waves beat with a thundering sound.

All the morning the steamer sped along the Irish coast, standing in quite close that the passengers might enjoy the scenery. Although it was so early in the year, the grass on the shore was quite green and gave to the Emerald Isle the brilliant hue from which it derives its name. With the aid of their glasses our travellers could easily make out all the details of the little villages on the shore, and could even distinguish the Irish peasants walking on the land. As they passed the Old Head of Kinsale, one of the sternest and most picturesque headlands on the coast, the first officer told them a thrilling story of the wreck of a large vessel on the terrible rocks before them many years ago, in which all the crew and passengers but one were lost. As the gong sounded for lunch he pointed out a fine headland some miles farther on, and told them it marked the entrance to Queenstown Harbor, which they would reach in less than an hour. Lunch was hurriedly despatched, and the passengers again repaired to the deck.

OLD HEAD OF KINSALE.

The steamer was just rounding the headland, and was steering direct for the harbor. In the distance a small steamboat was approaching from the town. This, the doctor told his party, was the "tender," which was coming out to take off the mails and such passengers as were going ashore. The "Ohio" stood in between the headlands which guard the entrance to the harbor, and the passengers had a fine view of the strong forts with which the hills are crowned. The

boys especially were much interested in the sight, so new to them, and counted the number of the guns they could see, and the dark embrasures cut in the sides of the hills for the covered batteries. At the mouth of the harbor the steamer paused and dropped her anchor, while the tender came cautiously alongside and made fast to her. With their glasses our travellers could plainly see Queenstown at the farther end of the beautiful bay, and the first officer pointed out to them the various islands and objects of interest in the vicinity.

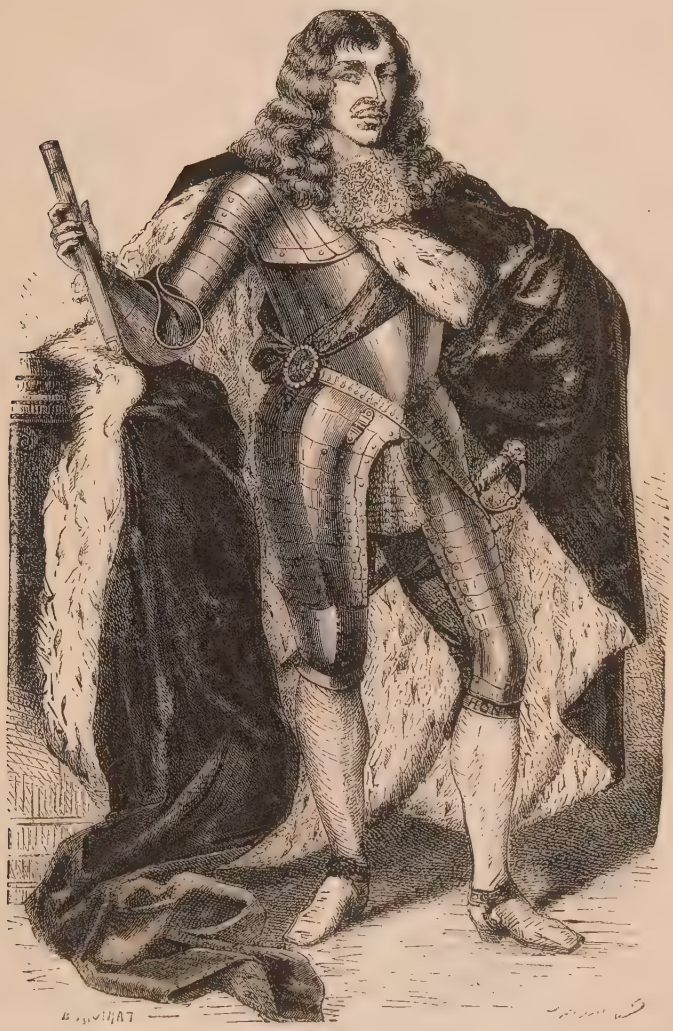
Nearly all the steerage- and several of the saloon-passengers were transferred to the tender, and the mails were put on board of her. This consumed fully half an hour, and during this time all was bustle and excitement. Then the lines which held the tender were cast off, and the little vessel steamed away amid hearty cheers from those on board the "Ohio." The ship's anchor was soon raised, the screw began to revolve once more, and, swinging gracefully around, the "Ohio" turned her head seaward and steamed rapidly out of the harbor and to sea again. No time had been lost in making the call at Queenstown, for the captain was anxious to catch the tide in the Mersey the next morning.

All the afternoon the steamer ran along the Irish coast with a fair breeze, and when night came the lights on Tuskar Rock shone out cheerily through the darkness. After sighting these lights the steamer changed her course, and, leaving the Irish coast, stood across St. George's Channel for England. Here for the first time the travellers witnessed the long twilight which lasts so far into the night and closes so prettily the English day. The doctor had witnessed it before, and told his companions that it was shorter now than it would be later in the year, when the interval between the twilight and the daybreak would be but two or three hours. The evening was passed pleasantly, and all retired to rest cheered with the knowledge that the next day would see the long voyage safely ended.

All were stirring early on Sunday morning, and breakfast was served half an hour earlier than usual. The morning was cold and raw and a mist hid the Welsh coast from view, though it was not far distant. By the time breakfast was over the steamer was safely over the bar at the entrance of the Mersey, and was steaming up the broad river towards Liverpool. The weather began to lighten, and by the time the city was in sight the sun had come out and the clouds were passing away.

As the steamer drew near the city the sight that greeted the eyes of our travellers was both novel and interesting. The river was full of steamers and sailing-vessels lying at anchor, and on both sides, as far as the eye could reach, was a forest of masts shut in behind the lofty walls of the docks. Ferry-boats were plying back and forth across the river black with passengers, and the

whole scene had an appearance of bustle and liveliness. New Brighton with its old fort, and Birkenhead with its rows of pretty villas and masses of foliage just beginning to bud, were passed, and the steamer came to a pause off the lower end of the Liverpool docks. She had scarcely dropped her anchor when



JAMES II.

a tender was alongside, and the next moment the health and customs officials came scrambling over the side. As there was no sickness on board, the passengers were at once transferred to the tender with their baggage, farewells were said to the officers of the "Ohio," and then the tender was cast off and headed

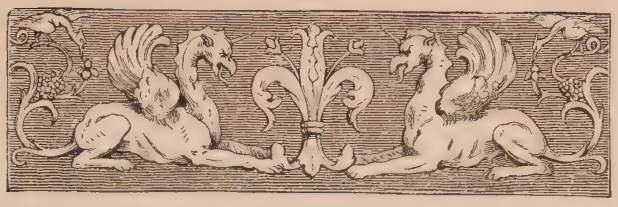
up the stream. As they left the noble steamer that had carried them safely over the Atlantic the boys gave her three hearty cheers, and the American pride of the travellers was gratified by the handsome appearance she presented in the throng of steamers among which she lay.

A run of a few minutes brought the tender to the Prince's Landing Stage, an immense floating structure anchored by the shore and provided with waiting-rooms and sheds for the examination of luggage by the customs-officers. Their trunks were soon inspected and passed by the obliging officials, and they were at liberty to go ashore. A four-wheeler was engaged for the doctor and the ladies, and the boys were stowed away in a "hansom" cab. The baggage of the party was placed on top of the vehicles, and then they set off for their hotel. Riding in a hansom was a novelty to the boys, and they greatly enjoyed it, as it allowed them a full view of the streets through which they passed.

THE HEAD-PORTER.

The party drove to the Northwestern Hotel, where they were to remain during the day, and they were not long in finding out the difference between an English and an American hotel. The ladies were surprised to find the clerks in the office of their own sex, while the boys were greatly amused by the pompous condescension of the head-porter, whose brilliant livery and grand manner made them stand not a little in awe of him.

After a brief rest at the hotel the doctor and his party started out for a stroll through the streets; for, as the day was Sunday, they could not visit any of the places of interest in the city. The massive and handsome appearance of the edifices greatly impressed them, and, in the opinion of the younger members of the party, more than compensated for the dirt and grime which were everywhere visible. St. George's Hall and the Museum and Library, which were immediately opposite their hotel, first claimed their attention, and in a series of walks and rides during the day they managed to obtain a fair view of the city and its principal sights. They passed the evening quietly at the hotel and retired soon, as they were to start for London early the next morning.



CHAPTER III.

THE VISIT TO LONDON.

THE next morning our travellers were up early, and breakfast was soon despatched. A couple of cabs conveyed them from the hotel to the Central Station, the terminus of the Midland Railway, by which they were to make the journey to London. This is one of the handsomest stations in Europe, as well as one of the largest, and presented a scene of great activity as our travellers entered it. Tickets for London were soon purchased, and the doctor managed to secure a first-class compartment for his party by giving the conductor of the train—or the "guard," as he is called in England—a shilling. In return for this "tip" the guard assured him that no other passenger would be allowed to enter the compartment during the journey.

The young people were much pleased with the novel style of railway carriage, with its comfortable upholstering, its softly-cushioned seats, and convenient racks for holding their parcels. The ladies were somewhat uneasy when they found that their baggage could not be checked, as at home; but the doctor reassured them by telling them he had seen it placed safely in another compartment of their carriage, where he could keep an eye on it. Then the starting-bell rang, and the porters, passing along the train, locked all the doors of the carriages. The next moment the train rolled out of the station and plunged into the long tunnel by which the line leaves Liverpool. After passing out of the tunnel the speed of the train was increased, and in less than half an hour Warrington was reached. This is a busy, smoky place, a sort of Pittsburgh in miniature, and is largely engaged in manufactures. The line traverses the town by means of a brick viaduct higher than the roofs of many of the houses, and the travellers could look from the car-windows down into the narrow, dirty streets below them.

After leaving Warrington the Midland Railway plunges at once into Derbyshire, and passes through some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery in England. The doctor told his companions that this region is frequently called

the "English Switzerland," because of the wildness and beauty of its scenery. He told them that the whole route to London lay through a country rich in historical association, and that he had chosen it as well for this reason as for its beauty. At Matlock Bath, one of the most noted of the English watering-

THE PEAKS OF DERBYSHIRE.

places, a brief stop was made, and our travellers enjoyed a fine view of the picturesque village and the neighboring "tors," or peaks, which make this part of Derbyshire so interesting. As the train whirled through Cromford the doctor said the place was noted as having been the site where the "spinning-

jenny" was first introduced by its inventor, Richard Arkwright, who died and is buried here.

"I want you young people to remember this," he added, "for Arkwright's invention so revolutionized the manufactures of England that this town has

CHARLES I.

been called the nursing-place of the factory opulence and power of Great Britain. Close by, on the left of the railway, is Lea Hurst, the home of Florence Nightingale, who so nobly devoted herself to nursing the sick and wounded of the British army during the Crimean war."

On, past hill and dale, by old and picturesque villages, and following the line of the river Derwent, the train sped, and at length halted in the large station at Derby. It was now high noon, and the doctor procured some good coffee and a light lunch for his party from the refreshment-room. While waiting in the carriage for the train to start several long trains from various points rolled in, and our travellers had ample opportunity to observe the hurry and bustle which characterizes all the movements of a great English railway junction. As soon as the train stopped the doors were unlocked and the passengers deserted the carriages. The greater number made a rush for the refreshment-rooms, while the others promenaded the long platforms, impatiently waiting for their trains to start. Porters were rushing about at full speed on various errands, and carriages were being shifted from one line of rails to another by an ingeniously-contrived movable track, the workings of which greatly interested the boys.

"The country from here to London," said the doctor, "was the scene of many of the most stirring events in the great civil war of England. To you who have read Scott's 'Peveril of the Peak' it is interesting, as a large portion of the lands of this county was granted by William the Conqueror to William Peveril, his natural son, and the ancestor of the hero of Scott's romance."

"Is this the place where the great Derby races are held?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"No," replied the doctor. "There is a fine race-course here; but 'the Derby,' the great national race of England, is held near London."

The train now started again, and in less than an hour Leicester was reached.

"Ah!" said Mary, as the name of the place was called by the porters on the platform, "that has a familiar sound. This place reminds me of another of Scott's characters,—the famous Earl of Leicester, who figures in the novel of 'Kenilworth.'"

"Yes," said Dr. Lawrence; "it is the capital of the county of Leicestershire, from which the Earls of Leicester took their titles. It is one of the oldest towns in England, and is said to have been founded by King Lear, more than eight hundred years before Christ. It was a famous place during the Roman occupation of Britain, and figured prominently in the wars between the Saxons and the Danes. William the Conqueror made its castle a part of the royal possessions and greatly strengthened it. Henry V. held a Parliament here, and this body was the first to order the persecution of the followers of John Wycliffe and to introduce into England the burning of heretics. Some days before the battle of Bosworth Field the army of Richard III. was quartered here, and the king slept at an inn called the 'Blue Boar.' The bed in which he slept is still preserved here, but the inn has been pulled

down. After the battle his body was brought here and buried in the Chapel of the Grey Friars, which has disappeared. The town was taken during the civil war by Charles I., and was retaken by the Parliamentary forces under Sir Thomas Fairfax. This, you see, makes up quite an interesting history. Do any of you know any other event connected with the place?"

"It was here that the great Cardinal Wolsey died," said Walter.

"Right," said the doctor. "You shall tell us the story."

"There was in the suburbs of Leicester, in the time of Henry VIII.," began Walter, "an old abbey belonging to the Augustinian friars. After the fall of Cardinal Wolsey the king had him arrested by the Duke of Northumberland on a charge of high treason. The arrest was made at Cawood Castle, and the duke at once set out with his prisoner for London. On reaching Leicester the cardinal was so ill that he begged the duke to let him rest at the abbey. The duke consented, as he saw the old man could go no farther. The abbot and the monks met the cardinal at the abbey-gate, for they had been notified of his arrival. 'Father abbot,' said the cardinal, 'I come to lay my bones among you.' He was carried to his chamber, where solemn services were held, but the next day he died. His last words were, 'If I had served my God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have deserted me in my old age!' The cardinal was buried in the abbey church, and the abbot and all the monks attended the funeral, which was held by torchlight a little before daybreak."

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

While Walter was relating his story the train started, and it now sped on through the charming country of Leicestershire; through Market Hatboro', where Charles I. had his headquarters previous to the battle of Naseby, and from which Cromwell's despatch to Parliament announcing the defeat of the royal army was written; on into Northamptonshire; past Rushton, where the famous Gunpowder Plot was devised, in a house belonging to Sir Thomas Tresham, which still stands near the railway; and halted at Bedford, in the jail of which good John Bunyan was imprisoned, and in the church of which he preached for seventeen years. The doctor called the attention of his companions to these facts, and told them that it was in Bedford jail that Bunyan wrote his immortal allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress." After leaving Bedford he pointed out the village of Elstow, on the left of the line, famous as Bunyan's birthplace. As they sped through Ampthill he pointed out the site of Ampthill

House, where Catharine of Aragon resided while her divorce from Henry was being tried.

At St. Alban's the train made a brief halt, and the doctor told his companions that the town, in which he had passed a day on a previous visit to England, was named in honor of Albanus, the first Christian martyr of England, who was scourged and beheaded at this place during the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. He pointed out to them the church-tower in which hangs the bell that, in the days of the Normans, rang out the curfew, commanding the extinguishment of fires. As the train sped through a deep cutting after leaving St. Alban's he told them that this was a part of the field on which the second battle of St. Alban's, fought during the Wars of the Roses, took place, and that, in excavating for the railway, bones, skeletons, arms, and armor were dug up.

A quarter of an hour more brought the travellers to the suburbs of London, where the train was stopped to enable the guard to pass along the side of the carriages to collect the tickets. He passed along the foot-rail and appeared at the window, and the doctor handed him the tickets, which he took without entering the carriage.

"This may suit the English well enough," said George; "but, for my part, I prefer our system of cars, where the conductor can walk through and take the tickets without stopping the train."

They now started again, and in a short while entered the great St. Pancras Station, at London. The doors of the carriages were thrown open, and our travellers, alighting, found themselves in the midst of a large throng, who had come by the same train, and all of whom were eager to secure their baggage and be off to their destinations. A porter answered the doctor's call, and took charge of the trunks of the party as they were handed from the luggage compartment. A long line of cabs was drawn up along the platform under the shed,—an arrangement which the young people at once admitted was superior to the American way of doing things; but the party did not need any of these, as their hotel, the "Midland Grand," lay at the farther end of the platform, so that they had but to walk through the station and pass into the reception-room of the hotel.

They were received by a courteous clerk, who assigned them rooms on one of the upper floors, for the house, large as it is, was full; but, as there was an elevator—or, as the clerk called it, "a lift"—to take them up and down, this made no difference. They were soon at their rooms, and on the way up had an opportunity to observe the massive and substantial manner in which this great hostelry, the largest in London, is built.

It was but three o'clock, and our travellers were in no way fatigued by their ride from Liverpool. The boys were eager to get out and see London at

once; but Dr. Lawrence told them that seeing London was a very great undertaking and would require a longer time to accomplish it than they supposed. As the ladies were quite as anxious to commence sight-seeing, he proposed that they should devote what was left of the afternoon to St. Paul's.

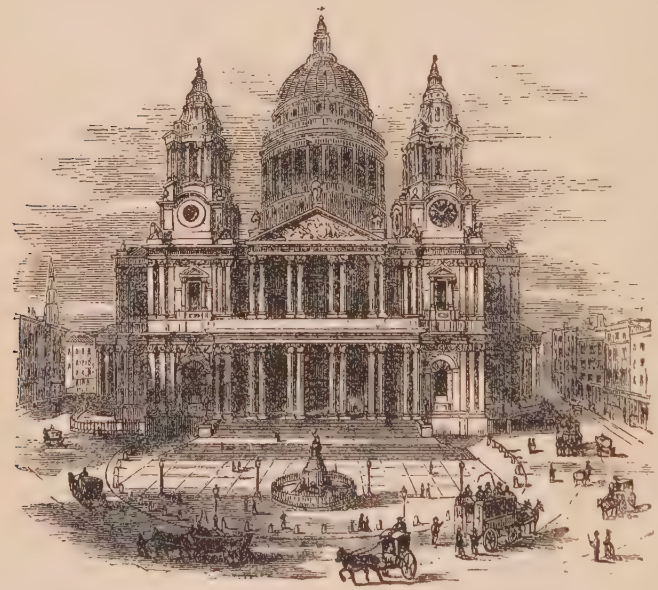
BATTLE OF NASEBY.

As it was a long distance from the hotel to the church, which stands right in the heart of London, they took cabs, this time occupying three hansoms. George said the only objection he had to this arrangement was that it gave them

the appearance of a procession; but, however, they took the cabs, and drove through the long line of streets between St. Pancras's and St. Paul's, seeing much to interest them on the way, as the route lies through some of the poorer regions of London, as well as through some of the sections devoted to the residences of the middle classes and through some of the business quarters.

The doctor made his party leave the cabs in Ludgate Hill, and paid and dismissed the drivers. He wished not only that they might approach the beautiful cathedral from the best point of view, but that they might enjoy their first sight of it together. An exclamation of delight burst from the entire party as the grand edifice rose before them, blackened and stained by time and London smoke, but still beautiful and awe-inspiring in its noble proportions, with its grand dome rising heavenward and surmounted by the cross.

"You will see nothing finer in Europe," said the doctor. "The effect of many of the Continental cathedrals is destroyed by their surroundings, and even St. Peter's can be seen to advantage only at a distance; but this grand church, to my mind, is surpassed by none."



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, FROM LUDGATE HILL.

They stopped to notice the statue of Queen Anne, which stands by the western portal and looks from the church towards the city.

"At the time the statue was erected," said the doctor, "there was a famous tavern at the corner of Ludgate Hill much frequented by the public, and this gave rise to a couplet, produced by one of the wits of the day, which greatly tickled the popular fancy. It ran as follows:

> "'Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she's left in the lurch,
> Her face to the gin-shop, her back to the church.'"

They passed in at the western door, over which is a bas-relief representing the conversion of St. Paul. Evening service was being celebrated as they en-

tered the church, and they were obliged to await its close before looking around. They enjoyed the fine music by which it was accompanied, and by the time service was over had become familiar with the general plan of the interior. After service they roamed through the church, admiring its grand beauty and the fine monuments to "England's noble dead," with which it is filled. Those

QUEEN ANNE.

which interested the young people most were the sumptuous monument erected to the Duke of Wellington, in the old Consistory Court, and the monument to Lord Nelson.

Then they went down into the crypt and saw the tombs of Wellington, Nelson, and Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the church, and of the

other distinguished persons who lie buried here. The doctor told them that the sarcophagus which contains Lord Nelson's coffin was made by order of Cardinal Wolsey and was intended for his own interment, and that the coffin itself was made from the mainmast of "L'Orient," the flag-ship of the French fleet in the battle of the Nile.

During their stay in London our travellers made several visits to St. Paul's, and on one of these they went up into the Whispering Gallery, and were astonished to find how distinctly a whisper from one side of the immense dome is heard on the opposite side. The boys climbed up into the ball of the cross, but declared that it was a useless expenditure of time and trouble, as they could see nothing of the city, the day being overcast.

After leaving St. Paul's they had an hour or more of daylight to spare, and so they strolled from the cathedral down to Ludgate Circus. The boys were somewhat puzzled by the name, and Walter frankly owned that he supposed it was derived from some popular circus-show; but the doctor explained to them that the word was simply used in the sense of "circle," and is applied to all the round places at the intersection of prominent streets in London. He told them that the street was called after Lud, one of the earliest kings of Britain, whose history is, for the better part, fabulous. Some persons, he said, derived the name of London from him, as he is said to have rebuilt the city and to have surrounded it with walls and innumerable towers. Hence it was called Lud's Town, which has been softened into London. His body is said to have been buried by the gate called Lud's-gate, which stood near by during the Middle Ages, and was one of the handsomest gates of London. After all, the young people declared the place was one of the most interesting they had ever seen and was jolly enough to be a good substitute for a circus. The boys were more interested in the constant passing of the trains along the viaduct of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, overhead, than in anything else, and the doctor told them they would have an opportunity of riding over it in leaving London, as it would be their route to Dover and the Continent.

The walk was continued down Fleet Street, and they turned off into the pretty gardens of the Temple, which lie between the street and the Thames. Here they saw the Temple Church, built by the Knights Templar, one of the finest specimens of mediæval architecture in England. They visited the interior during their stay in London, but it was closed now, and they had to content themselves with a look at the gardens, which Shakespeare, in the first part of King Henry VI., makes the scene of the quarrel between Plantagenet and Somerset, when the white and red roses, the fatal symbols of civil war, were plucked and adopted as badges by the Yorkists and Lancastrians. Returning to Fleet Street, they soon reached the site of "Temple Bar," one of the old gates of London, which was removed in 1878. This gate, the doctor

told his companions, marked the boundary between the cities of London and Westminster, which are distinct corporations, though both form parts of the British metropolis. They paused to admire the handsome new Law Courts, which were in process of construction, and then passed on into the "Strand," which has been well described as "The Heart of London." Although so wide,

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

it was crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, all hurrying on at the top of their speed. Annie said she had never seen so many people on the street in New York, and that not even Broadway was so crowded. St. Clement Dane's Church, which stands in the centre of the roadway, the doctor told them, derives its name from the belief that Harold and Harefoot, and many other of the Danish masters of England, were buried on the spot where it stands. The

handsome display of jewelry and fancy articles in the shop-windows greatly interested the ladies, and, in consequence of stopping so often to look at them, their progress along the street was very slow. The stately pile of Somerset House claimed a portion of their time. The doctor told them that the present edifice, which is now occupied by government offices, was built in 1766, and stands on the site of an older palace begun in 1547 by the Lord Protector Somerset, who pulled down the cloisters and charnel-house of old St. Paul's to obtain stone for his building, and was even thinking of tearing down a part of Westminster Abbey for the same purpose, when the headsman put a stop to his career. He told them that Queen Elizabeth had lived in the old palace before she became queen, and that it was the home of the queens of James I. and the two Charleses. As they passed Savoy Street the doctor pointed out the Chapel Royal Savoy, which stands on the site of the old palace of the Savoy, built in 1245 by the great Baron Simon de Montfort, and afterwards owned by John of Gaunt. The captive King John of France died there, and the palace was destroyed by the mob during Wat Tyler's insurrection. The handsome hotel and railway station at Charing Cross next claimed the attention of our travellers. The boys were principally interested in the railway station, but the girls found the most interest in the handsome cross which stands in the station-yard.

"When Queen Eleanor, the wife of Edward I., died," said Dr. Lawrence, "her body was conveyed with great pomp to Westminster Abbey for burial. The pall-bearers set the bier down nine times to rest on the way, and on each of the spots so hallowed the king erected a memorial cross. At this time the little village of Charing stood half-way between London and Westminster, and from it the cross which stood here took its name. The original cross was pulled down by order of Parliament during the civil war. The present structure is a restoration of it, erected some years ago."

Our travellers now turned into Trafalgar Square, one of the finest public squares in the world. Here stand the monument to Lord Nelson and the statues of Charles I., George IV., Sir Henry Havelock, and Sir Charles Napier. The young people greatly admired the handsome fountains which adorn the square, which are fed by two artesian wells, one of which is four hundred feet deep. The party crossed the square and entered the Haymarket, which, as its name indicates, was formerly the place to which the farmers brought their hay for sale. Apart from the theatres, there was not much to interest them here; so they passed on towards Regent Street, and stopped at the gorgeous Criterion Restaurant, where the doctor proposed they should dine. This is one of the handsomest restaurants in the world, and there was much to interest our Americans as they enjoyed their meal. When this was over they took cabs and drove back to their hotel, enjoying the wonderful sight of the streets of

London by gaslight,—a sight which those who have witnessed it will never forget. They were all tired out when they reached the hotel, and were glad to go to bed; and so ended their first day in London.

I cannot hope to describe minutely all that our travellers saw in the British metropolis. To attempt to do so would fill a volume. They passed a week in the city, and, as all were fond of sight-seeing, they made good use of their time.

They started out by nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, and drove direct from the hotel to the Tower of London. The doctor purchased tickets at the

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

office, and while they were waiting for a party of sufficient size to be made up the young people amused themselves by studying the gorgeous costume of the "Beef-Eaters," as the guides who conduct visitors through the Tower are called. The doctor told them that in old times the warders were the servants of the constable of the Tower, and were employed by him to guard the prisoners and watch the gates. In the reign of Edward VI. they were made extraordinary yeomen of the guard, and have ever since worn the livery of that body, which was designed by Henry VII. They are now chosen from the veteran soldiers of the army.

The guide now notified our travellers that he was ready to start, as a sufficient party of visitors had assembled, and they followed him over the bridge across the moat, which is now dry and is cultivated as a garden, but can still

be flooded in time of danger. As they passed the Traitor's Gate, by which state prisoners were formerly conveyed to the Tower by water, the guide paused and explained to the visitors the construction of the gate and recalled the names of some of the most important prisoners who had entered the Tower through it. Among these were Sir William Wallace, the Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Seven Bishops.

"I never was so glad that I have read the history of England as I am now," said Walter. "Half of what the guide tells us would be uninteresting if I did not know something of the events which happened here."

Fortunately, the young people were all well up in English history, and were therefore able to enjoy the place thoroughly. They spent a delightful morning in the Tower. They visited the Horse Armory, and saw the splendid collection of arms and armor gathered there, and passed into the White Tower, built by William the Conqueror. At the foot of the stairway the guide showed them the spot where the bones of the little princes murdered by Richard III. were found, and from which they were removed to Westminster Abbey. Then they went up into Queen Elizabeth's Armory, in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined so long, and in which he wrote his "History of the World." They saw the equestrian figure of "Good Queen Bess" in full court-dress, and the block, the axe, and the headsman's mask. George laid his head on the block, and Walter raised the axe in a mock-tragical manner which made the guide laugh. He told them that the block was the one used for the execution of Lords Lovat, Kilmarnock, and Balmerino after the rebellion of 1745 in favor of the Young Pretender, but that the axe had been the means of ending the life of many of the prisoners confined in the Tower.

"The one I always feel sorriest for, sir," said the guide, addressing the doctor, "was the poor young Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in the reign of James II. on the green beyond this tower. He was a handsome, warm-hearted fellow, and would have made us a better king than his uncle, who refused to spare his life."

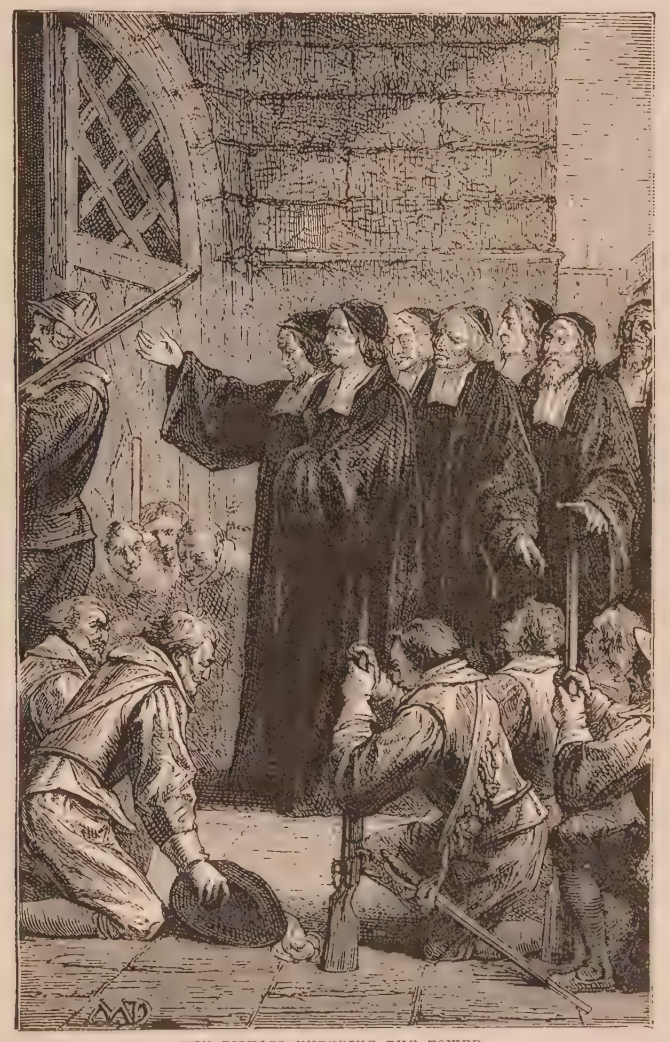
Returning through the Horse Armory, the guide said to the doctor, pointing to some of the suits of armor exhibited there, "I think, sir, the men of the present day must be larger than those of the times when armor was worn."

"Why do you think so?" asked Dr. Lawrence. "I had always thought them our superiors in size and strength."

"Well, sir," replied the guide, "a few years ago the city authorities asked us for a number of suits of armor to be worn in the Lord Mayor's procession. We sent them twenty suits, and they could use only seven out of the number: the rest were too small."

The party now went into the White Tower by another entrance, and visited the handsome Norman Chapel and the grand apartment once used on state

occasions by the court, when the Tower was occupied as a palace, but now filled with stores of small-arms ready for instant service; and from the White Tower they passed over to the Beauchamp Tower and examined the interesting inscriptions on its walls, the sad memorials of its unhappy occupants in bygone years.



THE BISHOPS ENTERING THE TOWER.

The next place visited was the Wakefield or Record Tower, in which are kept the crown jewels of England. The gentlemen of the party were obliged to leave their canes and umbrellas and the ladies their parasols at the entrance-door. Then they ascended a narrow stone stairway and entered a heavily-

vaulted room, in the centre of which stood a massive cage of glass and iron. In this were arranged the famous English crown jewels, which are worn by the sovereign on state occasions, and which are valued at three million pounds sterling. A frowsy-looking female attendant pointed out the various articles and explained their uses. The woman went hurriedly through her task, and the visitors, who would gladly have lingered to examine the magnificent ornaments more closely, were passed out. As they went down the stairs Mary said to her father that the woman seemed to be afraid they would try to steal some of the jewels.

OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

"Small chance of that," said the doctor. "But attempts have been made to carry them off, and one, in the reign of King Charles II., came very near being successful. Colonel Blood, a desperate adventurer, actually succeeded in stealing the crown and several other articles, but was caught as he was leaving the Tower."

From the Tower our travellers walked down to the river, and, embarking on one of the penny steamers, rode up the Thames to Westminster Stairs, thus obtaining a fine view of the river front, which is one of the most interesting sights of London. Upon landing they passed up the stairs and walked out on Westminster Bridge, to see the Houses of Parliament from that direction. The boys stoutly maintained that they liked the Capitol at Washington much better; but the doctor and Mrs. Lawrence declared that in many respects this was the

more imposing building. As they stood there the great bell in the clock-tower tolled the hour.

"That," said the doctor, "is one of the most noted bells in the world. It is called 'Big Ben,' and weighs nine tons."

"Big Ben!" exclaimed Mary. "I once read a poem by Charles Mackay about the bell, and liked it so much that I committed it to memory."

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WESTMINSTER HALL, CRIMEAN AND CANNING MONUMENTS. PENITENTIARY, VAUXHALL BRIDGE, LAMBETH SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, LAMBETH PALACE, AND BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL IN THE DISTANCE.

"Repeat it to us," cried the boys. "It will be splendid to listen to it here."

After some urging, in which her parents joined, Mary repeated the poem, which was as follows:

WHAT BIG BEN SAID TO LONDON AT MIDNIGHT.

I sat by the open window
  And watch'd the lights on the stream
Flickering, floating, fleeting,
  Like fancies in a dream,
And heard Big Ben from his belfry
  Lift up his voice sublime,
And peal o'er the mighty city
  His sorrowful midnight chime.

And I thought, as the tones were carried
On the wild wind-currents down
Over the sleeping, waking, weeping,
Revelling, murderous town,
That Ben to my ear confided
The meaning of his song,
With all its pity, all its warning,
And all its hate of wrong.

Perchance none listened but I
As he spoke to the thoughtless crowd,
Telling it things to exalt the lowly
And lower the pride of the proud,—
Telling it things of Life and Death
With a boom that seemed to pray,
And mingle reproach with benediction
In a dirge for the dying day.

"One!" and the sound rang loud and clear.
"May Heaven her sin forgive her!
She hath gone!" he saith,—"gone to her death
In the hush of the rolling river;
She hath fled from hunger and scorn and shame
And the town's polluting touch;
And, though she hath sinned, look kindly on her:
Hath she not suffer'd much?"

"Two! Three! and Four!" "Ay, more and more
They sink into graves forlorn,—
The starving wretches who cumber the earth
And weep that they were born.
Some by razor, and some by rope,
By swift or by slow decay;
And all go down to the pitying dust,
Out of the world,—and the way!"

"Boom Five and Six!" "Let the wicked rejoice,
And worship their guilty gold!
Let the bright eyes glow! Let the wine-cups flow!
Let the mirth be uncontroll'd!
To-day's their own. Let them alone!
The crime and the doom are one,
And all comes right in the pale moonlight,
If not in the glare of the sun."

"Ring Seven and Eight!" "O sons of Fate
That wither and pine and die
Because Good Fortune knows you not,
Or scorns as she passes by,

Give scorn for scorn! The mind's the man.
The soul, not flesh, is first.
And self-respect is a kingly crown
When Fortune does her worst."

"Ring Nine and Ten!" "O women and men
That grovel and sleep and crawl,
Drinking and feeding, wedding and breeding,
Think well if this be all!
Think of the heritage of the soul,
Nor quench in low desire
The light of your higher nature
And the spark of a heavenly fire."

"Ring out Eleven! to Earth and Heaven!"
"Hear it, ye brave and true;
Be brave and true and good to the end,
Whatever the world may do.
The tears you shed shall be healing balm,
Your wounds shall make you strong,
And the plaint of your lamentation
Grow into heavenly song!"

"Sound forth, O solemn Midnight!"
"Sleep, overwearied brain!
Sleep, Innocence! Sleep, Madness!
Sleep, Misery and Pain!
In God's great loving-kindness,
So broad, so high, so deep,
Nothing's more welcome, nothing's more lovely,
Nothing's so good as sleep!"

O mournful Ben, in thy belfry lone
Toning the Psalm of Life,
Of the good and the bad, the merry, the sad,
And the peace that follows strife,
Thy voice is a voice in the deserts
On the shores of the gloomy river:
Time speaks in vain to the busy world
Forever and forever.

Mary received the unanimous thanks of the party for her recital, and then they walked around to the entrance to the Palace Yard and passed into Old Westminster Hall. This beautiful specimen of Old English architecture, the doctor said, was built by William Rufus, and was the only portion of the old Palace of Westminster saved from the fire of 1834 It is now used as an entrance-hall to the House of Commons and the Law Courts, and along its

sides are arranged statues of some of the sovereigns and great men of England.

"When William Rufus built this hall," said Dr. Lawrence, "he intended it to be a part of a grand palace he meant to erect here; but his design was never carried out. Some of the most interesting events of English history have occurred in this chamber. The first Parliament of England sat here, and the royal coronation banquets were held here up to the time of George IV. The Earl of Strafford and Charles I. were tried and condemned and Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector in this hall, in which, also, his head was set on a pike after the Restoration. Here were held the trials of Sir William Wallace, Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, the Earl of Essex, Sir Thomas Wyatt,—who tried to prevent Bloody Mary from marrying Philip of Spain,—Guy Fawkes, and Warren Hastings."

As the House of Commons was not in session, they were permitted to enter the lobby of the House, where they saw the beautiful historical paintings with which the walls are ornamented, and also the House itself. This was a disappointment to them, it being much smaller and plainer than they had expected, and all agreed that it was not as handsome as the chamber of the House of Representatives at Washington. The House of Lords was closed, but they were admitted to it the next Saturday, and found it a far handsomer and nobler chamber than that of the Commons. The girls were particularly pleased with the throne, and would have liked to sit upon it; but it was closed in by a rope, and they could not do so. They sat, however, on the famous "Woolsack," the cushioned seat before the throne, which is occupied, when he is present, by the Lord Chancellor. The boys said they thought the throne must be a much nicer seat to occupy, as the queen could lean back, while the Lord Chancellor had to sit bolt-upright, and must find his place very tiresome during some of the long debates.

As they went back into the lobby a policeman directed the doctor to a neighboring room, in which the High Court of Appeal was sitting. There they saw the Lord Justices of the Court, and the lawyers in their gowns and wigs, the latter of which seemed to them very comical. On their way back through Westminster Hall they went into the Court of the Queen's Bench, where a trial was going on, and there saw the Lord Chief Justice of England, a very mild-faced old gentleman in a black gown and big wig.

Leaving the Parliament Houses our travellers walked around to Westminster Abbey, pausing often to admire the grandeur of the building as seen from different points during their walk. They passed in by the main entrance, and for a moment paused and gazed around, awed by the beauty and sublimity of the place.

"It is more beautiful than I had imagined it," said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Yes," said the doctor; "no description can do it justice, and it is one of the few churches that do not disappoint you. It is by far the most beautiful and venerable interior in Europe."

LONDON BRIDGE.

Then the doctor told them that the first church that stood here was erected in the early part of the seventh century by Sebert, the first king of the East Saxons, to the honor of God and St. Peter, and that the legends say St.

Peter himself suddenly appeared and consecrated it. It was finished by King Edgar, who, under the influence of St. Dunstan, added a monastery for twelve monks of the Benedictine Order. The Danes destroyed the church, and Edward the Confessor rebuilt it about 1050, made it an abbey, and ordained that henceforth all the monarchs of England should be crowned there,—a command which has been faithfully observed to this day, every English sovereign, from the Confessor to Victoria, having received the crown in the Abbey.

"At the coronation of Queen Victoria," added the doctor, "the crown and sceptre and other insignia of state, presented to the church by the Confessor eight centuries before, were used. We saw some of them to-day in the jewel-room at the Tower of London."

ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANSION HOUSE, AND BANK OF ENGLAND.

"Henry III.," continued the doctor, "enlarged and almost entirely rebuilt the Abbey, and Henry VII. added the beautiful chapel which bears his name. The Abbey is not only the coronation-place of England's sovereigns, but it is also the burial-place of many of her kings and queens, and of a great number of her most distinguished sons. The greatest honor that can be bestowed upon an Englishman at his death is a burial here."

Our travellers roamed through the Abbey and saw the numerous monuments with which it is filled. In the Poet's Corner they saw the monuments of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Dryden, and other gifted writers, and the grave of Charles Dickens, marked by a plain slab inscribed with his

name. In the nave the doctor called their attention to the memorial to Major André, who was executed during our Revolution when Arnold's treason was discovered. Then they passed into the chapels, and saw there the tombs of Henry I., Edward I., Edward III. and his good Queen Philippa, who pleaded so earnestly and successfully for the burghers of Calais; of Richard II. and the gallant Henry V., the conqueror of Agincourt; of Bloody Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots; and of James I., Charles II., William and Mary, George II., and the other sovereigns and their queens who lie buried here. In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor they saw the chairs used at the coronation of the sovereign, beneath the older one of which is the famous Stone of Scone, on which the ancient Scottish kings and the still more ancient kings of Ireland sat when they were crowned, and which in old times was believed to be the stone on which the patriarch Jacob rested his head when he saw in his sleep the vision of the angels ascending and descending from heaven. It was taken from Ireland to Scotland at a very early period, and was placed in the abbey church of Scone in 850. Edward I. brought it to England in 1296 and placed it under the coronation-chair, and since then every sovereign of England has been crowned upon it.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

Each of our travellers sat in the chair, and the good-natured guide laughed heartily as he said that all Americans, though stanch republicans, seemed greatly pleased to enjoy this privilege of royalty. Walter said to George that it might be very nice to sit there awhile and have a crown placed on one's head, but it was an ugly and uncomfortable old chair, after all.

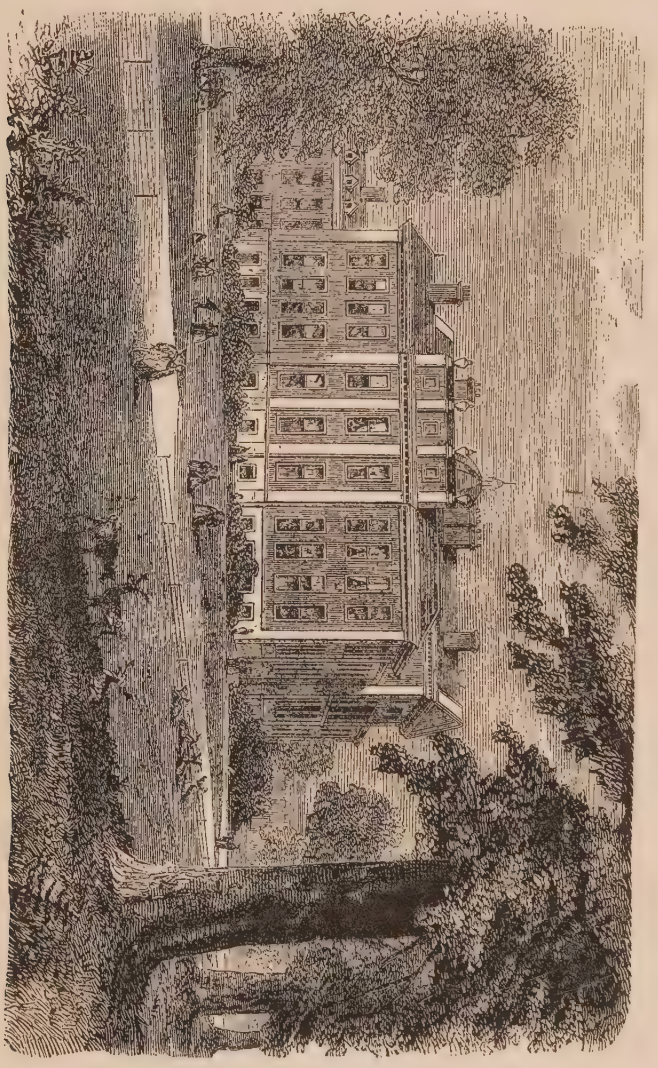
A long time was spent in wandering through the Abbey, and during their visit to London the doctor and his party returned to it several times, always coming with delight and leaving it with regret.

After leaving the Abbey our travellers repaired to a neighboring restaurant for lunch, and passed the remainder of the afternoon in driving through Belgravia and the aristocratic neighborhoods along Piccadilly and Regent Streets, and returned to the hotel for dinner. At night they went to Drury Lane Theatre, the largest in London, and witnessed a fine performance, enjoying, during their rides to and from the theatre, another sight of the streets of London by night.

The next day they visited the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Mansion House, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, and Guildhall. They walked along Cheapside, admiring the display in the windows of the shops, and heard the bells of Bow Church ring merrily, which recalled to their minds the story of Dick Whittington and his cat, with which my young readers are familiar. Cheapside, with its busy, bustling crowd, its scene of restless activity, interested them greatly, and the doctor told them of the German poet Heine's famous saying: "Send a philosopher to London, and set him at the corner of Cheapside: there, as he listens, he will hear the world's heart beat." They walked over London Bridge; visited the monument which marks the spot where the great fire was stayed, but did not ascend it; saw St. James Palace and Park, Buckingham Palace, Pall Mall, with its rows of stately club-houses; and in the afternoon drove through Hyde Park and visited the beautiful Serpentine River and Kensington Gardens. In Kensington Palace, the doctor told them, Queen Victoria was born. She passed much of her early life there, and there received the news of her accession to the throne.

"The young Princess Victoria was only a little more than eighteen years old at the time," said the doctor. "When the messengers, who were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, arrived at Kensington Palace from Windsor, it was five o'clock in the morning, and all in the palace were sound asleep. They knocked and rang at the gate for a long time before they could arouse the porter, and even then it was some time before they could prevail upon any one to inform the princess that they wished to see her. The attendants declared she was in a sweet sleep from which they disliked to wake her; but the messengers told them that their business with *the Queen* was urgent, and that even her sleep must give way to it. The new queen was aroused and

came down promptly in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified. The messengers at once knelt before her, hailed her as queen, and asked her wishes. She replied by asking



KENSINGTON PALACE.

that Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, should be at once sent for. Thus early did the queen exhibit the strong good sense and prompt attention to business that have marked her career as a sovereign."

In Kensington Gardens our travellers saw the beautiful "Albert Memo-

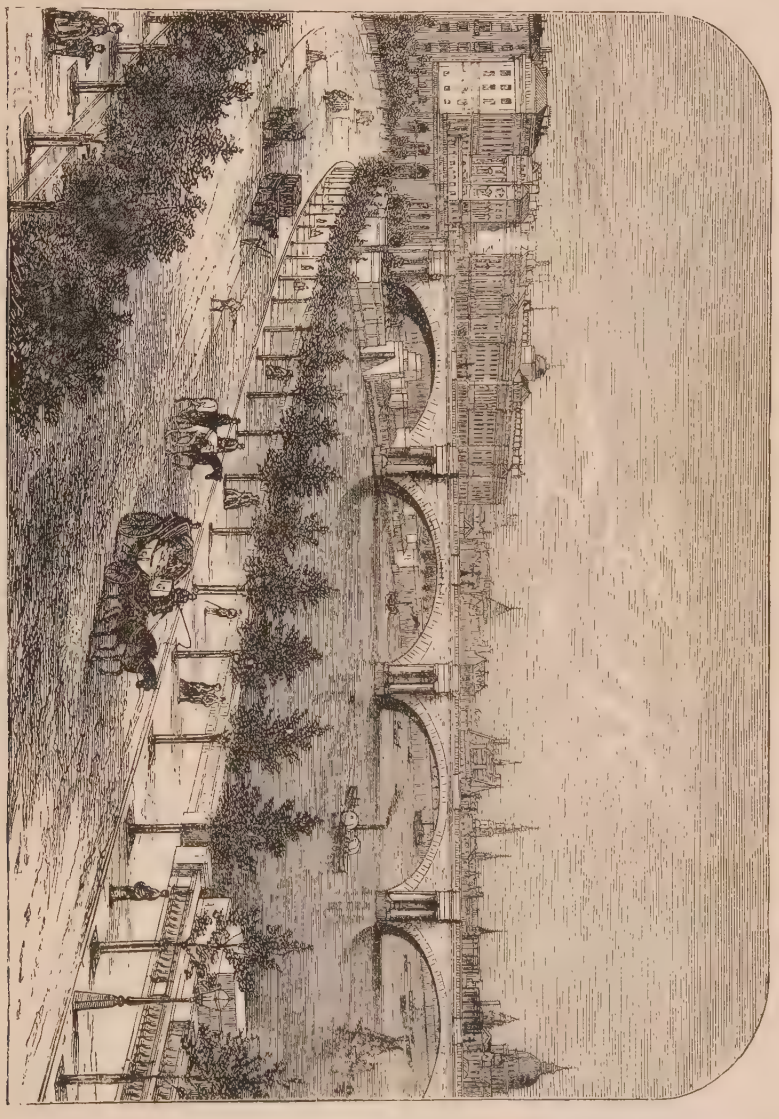
rial," erected to the memory of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, by the queen and the English people. It is one of the noblest monuments in the world.

They took the Underground Railway from Kensington to Charing Cross Station, and were all much interested in this wonderful work. Several times during their stay in London they used the Underground, and came to like it so much that the boys said they would be really sorry when they left London and could no longer ride on it. Ascending to the street at the Charing Cross Station, they walked up the Thames Embankment to see Cleopatra's Needle. The embankment is a massive work of granite, with a stone wall at the river-side, and is surmounted by a handsome balustrade. It has a fine roadway, and is planted with trees and laid off in ornamental gardens. It forms an agreeable promenade, from which one of the noblest views to be had in London is obtained, with the river and its bridges, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and other noble edifices all in sight. Cleopatra's Needle interested them very much. It is an obelisk which once stood before the great temple of Heliopolis, near the site of modern Alexandria, in Egypt, and was brought to England in 1878. The doctor told his companions that they would see a similar obelisk in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, and reminded Walter and Annie that the companion of the one before them was then being transported from Egypt to New York, and would soon be erected in Central Park.

From the obelisk the party strolled along the Embankment to Westminster Bridge, and then turned into Whitehall, the broad, handsome street that leads from Westminster to Charing Cross. There they saw the British Foreign Office and Treasury Buildings, the "Horse Guards," or headquarters of the British army, the Admiralty,—or as we should say, the "Navy Department,"—and the beautiful banqueting-house, the only building remaining of the old royal palace of Whitehall. The doctor pointed out the window in front of which Charles I. was beheaded, and told them the story of the execution of the unhappy king. The boys were greatly pleased with the sight of the mounted sentinels at the entrance to the Horse Guards, who sat their horses as motionless as statues. They had another entertainment much more to their liking as they entered Trafalgar Square, where a large crowd had assembled to witness a Punch and Judy show. The performance was just commencing when our travellers arrived, and they enjoyed it as heartily as did the most loyal Briton in the throng. Then they drove back to the hotel for dinner, and, as their day had been a fatiguing one, spent the evening quietly in their apartments.

On Thursday morning our travellers were up early, and, breakfast over, walked to King's Cross Station, from which they took the Underground to the Great Western Railway, where they purchased tickets and set out for an excursion to Windsor Castle. They were soon out of London, and were

whirling along merrily through the open country. The day was bright and mild, and the air balmy with the sweet breath of the opening spring. The country through which they passed was very pretty; the grass was turning to



THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

a rich green, the buttercups and daisies were beginning to come out, and the trees were budding into leaf. They had a fine view of Eton College as the train turned from the main line towards Windsor, and the doctor told them many interesting things about the college which we have not space to mention

here. It was founded in 1440 by Henry VI., and some of England's most famous men have been educated there. Among these were the Earl of Chatham, the friend of the American colonies, Charles James Fox, Canning, Hallam the historian, and the Duke of Wellington.

As they approached Windsor all crowded to the windows on the left-hand side of the carriage to enjoy the first view of the castle, which is the most imposing from this quarter.

"It is indeed a royal residence," said Mrs. Lawrence, warmly; "and I do not wonder the English are so proud of it."

They left the train at the station and walked up the steep street towards the castle. They were fortunate in the time of their arrival, for the guard was being changed, and the new guard was just marching in as they reached the

ETON COLLEGE AND CHAPEL.

castle-gate. The boys were delighted with the splendid appearance of the "Guards," which, the doctor told them, comprises the finest body of men in the English service. The band was in charge of its well-known leader Dan Godfrey, the famous composer of waltzes, and at intervals during the ceremony furnished some of the finest music to be heard in any country. The new guard for the day marched into the castle with a quick, springy step, and then the old guard, headed by the band, filed off down the steep street towards their quarters in the town.

As Dr. Lawrence had been to Windsor several times before, he did not employ any of the regular guides who hang about the place in such numbers and are so serious an annoyance to visitors, but conducted his party through the place without their aid, and greatly to their disgust.

Our travellers went at once to St. George's Chapel, and spent some time in strolling through it. It is a splendid specimen of Gothic architecture, and is divided by a screen into two portions. The choir alone is used for services. Here are the stalls of the Knights of the Garter, and over each is a shield and banner of the present knight. The installation of the knights takes place here.

NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

"The Most Noble Order of the Garter," said Dr. Lawrence, "is the oldest and most distinguished order of knighthood in England. It was founded by Edward III. At a court-ball the king was dancing with the Countess of Salisbury, when the lady dropped her garter. The king

WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM ETON.

at once picked it up, and, binding it around his own leg, answered the smiles of the courtiers by exclaiming, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,'—'Evil to him

that evil thinks.' He soon after instituted an order of knighthood in commemoration of the incident, and made these words its motto.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BUILDING, WINDSOR.

"In this chapel," continued the doctor, "lie buried Henry VI., Edward IV. and his queen, Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour, Charles I., George III. and his queen, George IV., the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Kent,—the father of Queen Victoria,—and William IV. and his queen. Here also was

EAST FRONT, WINDSOR CASTLE.

celebrated the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, the ceremony being conducted on a scale of the utmost magnificence."

Our travellers next visited the Memorial Chapel, formerly known as Wolsey's Chapel, in which the body of Prince Albert lay from the time of his

burial until its removal to the mausoleum at Frogmore. It is beautifully decorated, and in the centre is a recumbent figure of the prince. The entire work was done at the expense of the queen, and cost a million and a quarter dollars.

CHELSEA, FROM THE RIVER.

From the Memorial Chapel our travellers passed to the Round Tower, and ascended the long stairway which leads to the battlements. The boys stopped to examine the cannon which frowns down the stairway from the first landing,

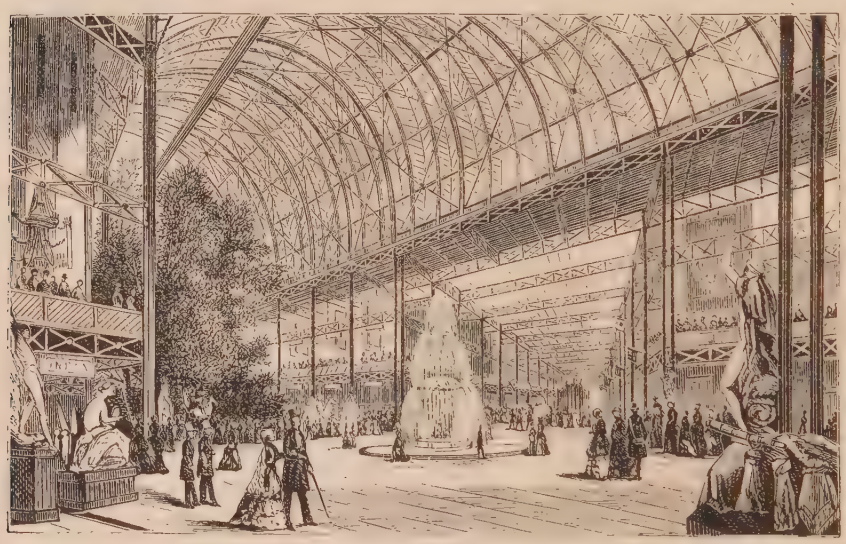
HAMPTON COURT, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

and agreed that it would be impossible for any storming-party to force its way up the stairs in the face of the fire of this piece. They were very tired when they reached the battlements, and were glad to sit down and rest. From their lofty position they had a fine view of the entire castle and of the surrounding

country, and an obliging guide stationed on the tower pointed out to them the various objects of interest within sight. He showed them Stoke Pogis, the scene of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," Runnymede, where Magna Charta was won from King John, and the Crystal Palace. Pointing to a dark cloud in the distance, which looked like an approaching storm, he told them it was London smoke.

"We could see the city very plainly on a clear day," he said, "but the smoke always hides it."

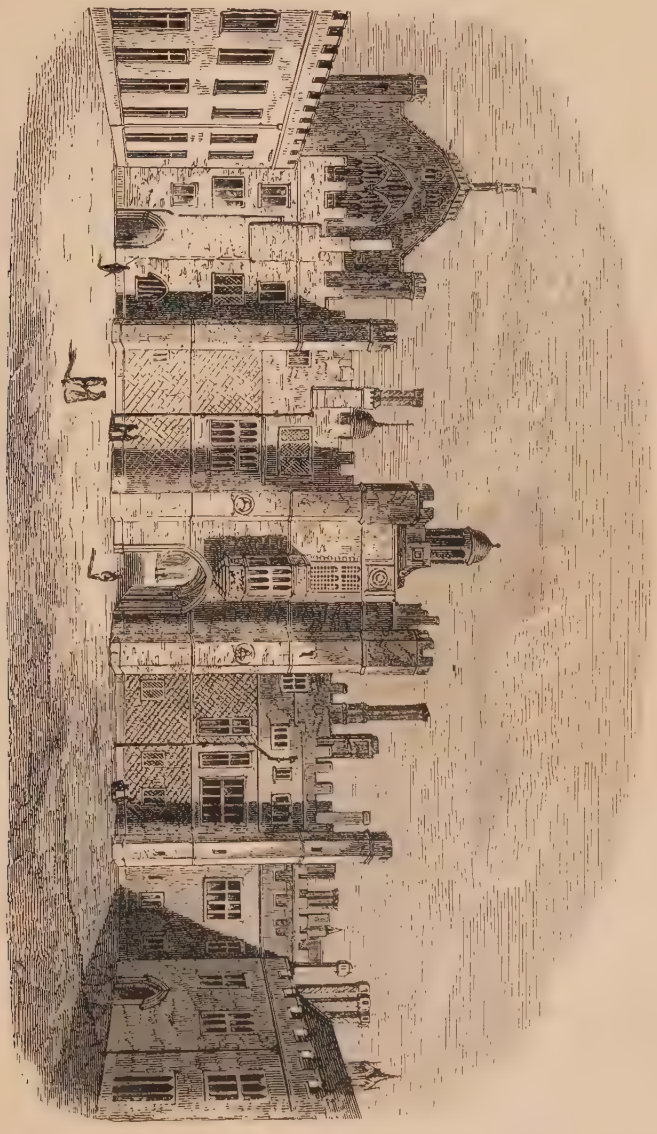
Our travellers enjoyed a delightful ride in the park of Windsor, and returned to London early in the afternoon. They took lunch at the "Criterion," and then repaired to Westminster Bridge, where they embarked on the steamer



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE TRANSEPT OF CRYSTAL PALACE.

for Woolwich, nine miles down the Thames. This was a famous ride and furnished them with a wonderful panorama of London, with the rushing river, its handsome bridges, the Thames Embankment, and the splendid buildings on the shore. The boat was a very fast one and darted from side to side of the river, making landings on both shores. Below London Bridge the river is unobstructed, and for miles down the stream they passed steamers and sailing-vessels of all kinds and sizes, some lying in the stream and some moored to the shore, and beyond the houses they could see the dense forests of masts which showed them the sites of the great docks of London, which cover a total area of over five hundred acres on the north side of the river alone. At Greenwich they saw the Hospital for Aged and Disabled Seamen, which occupies the site of the old royal palace in which Henry VIII. and his daughters, Queens Mary

and Elizabeth, were born, and the Observatory, from the meridian of which all English astronomers make their calculations. The observatory clock furnishes the standard of time for all England. At Woolwich, three miles farther



HAMPTON COURT.

down, is situated the great arsenal of England, which comprises a large number of buildings, used as work-shops, magazines, and barracks. Ten thousand men are constantly employed here.

They left the steamer at Woolwich, and after strolling about the place until the train was ready to start went back to London by rail.

They had dinner at their hotel, and about eight o'clock in the evening walked over to King's Cross Station and took the Underground to Baker Street Station, from which they walked to Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-works. They found this, as all visitors do, one of the most interesting sights of London. There are several hundred figures in the collection, and many of them are extremely life-like. In one of the rooms is a group of figures representing all the kings and queens of England from William the Conqueror to Victoria. The gallery also contains figures of all the reigning sovereigns of Europe and many of the great men of all countries. Some of

VIEW OF RICHMOND HILL.

these are so life-like that it is almost impossible to believe that they are not real men and women.

As they were standing in the first room, near the entrance-door, Mary asked her father a question about one of the figures before them.

"I think you had better ask that policeman," said the doctor, pointing to a fine-looking "member of the force" who was standing near by holding his gloves in his hands and looking earnestly at them. "He doubtless knows all the figures here."

Mary hesitated a moment, and then, approaching the man, asked, "Will you tell me the name of this figure? I can't find it in the catalogue."

The policeman made no reply, but continued to look at her fixedly; and Mary, somewhat confused by his steady stare, repeated her question. Still no

reply was given, and she turned away quickly, but only to see her parents laughing heartily at her. In an instant the truth flashed across her.

"I declare, papa," she exclaimed, "it's too bad! Why, it's only one of the wax figures, after all! No wonder he did not answer me. How could I be so stupid?"

"My dear," said her father, when he could control his laughter, "you are not the only one to make such a mistake. I was innocent enough to speak to him myself when I first visited this place, and hundreds make the same mistake."

The figures of the queen and the royal family greatly interested them, especially the Princess of Wales, who seems about to speak.

HAMPTON COURT, WEST FRONT.

The Napoleon relics, which occupy a room by themselves, were very interesting to the boys, especially the carriage of the Emperor, which was captured at Waterloo, and the bed on which he died at St. Helena. The attendant in charge showed them the ingenious arrangement of the carriage and the cuts made upon it by the sabres of the dragoons who captured it, and allowed them to enter and sit in it. In the Chamber of Horrors—in which the ladies remained but a short time, but which the boys declared was "awfully jolly"—they saw the model of the guillotine used in Paris during the French Revolution, and the original knife by which Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and twenty-two thousand persons were decapitated.

Friday morning was devoted to an excursion to the Crystal Palace. As the season had not yet fairly opened, the palace was in some confusion; but the beautiful building and grounds, and, above all, the view across the country,—

one of the loveliest landscapes in England,—amply repaid them for their trouble. The afternoon was given to Regent's Park and the Zoological Gardens. The collection of animals is very large and interesting, but our entire party were agreed that the "Zoo" at Philadelphia was not far behind this in extent and interest, and far superior to it in the beauty of its situation.

Saturday morning was devoted to an excursion to Richmond, to which they went by rail. They strolled about the town, walked in the great park, and enjoyed the magnificent view from Richmond Hill,—a view probably unsurpassed in Great Britain. The doctor pointed out the villa at Twickenham once occupied by the poet Pope, and Strawberry Hill, famed as the residence of Horace Walpole. Then they went to the Star and Garter and had lunch, after

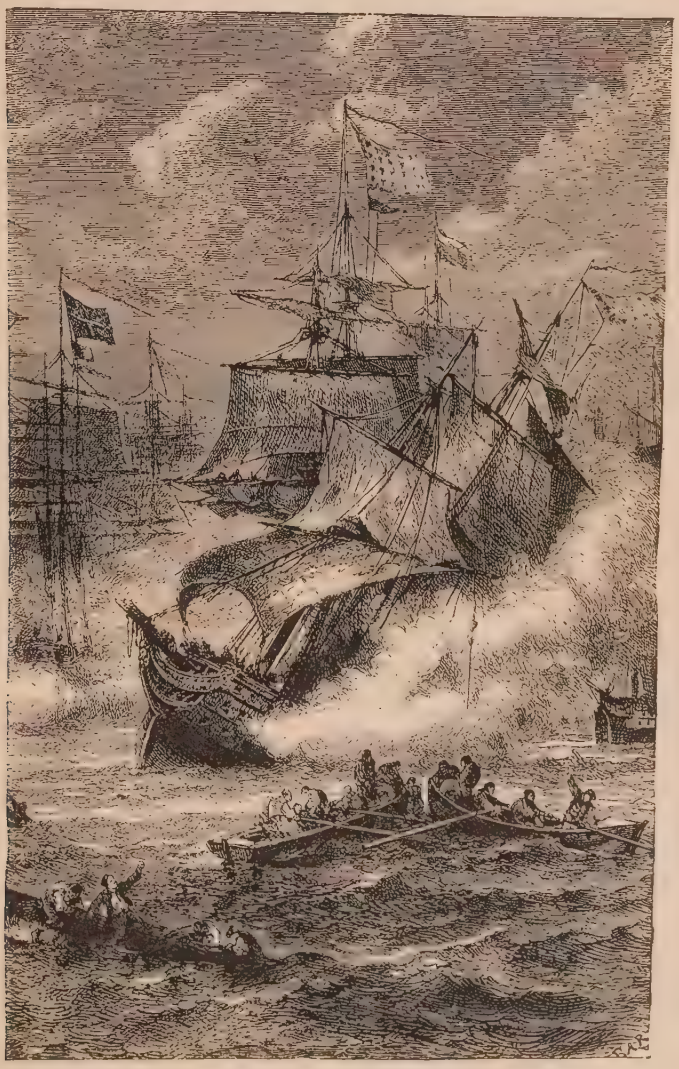
VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

which they drove to Hampton Court, two miles distant, on the opposite bank of the Thames.

"This superb palace," said the doctor as they paused before it to admire it, "was built by Cardinal Wolsey, and originally consisted of five courts and contained fifteen hundred rooms. Wolsey lived here in almost royal pomp, and was served by the greatest nobles of the land. This aroused the jealousy of King Henry VIII., who thought his minister was growing too great; but Wolsey artfully dispelled his fear by making the king a present of the palace and its contents. The king promptly accepted the gift, and Hampton Court became one of his favorite residences. Edward VI. was born here, and here were celebrated the masks and tournaments of Bloody Mary and Queen Elizabeth. Charles I. passed many happy hours here, and here also was kept a prisoner for a while after his downfall. The palace and grounds are now

open to the public, and form one of the favorite resorts of the people of London."

Our travellers spent two very pleasant hours in wandering through the palace, which contains a number of superb paintings, and as they went back



DESTRUCTION OF THE ENGLISH FLEET IN THE MEDWAY.

to London declared that it had been one of the most delightful days they had passed in England.

The afternoon was passed by the ladies in making some purchases, which

gave them an opportunity of seeing some of the handsome shops of Regent Street; and, as this was their last week-day in London, the doctor went off to attend to some business connected with their departure for the Continent. The boys remained with the ladies, and when they had finished their shopping they took cabs, this time crowding three into one of the hansoms, and drove through Regent and Oxford Streets, and by a roundabout way back to their hotel.

On Sunday morning the whole party attended service at Westminster Abbey, and had the pleasure of hearing a sermon from Dean Stanley, who justly ranks as one of the most eloquent of the English divines.

As they were to go to Paris on Monday, Dr. Lawrence decided to go down to Dover on Sunday afternoon and spend the night there. He wished to avoid the discomfort of an early start from London in the morning, and to give the ladies a good night's rest before making the Channel passage.

They left London early on Sunday afternoon, starting from Ludgate Hill and taking the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. The whole journey, which occupies but two hours, was made by daylight, and the travellers were able to see the beautiful country through which the line passes. At Rochester they saw from the car-window the cathedral and castle, and at Chatham obtained a similar view of the dock-yards and barracks. The doctor told them the story of the burning of the English ships here by the Dutch Admiral De Ruyter in 1667, the greatest naval humiliation ever inflicted upon England. The train made a brief halt at Canterbury, and they obtained a distant view of the towers of the grand old cathedral rising through the trees. This called up memories of Thomas à Becket, who was murdered in the church, and George stoutly maintained that the archbishop deserved his death, as he was at the best but a rebel and a traitor to his king, and declared that Henry VIII. did only right when he stripped him of his title of "saint" and ordered that he should be spoken of only as "Bishop Becket."

They left the train at Dover and walked to the Lord Warden Hotel, which stands at the head of the pier, a short distance from the station. As it was Sunday, they could not visit the castle, which stands on a high hill across the harbor, and can be distinctly seen from the hotel. They had a fine view also of Shakespeare's Cliff, at the opposite end of the town.

Mrs. Lawrence remained in the hotel during the afternoon, as she wished to rest from the fatigues of the past week; but the doctor and the young people strolled through the town and along the harbor, and saw much to interest them. At night, when the steamboat-train arrived from London, they walked out on the pier and saw the passengers embark and the steamer sail for Calais. They watched her tossing restlessly on the waves until her lights had disappeared, and then returned to the hotel and went to bed; and the last sound that fell upon their ears was the monotonous plashing of the waves upon the shore.

CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK IN PARIS.

MONDAY morning came bright and clear, giving promise of a pleasant passage of the Straits of Dover. Our travellers were stirring early, and after breakfast the doctor had the baggage of his party conveyed to the railway station, where it was registered for Paris. The trunks were weighed, and, as the total weight exceeded the allowance, there was a small charge for extra baggage. A ticket on which was a printed number was pasted on each article, the same number being used for each one, and the doctor was given another ticket, with a corresponding number, on which was written the total weight of the trunks and the amount paid for extra weight. This he was to deliver to the baggage agent at Paris, who would return him his trunks, which would then be examined by the French customs-officers. We may remark here that this system of registration is practised throughout Europe, and answers all the purposes of the American system of checking. It also saves the traveller the annoyance of having his baggage inspected at the frontiers of different countries, the examination of registered baggage taking place at the end of the journey.

Returning to the hotel, the doctor paid the bill, which amounted to something more than twenty-five dollars for the party of six, and fully sustained the Lord Warden's reputation for high prices. Then the whole party walked down the pier to the steamer and went on board to await the arrival of the trains from London. They soon arrived, and in a short while the passengers, baggage, and mails were transferred to the steamer. Then the planks were drawn on to the pier, the moorings were cast off, and the boat shot out from the smooth water behind the pier into the blue water beyond. Instantly a change came over the boat and all on board. The motion of a Channel steamer, even in calm weather, is difficult to describe. The short waves, so different from the long regular roll of the Atlantic, give it a thorough shaking up, and it seems as if the different parts of the vessel are trying to leap into the air at different moments.

By the rules of the boat the first-class passengers are placed abaft the wheel, for these are side-wheel steamers. The second- and third-class are placed forward. As regards accommodations, all fare alike. A row of wooden benches runs around the bulwarks, on which those who do not care to lie along the hatches or throw themselves on the deck are seated. As the steamer leaves the pier the misery of the passengers begins, for few make the voyage without

GROUP ON THE PIER AT CALAIS.

suffering more or less from sea-sickness. Fortunately, the passage in fair weather occupies but an hour and twenty minutes, but in rough weather it is not seldom prolonged to a duration of several hours.

The doctor obtained permission from the captain of the steamer to take his party on the bridge, which is wide and roomy, and here they had the benefit

of the keen sea-breeze, and fortunately escaped sea-sickness. Out of several hundred passengers who crossed with them scarcely a dozen escaped without

LOUIS XIV.

being more or less ill, and I am afraid their amusement got the better of their sympathy as they gazed down upon the densely-packed rows below them all writhing in the agonies of sea-sickness.

The day was bright and beautiful, but a light haze overhung the French coast and at first hid it from our travellers' view. They watched the white cliffs of England grow fainter and fainter, and as they melted away the coast of France became more and more distinct. Soon the white light-house at Calais rose boldly before them,—whiter even than the snowy sails that crowded the Straits of Dover,—and in a little more than half an hour the steamer swept by the long wooden pier, under the walls of the grim fort, and glided peacefully into the harbor of Calais.

The sight was novel indeed to our travellers. The town lay before them, enclosed by a massive wall pierced with a large gateway built by Cardinal

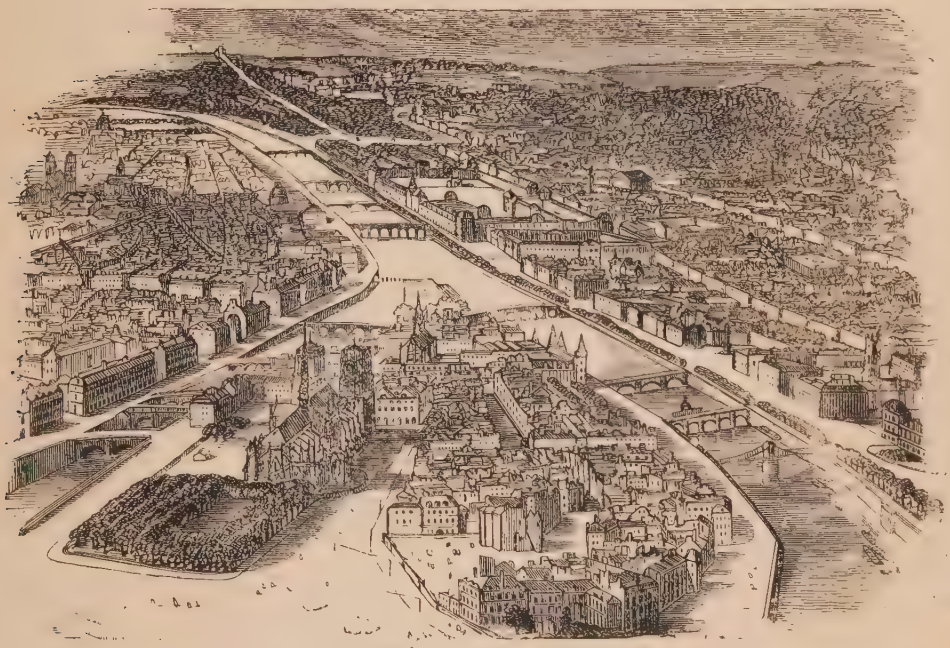
VERSAILLES: THE GRAND TRIANON.

Richelieu. The harbor was full of queer fishing-smacks and odd-looking steamers. The pier was lined with fishwomen in short red petticoats, gray stockings, and coarse overdresses, and theatrical-looking sailors with high boots and frocks like their wives' petticoats. Soldiers on duty and off duty were scattered about the pier, and at the landing-place were several sentries and a group of customs-officers. The train was waiting on the pier, and our travellers, leaving the steamer, soon established themselves in a comfortable first-class carriage, which they were fortunate enough to retain to themselves during the entire journey.

When the mails, the passengers, and the baggage were transferred the train ran slowly into the city, entering through a gap in the walls, and stopped at the station. Here a halt of three-quarters of an hour was made, and the doctor took advantage of it to procure an excellent lunch for his party.

It sounded very odd to the young people to hear nothing but French around them. All had studied it, and were able to speak it to some extent. During their travels they greatly improved in their use of it, but now they were timid and hesitated to attempt even a few words to the waiters in the "buffet."

At twelve o'clock the train started for Paris, and, leaving Calais, soon gained



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS.

the high ground which lies back of the town, and from which our travellers obtained a fine view of the place, as well as of the Channel, with the English coast faintly seen in the far distance.

"Calais," said the doctor, "is a quaint old town, viewed from any quarter, and has an interesting history. Founded in the eleventh century by the Counts of Flanders, it first appears in history as the place from which Louis the Dauphin set sail to claim the English crown, which the disaffected barons of King John had offered him. In 1346, Edward III., of England, fresh from the victorious field of Crécy, laid siege to Calais. Eustache de St. Pierre held it for the French king for eleven months, and only yielded to starvation. Edward, who was greatly angered by the stubborn resistance of the town, de-

termined to hang St. Pierre and the chief citizens, but the eloquent appeals of the good Queen Philippa turned him from his savage purpose. Calais was held by the English until 1558, when it was captured from them by the Duke of Guise during the reign of Bloody Mary. This was a great mortification to the English, and Queen Mary declared with tears that if her attendants could look at her heart after her death they would find 'Calais' engraved upon it."

Eleven miles from Calais the doctor pointed out the now-deserted harbor of Ouessant, or Witsand, from which Cæsar sailed upon the conquest of Britain.

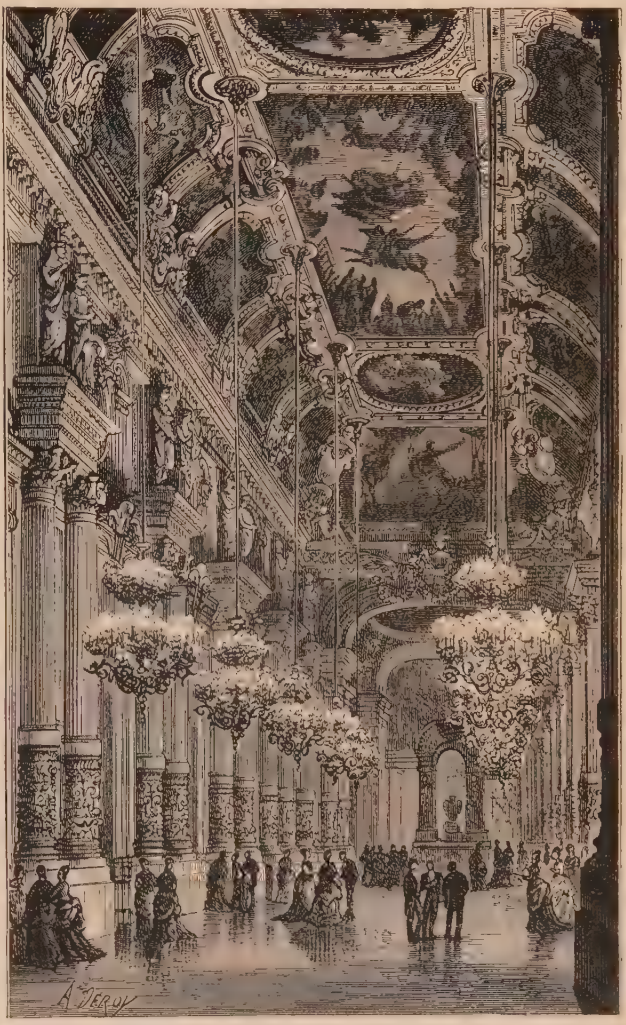
Boulogne was soon reached, but, as the station lies on the outskirts of the city, our travellers had only a hasty glimpse of it. Speeding on through the valleys of the Liane and the Somme, the train made a short stop at Abbeville, after which it ran along the left bank of the Somme, here a narrow, pretty stream flowing through a flat country, its banks being lined for several miles with rows of graceful Lombardy poplars. Four fat monks were lazily pulling a flat-bottomed boat against the stream, and several others were walking along the bank chatting merrily. Amiens, the birthplace of Peter the Hermit, was passed, and the train was soon at Creil, one of the most important railway junctions of France. Here the Oise is crossed by a fine stone bridge, and the traveller is whirled by the quarries of St. Maximin, which for centuries have furnished the light-colored stone of which the greater part of Paris is built. Then, crossing the valley of La Nonnette by the splendid viaduct of Chantilly, the train halts at the Chantilly station for a few minutes. The country from here on to Paris is very beautiful; it is highly cultivated, and forms a continuous garden dotted thickly with towns and villages. Near Épinay the train passes the fort of La Briche, one of the chain surrounding Paris, and, crossing to the right bank of the Seine, leaves the town of St. Denis on the left. A brief stop at the station enabled the travellers to gain a hasty view of the old abbey, the burial-place of the French kings. The train now crossed the canal of St. Denis by an iron bridge, and, traversing the plain of St. Denis, passed in through the fortifications, and at five o'clock stopped under the great shed of the Northern Railway Station at Paris.

"BUT WHAT IS THIS?"

Leaving the train, our travellers passed into the waiting-room, and were soon ushered into a large hall where they found their trunks arranged on a long platform. A polite customs-officer in uniform examined them and passed them promptly, hesitating only at a pretty toothbrush belonging to one of the ladies, the exact nature of which seemed to puzzle him. He passed it, however, and

the doctor and his party were soon stowed away in a small omnibus with their baggage packed on the roof, and set out for their hotel.

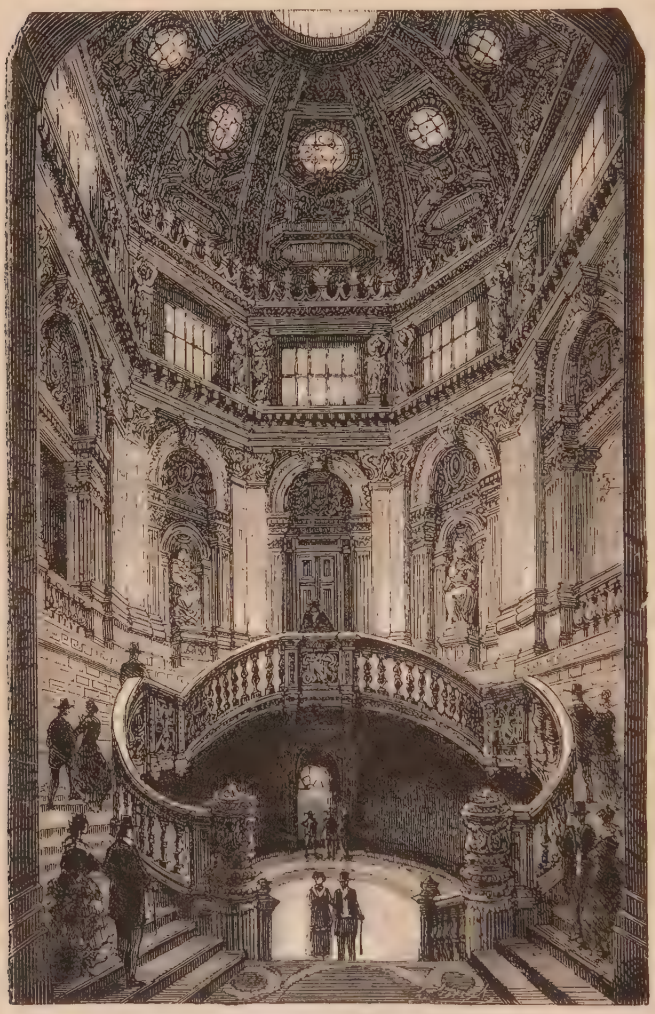
They greatly enjoyed the drive through the bright handsome streets, as every step of the way showed them something full of interest. The busy, bustling boulevards, with their stately buildings, their long rows of trees, and the groups of idlers seated at the little tables in front of the *cafés*, made up a never-to-be-forgotten picture, and they were sorry when the omnibus turned into the archway of the Grand Hotel and stopped in the courtyard of that establishment.



FOYER OF THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

The doctor secured communicating rooms for his party on the side of the hotel adjoining the Grand Opera-house, and from their windows they enjoyed a fine view of this beautiful edifice, a glimpse of the boulevards, and an unbroken panorama of the Avenue de l'Opera. The darkness came on while they were dressing for dinner, and they were not a little startled for a moment by the sudden glare of a blinding white light which filled their rooms, making their candles seem sickly and yellow. A glance from the window revealed the cause of this, and, looking out, they beheld the square and Avenue of the Opera radiant with the brilliant glow from the electric lamps with which they are lined.

Dinner over, all were eager for a stroll on the streets. What they had seen of Paris on the ride from the depot had charmed them. It was so bright, so winning, so much like an American city the young people declared, that they already began to feel at home. They strolled down the brilliantly-lighted boulevards, pausing often to notice the handsome display of goods in the shop-windows and to watch the scenes at the *cafés*, which were full of pleasure-seekers, and before which groups were sitting at little tables on the sidewalks partaking of refreshments, smoking, and chatting.



GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE TRIBUNAL DE COMMERCE.

The scene was like one from fairy-land to our travellers. The lights flared out brightly from the handsome saloons, and the clink of glasses and clatter of dominoes mingled with the voices and laughter of the people. The omnibuses rattled by with a crashing sound, and the many-colored lights of the vehicles on the street danced like so many fire-flies between the lines of trees. The crowd on the sidewalks grew greater every moment, and at last overflowed into the streets; so that our travellers were often forced to push their way through the throng.

The blaze of the gaslight in the better parts of Paris is something wonderful. The American plan of a few sickly burners separated by wide intervals

of space is discarded, and the street-lamps are numerous and close together, and there are often as many as six or eight burners enclosed in a single lamp. In the Rue de Rivoli a lamp is suspended between every arch of the arcades, and the street is flooded with a blaze of light.

The doctor and his party walked some distance down the boulevards, and then, returning, took chairs on the sidewalk before the "American Café," on the Boulevard des Italiens, and, ordering ices for the ladies and the boys and a cigar for himself, they sat there for over an hour watching the brilliant scene before them. Then they returned to the hotel and went to their rooms. It

THE PONT NEUF.

was late before the young people went to bed, for the sight from their windows of the streets, as radiant as day with the electric light, and the constantly-moving throng below, proved a temptation too strong to be resisted.

After breakfast the next morning the doctor took the boys with him to Drexel's Bank, in the Boulevard Haussmann, to register the names and address of his party and to look for letters. On their return to the hotel they found the ladies in readiness to start out. They walked up the boulevards to the Church of the Madeleine, one of the largest religious edifices in Paris, and a beautiful imitation of a classic temple. They spent some time in examining the interior and the works of art with which it is filled, and after leaving it

walked around it to see the display of flowers in the market which is held here every Tuesday and Friday.

Coming back to the boulevard, they found an omnibus just ready to start for the Bastille Column, and, as by taking this they would see the entire line of the inner boulevards, they decided to enter it, but found all the seats full.

"Let's go on top," said George. "It will be jolly fun to ride up there, and we can see so much more."

As the steps leading to the top were very easily climbed, the ladies mounted to the seats on the roof, and the coach set off.

"The omnibus system," said the doctor, "like everything else here, is admirably regulated. When all the seats in the interior and on top are occupied, the conductor hangs out a sign painted with the word '*Complet*,' which means 'full,' and no one is allowed to enter the coach until there is a vacant seat."

"I once heard of an ignorant fellow who had been to Paris," said Walter, "who wanted to know where '*Complet*' was. He said nearly all the omnibuses had that word on them, and he thought it must be the name of a very big place, as so many people seemed to be going there."

The ride down the boulevards was delightful. They passed the Grand Hotel and could see what an enormous building it is, and had a fine view of the Opera-House, with which, as it stood opposite their rooms in the hotel, they were now very familiar. Their route lay along the splendid Boulevards des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissonnière, Bonne Nouvelle, St. Denis, St. Martin, du Temple, des Filles du Calvaire, and Beaumarchais, which, though called by so many different names, constitute one continuous street. This street, the doctor told the young people, occupies the site of the old fortifications of Paris, which Louis XIV. pulled down. They saw most of the principal theatres, which are located on the boulevards, and many of the handsomest buildings in Paris. They were much interested in the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, the only vestiges of the old walls now remaining, and the doctor told them that these triumphal arches, erected to the glory of Louis XIV., had been the centres of some of the hardest fighting in the efforts of the people to get rid of his descendants. He pointed out the site where once stood the old prison of the Temple, in which Louis XVI. and his family were confined, and in which the unhappy little dauphin was so cruelly treated by the brutal shoemaker Simon. They alighted at the July Column and walked around it. The boys wanted to ascend it, but the doctor told them they could obtain a better view from other points in the city.

"This open space," he said, "marks the site of the fortress of the Bastille, one of the most terrible prisons known to history. It was erected by Charles V. for the defence of the Gate of St. Antoine, and afterwards became famous

as a state prison, especially during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Persons of rank and influence wishing to avenge themselves on their enemies obtained from the government a writ called a *lettre de cachet*, and by virtue of it caused the arrest of the desired person, who was seized without warning or being informed of his offence and thrown into the Bastille, where he was held without being allowed to communicate with his friends as long as his enemies had sufficient power to keep him there. One of these prisoners, incarcerated by Cardinal Richelieu, was kept here over sixty years. The people came to hate the prison so that at the outbreak of the great Revolution, in 1789,

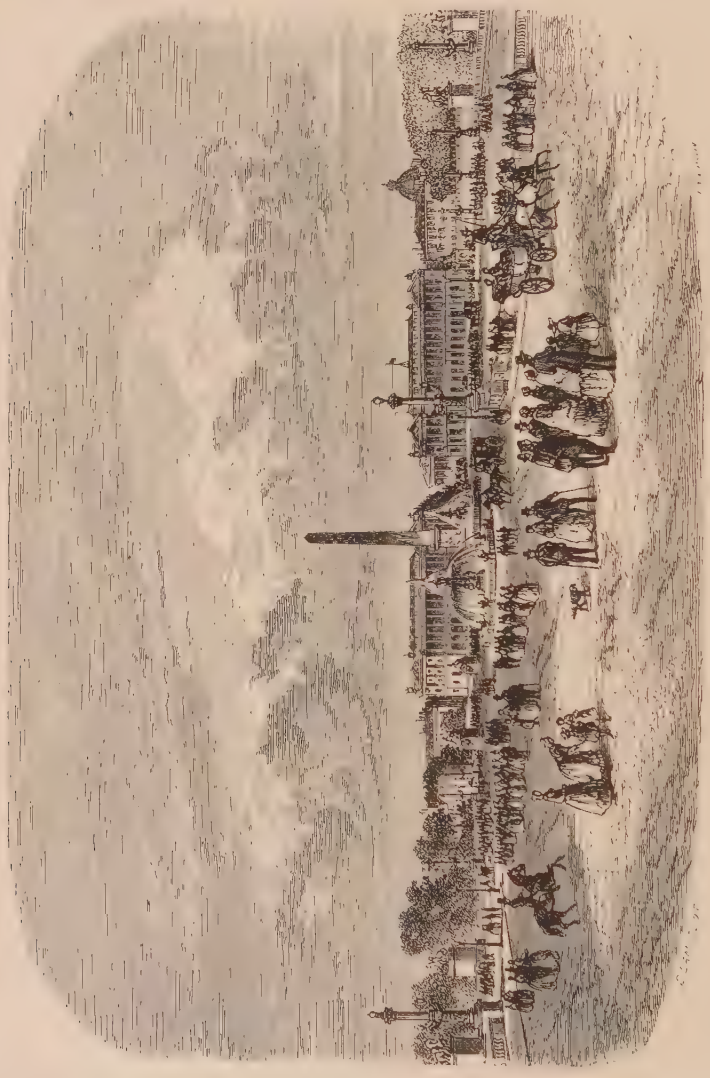
THE RUE DE RIVOLI AND THE TOUR ST. JACQUES.

they stormed it, captured it, and pulled it down. The column which stands in the centre is called the July Column, and is erected to the memory of the Frenchmen who fell in the Revolution of 1830, when Charles X. was overthrown. Can any of you tell me who was the most famous prisoner of the Bastille?"

"I think it was the Man in the Iron Mask," replied Annie, hesitating.

"Yes," said the doctor. "He has been the subject of unceasing controversy from his day to our own. Some writers assert that he was Count Ercolo Antonio Matthioli, a senator of Mantua and private agent of the Duke of Mantua. He deceived Louis XIV. in the negotiation of a secret treaty for the purchase of the fortress of Casale, and is believed to have been imprisoned for twenty-four

years by the king. Other writers assert that he was a twin-brother of Louis XIV., born a few hours after the king, and that he was thus disposed of to avoid a disputed succession to the crown. Other and less plausible stories have



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

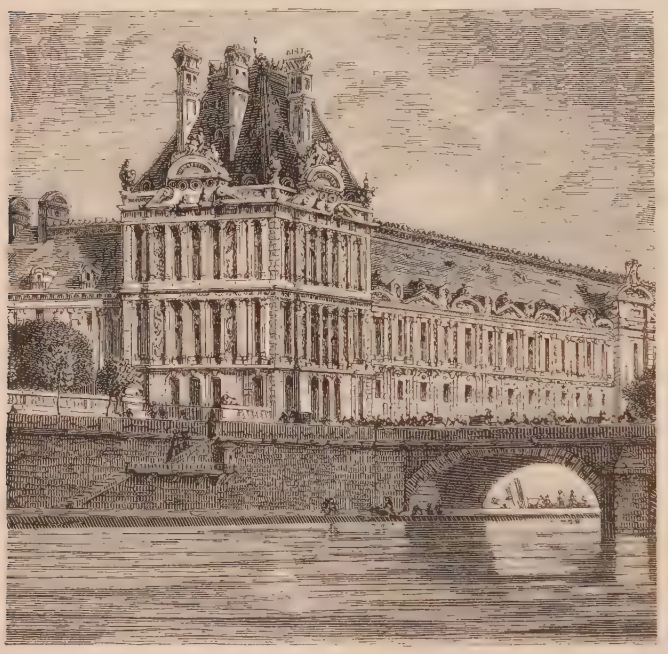
been advanced. Whoever the prisoner was, his lot was most interesting and most unfortunate. He was brought to the Bastille in September, 1698, by Saint Mars, who had held him a prisoner in the fortress of the Island of St. Marguerites for twelve years, and who now exchanged the governorship of the

fortress for that of the Bastille. He was conveyed to Paris in a close litter guarded by mounted men. His face was covered with a black velvet mask fastened with steel springs, which he was forbidden to remove on pain of

THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

instant death. An armed guard was always kept in his room, and he was forbidden to speak to any one but Saint Mars, who watched him with jealous care, and always kept a pair of pistols at hand to destroy him in case he made

an effort to reveal himself. He was attended at his meals and at his toilet by Saint Mars himself, who personally removed and examined or destroyed the linen which he had worn lest he might make his secret known by means of some mark upon it. At mass he was forbidden to speak or to show himself, and the guards, who attended him with loaded muskets, had orders to shoot him on the spot if he attempted to do so. After his death everything which he had used was burned. The precautions taken to guard his secret show that he was a person of high rank and great importance; but who he was remains to this day a profound mystery."



THE PAVILLON DE FLORE, PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

From the Place de la Bastille our travellers took another omnibus and rode through the Rue de Rivoli to the Place de la Concorde. This is the handsomest public square in Europe, and stands between the Gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées. The Rue Royale leads from it to the boulevards, and the Pont de la Concorde, a handsome bridge built of the stones of the Bastille, connects it with the south side of the Seine. The north side of the square is bordered by imposing buildings, one of which is used by the French Navy Department, and at the angles of the square are eight colossal statues representing the principal cities of France. To the south and north are two handsome fountains, and in the centre of the square is the Obelisk of Luxor, a monolith of rose granite brought from the ruins of Thebes, in Egypt, and set up in its present position in 1836.

The doctor told his companions that during the great Revolution the guillotine was set up in this square, on the spot where the obelisk now stands, and that Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the Duke of Orleans, and thousands of other prisoners were executed here.

"This square," he added, "was the scene of some hard fighting when the government troops recaptured the city from the Communists in 1871. One of the principal barricades of the insurgents was erected at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli, and was cannonaded by a government battery placed on the steps of the palace of the Chamber of Deputies, just across the bridge."

From the Place de la Concorde our travellers strolled through the Gardens of the Tuileries, one of the prettiest pleasure-resorts of the city. At the upper end are the ruins of the palace of the Tuileries, destroyed by the Communists, who in their mad rage endeavored to burn the entire city. The gardens were filled with old people seated on chairs and benches lazily sunning themselves, and with young children in charge of nurses all of whom wore the traditional white cap of the *bonne*.

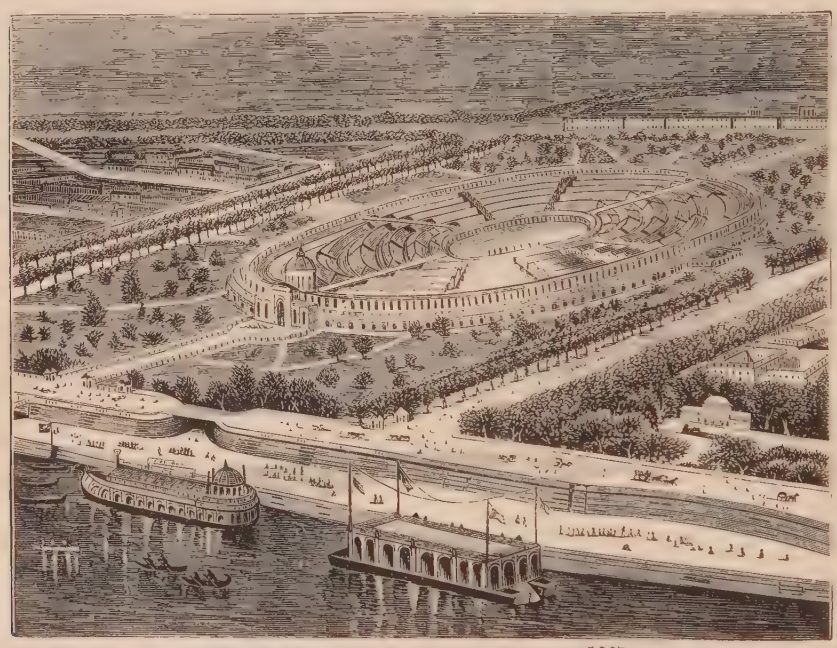
THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

"Well," said Mrs. Lawrence, laughing, "it is a pleasure to see a crowd of genuine French nurses, and not a number of ignorant Irish Biddies in white caps, such as we are compelled to put up with at home."

They seated themselves on a bench near the river-side, and the doctor told them the history of the old palace lying in ruins before them,—how it was built by Catharine de' Medicis and added to by successive sovereigns.

"It was the principal residence of the First and Third Napoleons," he told them, "and is intimately associated with the glories and splendors of the two empires. Its history has also its sadder pages, for it was here that Louis XVI. and his family were kept, actual prisoners while nominally free, previous to their final overthrow. The court had been residing at Versailles since the days of Louis XIV., but when the Revolution burst forth, in 1789, and showed the people their real power, they thought it a shame that the king should live so far away from his good city of Paris, and so they resolved to bring him to the Tuileries to live among them. It must be confessed, however, that they set about their work in a rough way. It was hardly a triumphal procession in the midst of which their Majesties came into their capital, for the crowd which

pressed so rudely against the state carriages was drunken with a great victory over royalty. The arms which they bore had that day cloven asunder the ties which united the king and the commons, and, instead of marching under the Golden Lilies, they carried the heads of the king's faithful friends on their pikes. How the fishwomen yelled at the fair-haired Austrian queen, who even in her humiliation gave them scorn for scorn! Right on down the broad avenue leading from Versailles, down the Champs Elysées, into these gardens, the dreadful procession passed with its captives, and paused only when the Tuileries was reached. The people had decided that their king must content himself there for the future; and there they kept him well, leaving him the semblance



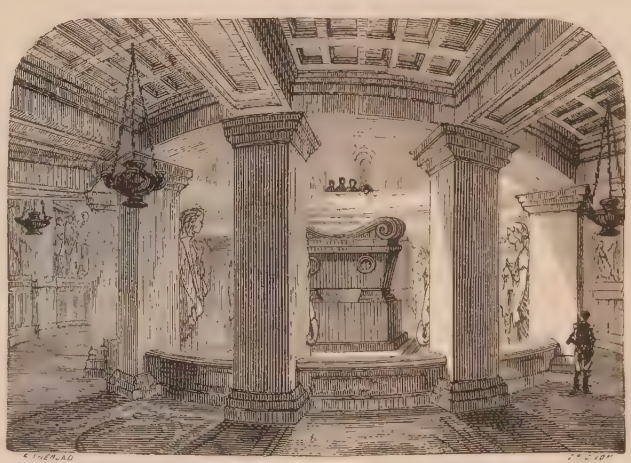
PARIS EXPOSITION BUILDING AND GROUNDS, 1867.

of authority for a little while, but soon forcing him to realize most bitterly that he was a prisoner in his own palace.

"When the people had shut up the king in the old palace, they put a green ribbon across the principal walk of this garden to show that they had separated themselves forever from the children of St. Louis. It was a very simple barrier, but not even the most hardy had the audacity to pass it. A young man once set his foot beyond it by accident, and in the presence of the people took off his shoe and wiped off the royal dust with the skirt of his coat.

"It is a sad history that is connected with the stay of the royal family at the Tuileries. You can hardly look up at one of the old windows without

seeming to see the king stand there, to receive the insults, not the homage, of his people, for there was scarcely a window along the whole line of the private or state apartments which was not the scene of such humiliations for him. At each of these windows also stood the alien queen holding her child in supplication to the mob, who answered her with brutal insults. Day and night they called the wretched pair to face them. At last the mob broke into the palace, into the very presence of the king, whom they forced to exchange the crown of St. Louis for the red cap of St. Antoine. He attempted to fly to the frontier and join his adherents, but the attempt was a failure. Brought back from Varennes, he was kept a closer prisoner. True, he had a show of royalty left him, but even his guards were under the orders of his enemies. On the 10th of August, 1792, the mob attacked the palace, determined to put an end to royalty. They massacred the brave Swiss, who, faithful to their duty, sought to protect the king, and swarmed into the palace. Nothing stopped them. Even the bedchamber of the queen was invaded, and the royal couch, still warm, was thrust through and through with bayonets. The king and his family fled in dismay and sought the protection of the National Assembly, only, however, to be sent to absolute imprisonment and to death."



TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

From the Gardens of the Tuileries our travellers strolled back into the Place de la Concorde, and passed through it into the Champs Elysées, which are composed of a long avenue and sidewalks agreeably diversified with verdant lawns, eminences, and clumps of trees surrounding gushing fountains. The Champs Elysées begin at the Place de la Concorde and end at the Arc de Triomphe, and constitute one of the prettiest and liveliest portions of Paris. Along the portion nearest the Place de la Concorde are several concert-gardens, in which very creditable performances are given during the spring, summer, and fall months when the weather is warm enough for the audience to sit out-of-doors. Our travellers found the grounds full of pleasure-seekers, and stopped to witness a performance at one of the little marionette theatres under the

trees, before which a considerable crowd had assembled. The boys were greatly entertained with the performance, and declared it a better show than Punch and Judy. They walked through the Champs Elysées to the Arch of Triumph and ascended the long, dark stairway to the roof, from which they obtained a fine view of Paris and the surrounding country. The arch was begun in 1806 by Napoleon I., in commemoration of his victories and of those won by the armies of the Revolution. It was finished by Louis Philippe, and cost over two million dollars.

From the arch they took a carriage and drove through the pretty little park of Monceaux, and then back by the Arch of Triumph into Passy to see where Dr. Franklin lived when he resided in Paris as the commissioner of the American colonies. Then they descended to the river and drove down to the bridge of Jena, pausing before reaching it to view the handsome Art Gallery of the Industrial Exhibition of 1878.

"This bridge," said the doctor as they drove over it, "was erected by Napoleon to commemorate his great victory over the Prussians at Jena. When Paris was occupied by the allied armies after his downfall, Marshal Blücher, the Prussian commander, made all his preparations to blow up the bridge and so efface the memorial of his country's reverses, but was prevented by the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor of Russia from carrying his design into effect."

In the Champs de Mars they saw what was left of the Exhibition Buildings, which were still in process of removal.

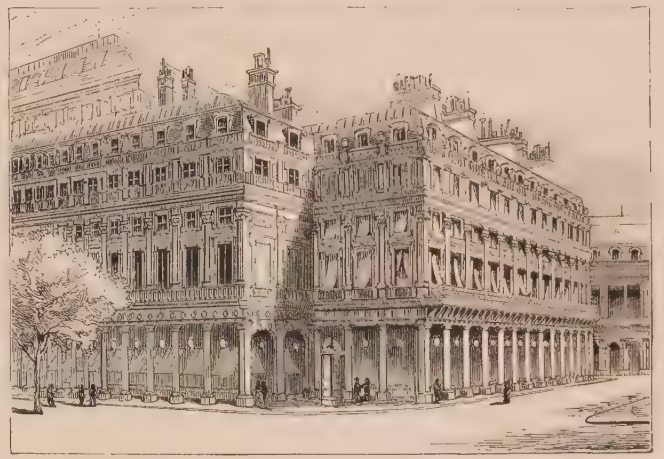
"It may have been a finer exhibition as regards the articles displayed," said Mrs. Lawrence, "but our Centennial certainly surpassed it in beauty of situation."

They drove to the church of the Hôtel des Invalides, and there saw the tomb of the Great Napoleon. It lies immediately under the dome, and nineteen feet below the floor of the church. The church has a handsome interior, and six side chapels beautifully decorated open from it. In one of these is buried Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's eldest brother, and in another Jerome Bonaparte, the emperor's youngest brother. The first was king of Naples and then of Spain, and the second king of Westphalia. In the centre of the floor of the church is a large open space, circular in form and surrounded by a marble balustrade, on which are engraved the names of the principal victories won by the emperor. You look over this balustrade into the open space below, and see there a massive sarcophagus of porphyry brought from Finland, in which are enclosed the mortal remains of the emperor. It rests upon a pedestal of green granite brought from the Vosges Mountains. Twelve colossal statues of Victory support the marble balustrade and face the tomb. The pavement is in mosaic, with festoons of flowers and the names of Napoleon's greatest victories. At one end of the crypt is a niche of black marble, in which stands a

statue of Napoleon in his imperial robes. A lamp, always burning, hangs before it, and under the lamp is an antique altar, on which are laid the three keys of the coffins in which the body was placed at St. Helena, the sword used by the emperor at Austerlitz, the hat he wore at Eylau, and the gold crown presented to him by the city of Cherbourg. On each side of the vault are standards taken in his battles.

Two winding stairways under the high altar of the church lead to the tomb, the entrance to which is closed by two superb bronze gates, and on either side of the entrance are the tombs of Marshals Duroc and Bertrand, Napoleon's most devoted friends in life and the guardians of his rest in death. Over the portal of the entrance is the inscription, taken from the emperor's last will, "I wish my ashes to repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have loved so well."

Visitors are not allowed to enter the vault, but must pause at the closed gates. No rude sounds are heard around the ashes of the great soldier, and in the church above the crowd is silent and subdued, for this is holy ground to every Frenchman.



THEATRE FRANÇAIS.

From the tomb of the emperor our travellers went around to the front of the Hôtel des Invalides, their walk enabling them to form a very fair idea of the size of this immense hospital. On the way they passed a number of the inmates, feeble old men, some with a leg missing, some with one arm, and all maimed to a greater or less degree. They spent an hour in visiting the hospital, and then drove back to their hotel very well satisfied with their day's work.

In the evening they went to the opera and heard Verdi's "Aida." It was superbly put upon the stage and finely rendered. The opera-house, however, interested them more than the performance. The grand stairway and the beautiful foyer drew forth their heartiest admiration. The doctor told them the building cost over thirty-six million francs, or more than seven million two hundred thousand dollars.

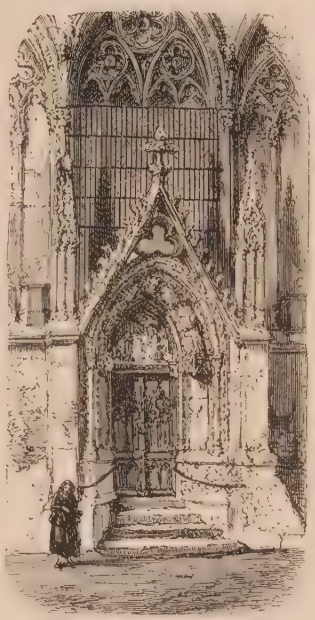
The next day our travellers went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The doctor made his party leave the carriage in the rear of the church and walk around it that they might enjoy the beauty of the exterior before entering. The grand façade, or front of the church, filled them with admiration for the genius that could devise and the patience that could carry out such a work.

STREET OF OLDEN PARIS, BY G. DORÉ.

"These grand doors," said the doctor, "the old legends of the cathedral tell us are the work of the devil. They state that the architect, in despair of realizing his conceptions, called on the Evil One for assistance. Quick as a flash Old Nick stood at his elbow and offered to make him three doors if he would give him his soul at a certain specified time as the price of the work. The bargain was concluded, and Nick at once applied himself to his task. Two doors were finished in short order; but when Nick came to the third he found it was to be the door through which the Holy Sacrament would always be borne in procession. This perplexed him, and after thinking the matter over he came to the conclusion that his principles would not allow him to complete the third door; so he gave up the undertaking in disgust. The bargain having been broken by Satan, of course the architect was free; but all Paris marvelled that, while the first two doors were miracles of beauty, the third was plain and simple."

The young people were highly amused by the doctor's story, and he continued,—

"This church has been called 'a poem in stone.' It is more than this,—it is a history in stone, for the history of the church is almost the history of France. A temple to Jupiter stood here during the Roman occupation, and in the year 365 a Christian church was built on the site. The present edifice was constructed in the twelfth century, and is consequently over six hundred years old. The cathedral has played a very important part in the history of France. Saint Dominic preached here; Raymond of Toulouse abjured his heresy here clad in a shameful garb; Henry IV. of England was crowned here king of France; here the Goddess of Reason was enthroned upon the high altar during the Revolution; here Napoleon the Great received the imperial crown from the hands of the Pope; and here the late emperor was married in 1853.



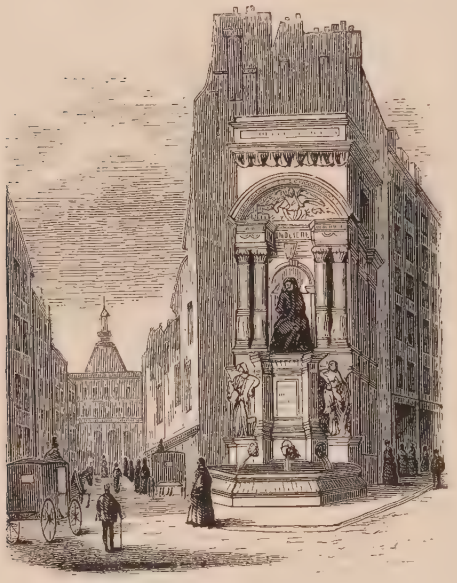
PORTE ROUGE, NOTRE DAME.

"The last time I was in Paris was in 1869, the year previous to the fall of the Empire. On the 16th of August the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Napoleon was celebrated with great magnificence. I attended the *Te Deum* services in this church, the most impressive ceremonial I ever witnessed."

"Tell us about it," cried his companions. "It will be like witnessing it ourselves to hear it in this place."

"The service began at an hour after noon," said the doctor. "By a liberal fee to one of the attendants I secured a place in one of the galleries from which I could look down upon the scene below. The church was filling up rapidly when I entered it, and the galleries and nave and transept were thronged with people. A regiment of troops was drawn up under arms, with bands and colors, on each side of the nave. The space between the two lines of troops from the door to the altar steps was handsomely carpeted and provided with seats for the great bodies of the state, the authorities of Paris, the foreign ambassadors, and other invited guests. Massive chandeliers filled with wax tapers hung from the ceiling and shed a soft radiance through the old church. All the great dignitaries of the state were present save the imperial family. The emperor was terribly ill at St. Cloud; the empress could not leave him; and the Prince Imperial had gone to represent his father at a grand review at Chalons. Below me, as I gazed down from my lofty perch, were the marshals of

France, resplendent in their orders and gold lace; the senators in their gaudy robes; the members of the Corps Législatif in their semi-military garb; the ministers of state; the city authorities in their quaint mediæval costume; and a large number of distinguished persons, including the foreign ambassadors, in full court dress. The body of the church seemed a mass of gold and silver lace enclosed by a wall of gleaming steel. Jewels of every hue glittered in the light of the chandeliers, and below me hundreds of stars, crosses, and collars flashed with a brilliancy that dazzled me, paining my poor republican eyes with the blazonry of nearly every order in Europe.



FONTAINE MOLIÈRE.

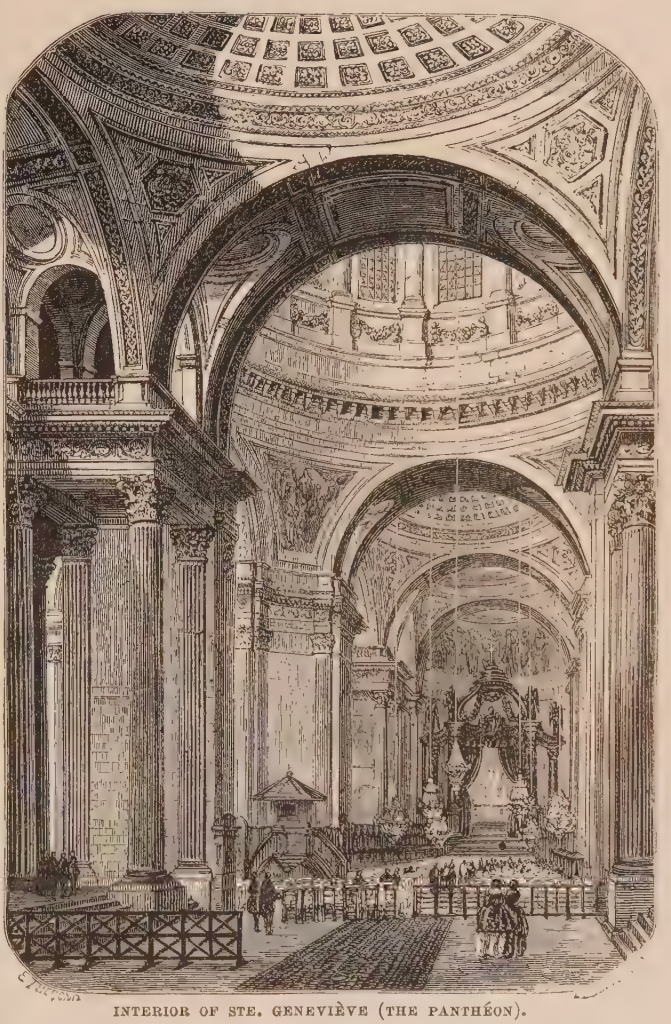
"A silvery bell pealed forth the hour of one, and instantly a burst of wild, triumphant music rolled through the church, and from a side-door came marching into the choir a long train of ecclesiastics preceding the venerable Archbishop of Paris. First came two boys swinging high their golden censers, and just behind them marched the cross-bearer with the sacred symbol gorgeous with gems. The train seemed to me interminable. The clergy, as they filed into the choir, filled every available place around the altar, their magnificent dresses harmonizing well with the place. Last of all came the archbishop, walking with the step of a king. Wilder and louder grew the music till the whole church rang with the triumphant melody. Then, when all were in their places, the music died away and the mass began.

"A hundred pure voices responded to the trembling tones of the celebrant; clouds of incense rose heavenward from the altar steps and filled the holy place with a mistiness through which the tapers shone dimly. A little silver bell rang shrilly from the foot of the altar, and I saw gleaming through the clouds of smoke the jewels of the case that held the consecrated wafer. Again the bell rang out its warning, and the archbishop raised the Host high above the throng. Instantly the sharp rattle of drums rolled through the church and the trumpets rang out the salute, the colors of the troops drooped forward to the floor, the men sank on their knees with presented arms, and every head in the vast throng was bowed reverently as the archbishop slowly held the Host

before all parts of the church. Then the music swelled upward again, and choir and clergy joined in the grand notes of the *Te Deum.*

"It was only too short; and when it was all over, when the final blessing had been given and I stood watching the vast throng depart and listening to the pealing notes of the organ, I found my cheeks wet with the tears of exquisite pleasure which the never-to-be-forgotten scene had drawn from me."

They passed into the church and roamed through it, the doctor's story having put them in a proper frame of mind to enjoy it. They went into the sacristy and saw the jewels and relics treasured there, which are valued at fabulous sums.



INTERIOR OF STE. GENEVIÈVE (THE PANTHÉON).

They resolved to give the day to the churches, and from Notre Dame drove to the church of Ste. Geneviève, or The Panthéon, as it is sometimes called, in consequence of its having been dedicated by the Revolutionists of 1789 to the great men of the country. In the vaults of the church they saw the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau and of several of Napoleon's marshals. Then they went to the old church of St. Stephen of the Mount and saw the tomb and shrine of Ste. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, before which a number of lighted tapers were burning.

They visited several other churches during the day, the Sorbonne among others, and there saw the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, over which hangs his cardinal's hat

"During the great Revolution," said the doctor, "the cardinal's tomb was broken open and his head was severed from his body and thrown away. Some years ago it was discovered by some workmen engaged in making an excavation in another part of the city. It was recognized, identified, and was restored to its place with the body in this tomb."

CHAPEL OF THE HÔTEL DE CLUNY.

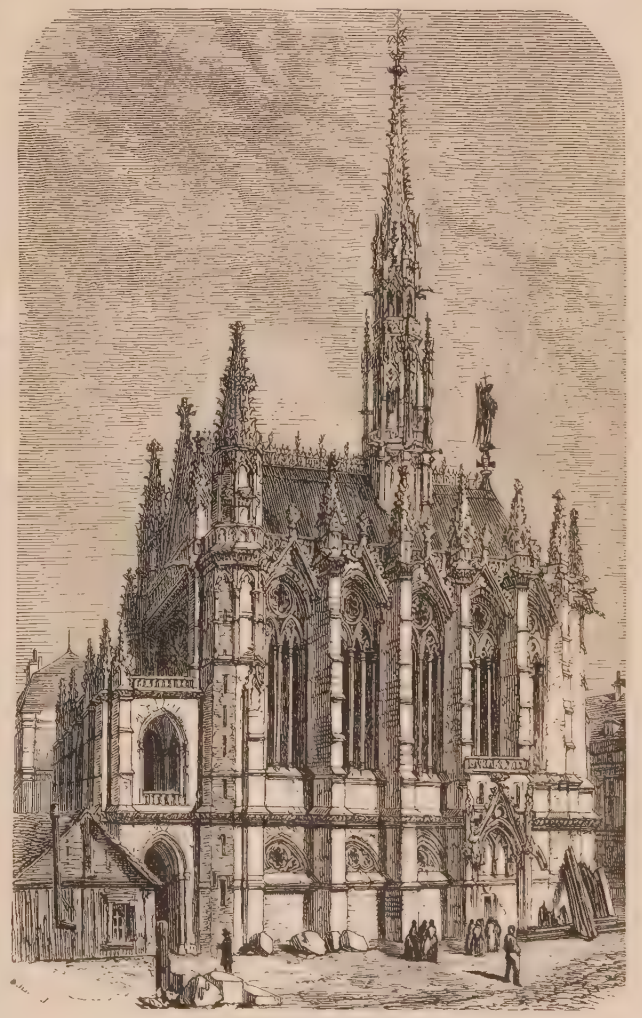
"Oh, my!" cried Mary; "what a lot of strange things the head must have had to tell the body of what had been going on in Paris since they parted company!"

This sally drew a laugh from her companions, which made the attendants in the church look at them in surprise.

During the day our travellers visited the Hôtel de Cluny and saw the treasures contained in its museum and the remains of the palace of the Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus, which adjoins it, where Julian was proclaimed Emperor of Rome. They visited the Bourse, or Exchange, and witnessed the exciting scenes which transpire during the hours for making sales. They walked over the Pont Neuf and admired the statue of the good King Henry IV. which stands upon it, and saw the Palace of Justice, the prison of the Conciègerie, where Marie Antoinette was confined; saw the beautiful Ste. Chapelle, built by Saint Louis to contain the "three thorns from the Saviour's crown" which he brought back from Palestine with him, and which had been shown to them among the treasures of Notre Dame, and visited several other places of interest. They got lunch at one of Duval's restaurants near the boulevard, and dined at a restaurant in the Palais Royal. After dinner they roamed through the galleries of the Palais Royal, admiring the wonderful displays in the brightly-lighted shop-windows, and then rode back to the hotel thoroughly tired out by their day of sight-seeing.

On Thursday morning our travellers went first to the palace of the Luxembourg. They were not allowed to see the state apartments or the hall of the

Senate, as these were closed to visitors, but greatly enjoyed the picture-gallery, which is filled with the finest works of the living artists of France. They walked through the pretty gardens and took a look at the observatory, which is one of the most perfect establishments of its kind in the world. The doctor pointed out the spot at the end of the gardens where the gallant Marshal Ney, who was called by Napoleon "the bravest of the brave," was shot in 1815. A statue of the marshal marks the spot.



THE STE. CHAPELLE.

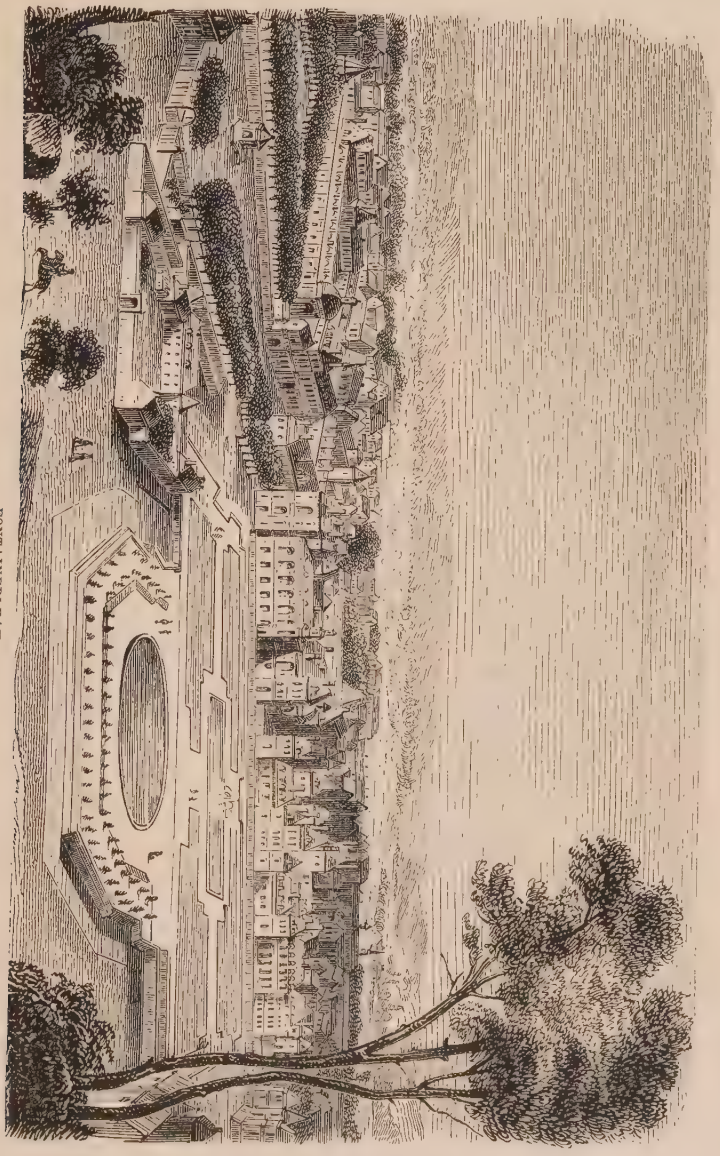
From the Luxembourg they went to the Louvre, stopping on the way to see the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which stands opposite the Louvre. This was once the parish church of the Louvre, and all the baptisms of the royal family were performed here. It was from the bell of this tower that the signal was given for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. While in the church our travellers saw a marriage and a baptism performed, and the ladies were not a little amused by the business-like way in which both ceremonies were conducted. They spent the whole morning in the Louvre inspecting its thousands of paintings and sculptures. It would be impossible to mention all they saw here, for the Louvre is a world in itself, and it would require a volume to give even a list of the works of art which it contains. As they passed through the great gallery the doctor told them that it was through

this hall, which is connected with the Tuileries, that the Empress Eugenie made her escape, conducted by the famous engineer Ferdinand de Lesseps, when the mob plundered the Tuileries upon the fall of the empire, in 1870. In the afternoon they went down to the river, and, embarking on one of the "steamboat omnibuses," rode up the Seine as far as Bercy. Returning in the same way, they landed at the Champs de Mars. This enabled them to obtain a view of the entire river-front of the city,—one of the most interesting sights of Paris. From the deck of one of these little boats the city is seen to the best advantage. Palaces, bridges, towers, prisons, churches and columns, long rows of stately edifices rose before them in a grand panorama to which no words can do justice. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to a delightful drive in the Bois de Boulogne, the great park of Paris; and the party returned to the hotel in time for dinner.

PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

On Friday morning our travellers took an early train for Fontainebleau, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, about forty miles from Paris. They spent the morning in seeing the palace, which is one of the largest and most magnificent, as well as one of the most ancient, of the royal residences of France. Louis VII. resided here in the twelfth century, and Francis I. began the

present edifice in the sixteenth century. Henry IV., Napoleon I., and Louis Philippe spent large sums in adding to and restoring it. The palace has been



FONTAINEBLEAU.

the scene of some of the most interesting events in the history of France. The great Condé died here, at the age of sixty-six; Louis XIV. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes here; Queen Christina of Sweden resided here

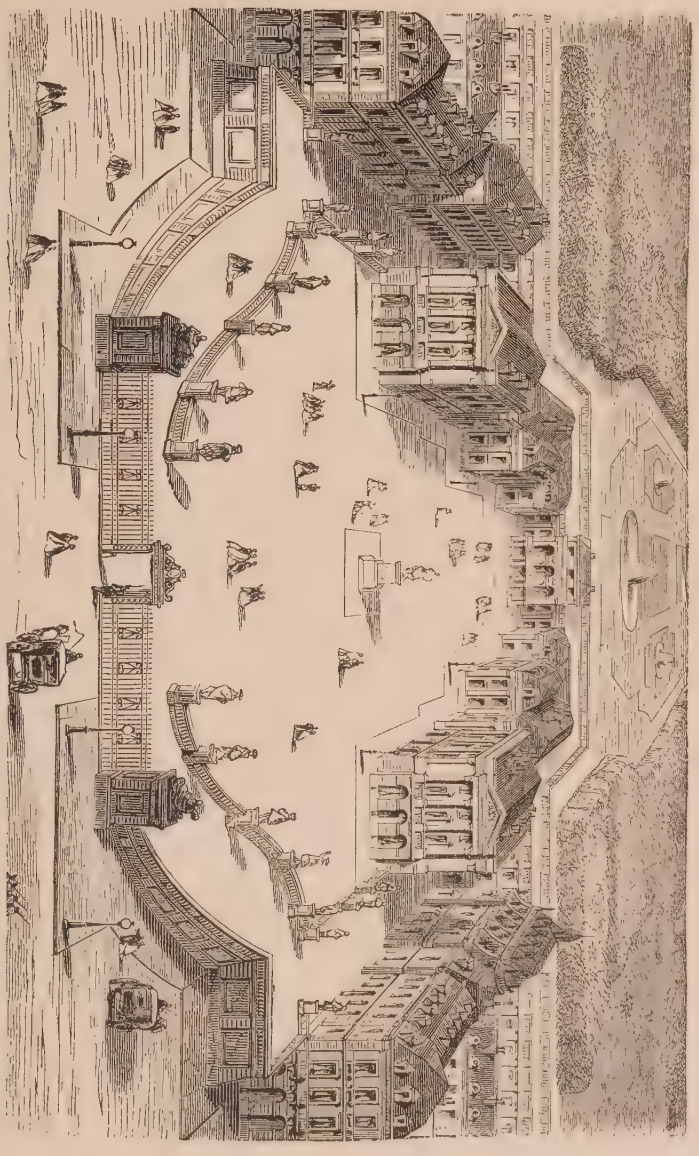
for a while, and in one of the rooms had her secretary, Monaldeschi, assassinated; Charles IV. of Spain and Pope Pius VII. were kept prisoners here by Napoleon; the divorce from Josephine was pronounced here; and here Napoleon signed his abdication and took leave of the Imperial Guard. Our travellers returned to Paris early in the afternoon, and drove from the railway station to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The rest of the day they spent in driving through the city in various directions, stopping to enter several churches and other places of interest. At night they strolled along the boulevards and into the Champs Elysées, where the open-air concerts were being held. They went into one or two of these and heard some good music.

PRINCIPAL FAÇADE OF THE SQUARE OF THE LOUVRE.

On Saturday they went to the School of Fine Arts and saw the beautiful collection there, and afterwards visited the Museum of Artillery, which occupies the old Dominican convent of St. Thomas Aquinas. The collection of arms and armor gathered here is very fine, and is much more complete and interesting than that in the Tower of London. The boys were sorry to leave the place, and declared they could have spent a whole day in it without getting tired. They visited also the Jardin des Plantes,—the Zoological Garden of Paris,—but the young people thought the "Zoo" in London much more interesting, although the Parisian collection is larger and in many respects more important.

"I felt that the animals in London could understand what I said to them,"

said Annie: "but here, when I speak to the monkeys, they look at me as if they wanted to say to me, '*Je ne vous comprends pas, mademoiselle.*'"



VERSAILLES: THE COURT OF HONOR.

They visited the great National Library, which contains two million and a half books and constitutes the largest collection in the world. The reading-room alone contains a reference library of thirty thousand volumes. In the

afternoon they rode around the city on what we should call the belt railway, but which the French term the *chemin de fer de ceinture*, or "railway of the circle," starting from and returning to the St. Lazare station, in the Place du Havre. The journey occupied two hours and they greatly enjoyed it, as it enabled them to see the city from every direction; and the boys were forced to admit that it was a greater treat than the Underground in London.

The next morning found them at the St. Lazare station at an early hour for an excursion to Versailles. As the day was bright and mild, they mounted to the seats on the top of a third-class carriage, as this afforded them a better view than could be had from the interior. It was somewhat disagreeable in going through the tunnels on the route, but fortunately these were short, and the train passed through them rapidly. The ride was a very interesting one, and the doctor pointed out to them the great fortress Mont Valérien and also the country held by the Germans during the siege of Paris. But few traces of the war were visible, however, and the country looked as fresh and smiling as though such a storm of blood and destruction had never swept over it. They had excellent views of Sevres, famous for its porcelain manufactures, and Saint Cloud, once the favorite summer residence of the two Napoleons. During the last war the Germans got possession of the palace and occupied it, and the French commander remorselessly turned the guns of Mont Valérien upon it and knocked it to pieces. A ride of about an hour brought the party to the station at Versailles, where they dismounted and secured a carriage to take them to the palace, which lies at the opposite end of the town.

They alighted at the entrance to the fine old Court of Honor, and, entering it, paused frequently to look at the palace and to see the statues of the great men of France with which it is bordered.

"This grand palace," said the doctor, "is two hundred and twenty years old, and for one hundred and twenty-nine years was the favorite residence of the French court. It was begun in 1660 by Louis XIV., who resolved to build a palace that would command the admiration of Europe. In order to secure a park worthy of it the whole of the surrounding country, to an extent of sixty miles in circumference, was purchased, hills were levelled or elevated, and valleys excavated or filled up; to perfect the landscape water was brought from great distances to supply the reservoirs and fountains. The whole undertaking consumed twenty-one years and cost over two hundred millions of dollars. The court was conducted upon a scale of the greatest magnificence, and at one time it is said that at least ten thousand persons were lodged in the palace. This required immense sums of money in addition to the original outlay, and all this was wrung from the French people by the most iniquitous of taxes. There can be no doubt that the burden which this lavish outlay imposed upon the people was the principal cause of the Revolution of 1789. When

the court resided here Versailles had a population of over one hundred thousand; now the inhabitants number scarcely thirty thousand."

It is impossible to describe all our travellers saw in this splendid palace, with its miles of paintings and statuary, its sumptuous halls and grand galleries. They spent the whole morning in it, literally walking through the history of

VERSAILLES: THE GARDEN FRONT.

France; for the route is so arranged that the visitor is carried in succession through the halls lined with historical paintings representing the principal events of French history from the earliest times to the present day. When they came to the picture representing the surrender of Lord Cornwallis the boys were greatly disgusted.

"The artist has made his picture tell a falsehood," said George, warmly; "for, look, he makes Rochambeau the principal figure in the scene, while Washington is only a secondary character, and is dressed like a guerilla chief."

THE TRIANON IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

Their resentment was somewhat modified when they found in one of the upper rooms admirable portraits of all the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to General Grant.

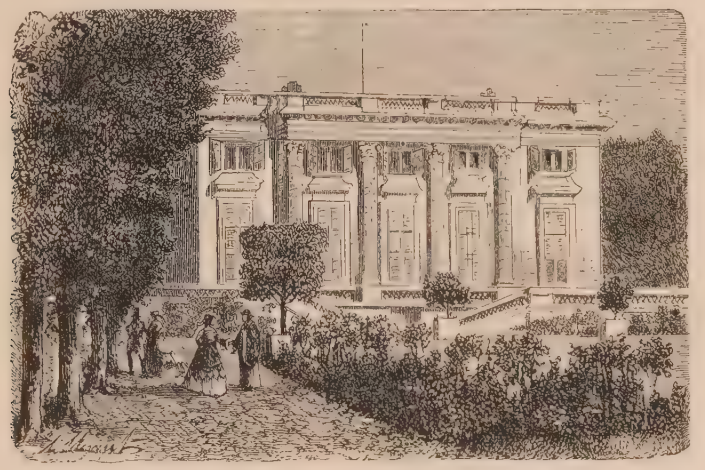
The private apartments interested them very much, and enabled them to form some idea of the manner in which the kings of France once lived. They

saw the Council Chamber, in which Louis XIV. and his descendants transacted the business of the state, and the screen behind which the great king used to retire to change his wig; the anteroom of the Œil de Bœuf, in which the courtiers daily assembled to await the appearance of the king, and the scene of many intrigues fraught with evil to the country and to royalty; and the bed-chamber of Louis XIV., in which still stands the bed on which he died.

"Here," said the doctor, "Louis rose every morning and went to bed every night in the presence of the whole court, who considered themselves highly honored by being allowed to witness the performance."

"It must have been very embarrassing to the king," said Walter.

"Not at all," replied the doctor. "He liked it, as he imagined that it added to his greatness; and in one sense it did, for it kept people talking about him."



THE PETIT TRIANON.

"I don't think Louis was such a great man, after all," said George. "He did many mean and cruel things, and was not half as great a man as Napoleon."

"In many things," said the doctor, "Louis XIV. was not a great man. His private character was contemptible, and he was in no sense a good man. But he was emphatically a great king. Cardinal Mazarin used to say of him, 'There is enough in him to make four kings and one honest man.' He was a man of good judgment, of a firm, determined will, of great sagacity and penetration, and of indomitable energy and perseverance. His capacity for work was very great, and throughout his long reign he was occupied in the labors of the cabinet for eight hours each day. He had imbibed the loftiest ideas of his divine right to rule, and regarded himself as the absolute master of the lives, liberties, and properties of his subjects, as he was in actual fact. Believing

that he was given his authority directly from Heaven, he regarded himself as the author and source as well as the dispenser of all law and justice. His will was the law of his kingdom, and for his conduct he was responsible only to God. He made the French monarchy a perfect despotism ; but he also made it greater and more powerful than it had ever been."

From the interior our travellers went out on the terrace and saw the western front of the palace. Large as it had seemed from the opposite side, they were astonished to find it so immense. The western front is over sixteen hundred feet, or over one-quarter of a mile, in length, and is far grander and more imposing than the eastern front. The doctor showed his companions the Orangerie and the Tennis Court, in the latter of which the Third Estate of the National Assembly swore "to continue to meet until the Constitution of the Kingdom had been established upon sound and solid foundations."

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S SWISS COTTAGE.

Then they strolled through the park, viewing its beauties with delight and going as far as the Trianons. In the grounds of the Little Trianon they saw the miniature Swiss village set up by Marie Antoinette, in which she and her court used to play at rural life; and the pretty palace itself was full of memories of the unhappy queen.

It was late in the afternoon when they got back to the station and took the train for Paris. This time they were glad to ride inside the comfortably-upholstered carriage, and when they reached their hotel they were all so tired out that they remained there for the rest of the evening.

The next morning's mail brought the doctor a note from a friend residing in Paris enclosing a permit for himself and his party to visit the sewers of Paris. His friend told him that they must join a party which was to start

from the Place du Chatelet at eleven o'clock. By that hour our travellers were at the fountain in the Chatelet Square, where they found some twenty other persons waiting for them. An official had charge of the expedition, and he informed the doctor that they would go through only a portion of the sewers, as there were two hundred and fifty miles of drainage to the city of Paris. They passed into the enclosure of the fountain and, descending a number of steps, entered a well-lighted vault of solidly-constructed masonry. In the centre a stream of water was flowing, but there was no offensive odor, nor was the place close or uncomfortable. Several cars were in waiting for the visitors. These extended entirely across the stream of water, and each had four lamps. Four men were attached to each car,—two to pull and two to push. The cars were soon filled, and the journey began. All along the way the vault, or tunnel, which was about twelve feet high, was lighted with gas, and at each intersecting vault they saw a sign with the name of the street above. The vault was arched, and along the sides were fastened huge water-pipes and the telegraph-lines that connect the various parts of the city. At the point from which they started a clear stream of water rushed in from the Seine to cleanse the sewers and sweep their contents into the channel by which they are carried into the river, several miles below the city. At regular intervals there were openings into the streets above for ventilation; and although our travellers were thirty feet below the streets, they could distinctly hear the rumble of the vehicles upon them. They were carried for two miles on the cars, and were then transferred to boats which conveyed them a mile farther. The official then told them the journey was ended, and, ascending to the street, they found themselves opposite the Madeleine.

As this was their last day in Paris, the doctor left the ladies in charge of the boys and went off alone to attend to some business matters. They drove to the famous Bon Marché, the most wonderful store in the world, where the ladies made some purchases, and the rest of the day was passed in driving through the city, which seemed even more beautiful to them now that they were about to leave it. At night they lingered for some time on the boulevards, but went to bed early, as they were to start for Brussels early the next morning.

ON TO BRUSSELS.

CHAPTER V.

BELGIUM AND THE RHINE.

SEVEN o'clock on Thursday morning, April 6, found the doctor and his party comfortably seated in a first-class carriage at the Northern Railway Station of Paris awaiting the departure of the train for Brussels. They started at twenty minutes after seven, and, though the morning was gloomy and rainy, the sun came out by the time they reached Creil, and the rest of the journey was made with fair weather. They were struck, as they had been during the ride from Calais to Paris, with the absence of fences and hedges. The fields seemed all in common, and they were somewhat perplexed to understand how a farmer could tell the boundaries of his lands; but the doctor explained that the boundaries were marked by stones set in the ground, and that the French were quite as accurate in determining the extent of their possessions as any people in the world.

"Nevertheless," said Walter, "it gives the country a bare look, and it is not half as nice as England, where the long rows of hedges make such a pretty feature of the landscape."

At Compiègne the train made a stop of a few minutes. The doctor told his companions that this was once one of the favorite residences of the sovereigns of France. It has a forest of over thirty thousand acres in which the king used to hunt, and a magnificent palace erected by Louis XV. and enlarged by Napoleon I.

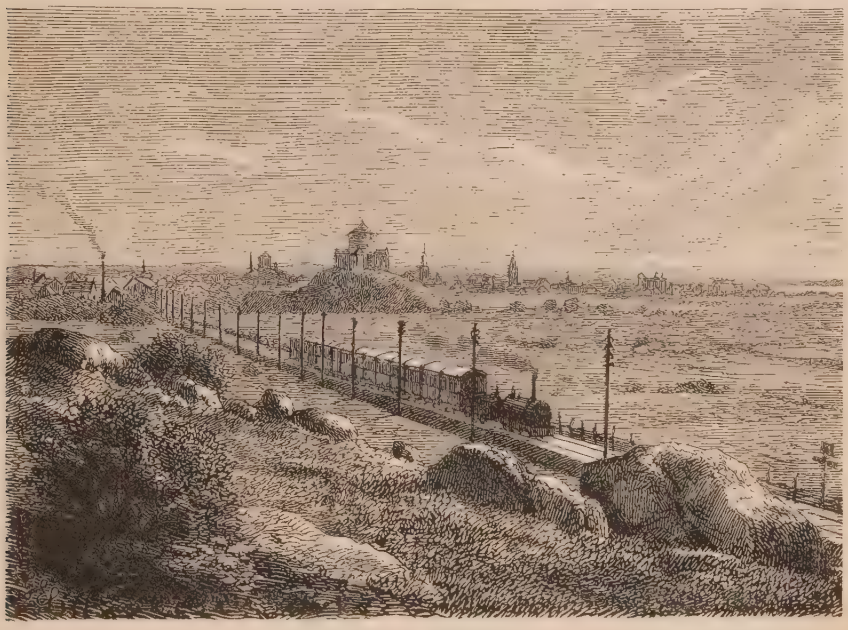
"Here," he added, "the emperor received his new wife, Maria Louisa. The town was formerly a fortified place, and it was here that Joan of Arc was captured during a sally upon the besiegers and handed over to John of Luxembourg, who sold her to the English, who barbarously burnt her as a sorceress."

Noyon, the next place of importance, he told them was the birthplace of the great Reformer John Calvin, whose father was a notary of the town. Not far distant is the castle of Ham, in which the Emperor Napoleon III. was

imprisoned for six years when a young man, and from which he made his escape.

When they stopped at St. Quentin, he told them that this was the scene of some important events in French history. The town was taken by assault by Philip II. of Spain, the husband of Bloody Mary of England, in 1557, and the inhabitants were treated with great cruelty. Two miles to the north of the town was fought the battle of St. Quentin,—in which the Germans defeated the French,—in January, 1871.

The train sped on from St. Quentin through a flat country with detached eminences each crowned with a windmill, the long revolving arms of which



THROUGH BELGIUM.

seemed to beckon the travellers onward. The young people were greatly amused by the windmills, and declared them the most interesting sights of the trip.

They passed at a distance the town of Cambrai, which the doctor told them gave the name to the fabric known as "cambric," and soon reached the great frontier fortress of Maubeuge, built by Vauban. The town contains over thirteen thousand inhabitants, and forms a part of the second line of defence of France towards Belgium. After passing this place they entered the great coal region of France, which extends into Belgium and from which Paris is supplied. They passed many large iron-works, and at the sidings on the way were long

trains of cars loaded with coal. The boys did not at first know what it was, for the coal of this region is not black, like ours, but is of a grayish color and looks like lumps of zinc.

At Quévy, on the Belgian frontier, the train was stopped for fifteen minutes, and all the passengers had to get out and go into the custom-house to have their luggage examined. The doctor had registered the trunks of the party through to Brussels, and these were not disturbed until they reached that place, but they had to carry with them all their hand-bags and parcels to be examined. They went into a long room, where the Belgian customs-officers merely looked at their bags, asked if they had anything that was dutiable, and, upon being answered "No," chalked them and left the travellers at liberty to pass on. The train was a long one and contained a large number of passengers. Some were loud in their indignant execrations of this useless formality, but the doctor told his companions that, as it was inevitable, their best plan was to submit to it with as good a grace as possible. The examination was soon over, and they returned to their carriage. The train started again, and in a little while Mons was reached, and as the train entered and left the town our travellers had a fine view of the beautiful cathedral of St. Waltruda.

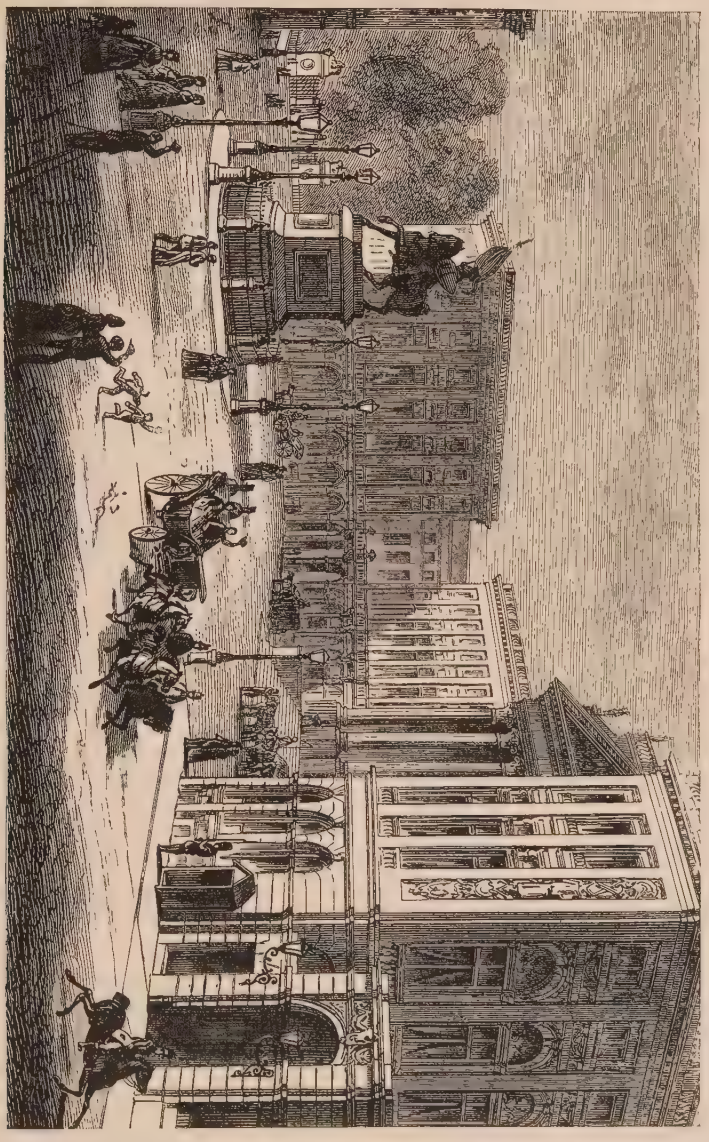
"Mons," said the doctor, in answer to a question from Mary, "is one of the most ancient towns in Belgium. It owes its origin to a fortress erected here by Julius Cæsar during his campaign against the Gauls. It was once a powerful stronghold, and was one of the chief rallying-places of the Flemings during the rebellion against Philip of Spain. It has been several times taken and retaken by contending armies. It now contains about twenty-four thousand people, and is the centre of the coal-mining industry of Belgium. The whole kingdom produces about fifteen million tons per annum, and of this the Mons district—which is the old province of Hainault—yields twelve million tons. About three miles to the southeast of the town is Malplaquet, where Marlborough and Prince Eugène gained a great victory over the French in 1709; and three miles to the westward is Jemappes, where the French under Dumouriez defeated the Austrians in 1792."

Halle was next reached, and in a short while after the train drew up in the Station du Midi, in Brussels. The party drove at once to the Hôtel Bellevue, in the Place Royale, where they were given excellent rooms on the side overlooking the park and the Place Royale.

It was after three o'clock by the time they had finished their dinner; for, as they had eaten nothing since leaving Paris, they decided not to wait for the *table-d'hôte*, but to dine at once. Then, as they were not very tired, they started out to see the city. It was too late in the afternoon to visit any of the public buildings, so they decided to devote the rest of the day to seeing the city itself. Their hotel was in the Place Royal, within a

stone's throw of the royal palace, and in one of the handsomest quarters of Brussels.

Brussels has been called "Paris in miniature," and well deserves the name.



PLACE ROYALE, BRUSSELS.

It is one of the brightest, liveliest, and prettiest cities of Europe. The new quarter is built on a hill, and from it the streets descend to the old town, which, though not so handsome as the new, is richer in historical associations.

As our travellers left the hotel the first thing that attracted their attention was the fine statue of Godfrey de Bouillon which stands in the centre of the square. On this spot Godfrey is said to have stood when he made his fiery appeal to the Flemings to join him in the crusade, and was answered with the enthusiastic shout of "God wills it! God wills it!"

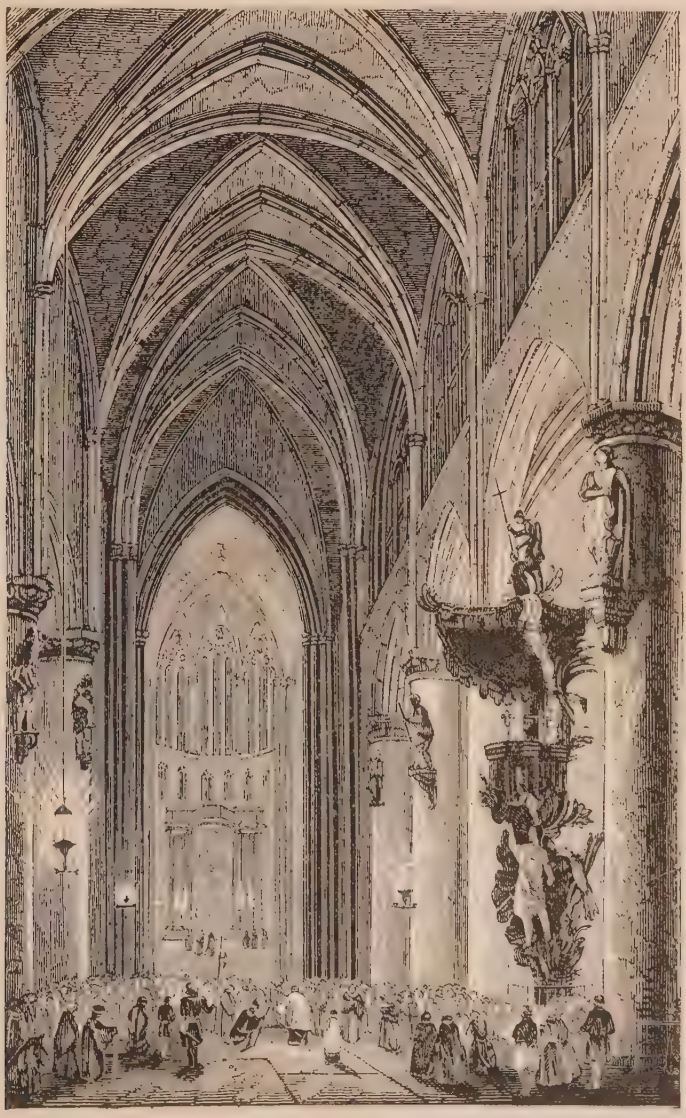
"This is what I call a splendid statue," said Mary. "It has more life and dash in it than any we saw in London or Paris. See, the very horse seems to have caught the enthusiasm of his noble rider and is impatient to be off."

They strolled through the park and admired the palace of the king, which occupies the site of the old palace of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, who was once ruler of the Netherlands. A flag flying from it announced that the king was at home and that the palace was closed to visitors. Then they took a carriage and drove around the city, making the circuit of the boulevards and visiting many places of interest. They saw the unfinished Palace of Justice, which is as large as the Public Buildings at Philadelphia, and promises to be one of the most superb edifices in the world; the fine square of the Mint, called the Place de la Monnaie, with its long rows of cafés, and in which stands the opera-house; the Bourse, which they thought even handsomer than its Paris namesake; the Martyrs' Monument, erected to the memory of the men who fell in the war of independence which resulted in the establishment of the present kingdom; and drove through miles of stately streets only less handsome than those of Paris. In the evening they walked down into the old town and visited the brilliantly-lighted Galleries St. Hubert, a series of streets roofed over with glass and iron and bordered with some of the prettiest shops in Brussels.

ST. GUDULE, BRUSSELS.

The next morning they went first to the cathedral of St. Gudule, built in the twelfth century. This is the most beautiful church in Brussels, and its stained-glass windows are among the finest in the world. The young people were very much interested in a side-chapel in which stands a statue of the Virgin Mother as the consoler of the afflicted. By the side of the statue were hung several hundred arms, legs, heads, and figures about as large as children's toys. These, the doctor told them, were hung there by poor people who imagined they had been cured of disease in various parts of their bodies by

the intercession of the Virgin. They had these images of the cured parts made, and hung them there as marks of their gratitude. From the cathedral the party



CATHEDRAL OF ST. GUDULE.

went to the National Palace and saw the chambers of the two Houses of the Belgian Parliament. They next visited the Hôtel de Ville, one of the noblest edifices in Europe. It is nearly five hundred years old, and the principal front

is a mass of sculptures. The spire is three hundred and seventy feet in height and is surmounted by a gilded figure of the archangel Michael, which turns with the wind and is the city's weather-vane. They were greatly interested in the old building, and as they went through its grand halls the doctor gave them many interesting accounts of the historical events that had occurred in it. In the square in front of the town-hall, he told them, the Duke of Alva caused twenty-five of the most illustrious nobles of Flanders to be executed. Among these were Counts Egmont and Horn, whose monument they had seen near the royal palace. They spent several hours in the Picture Gallery, which now contains the chief art-collection of Belgium, and in which they recognized several fine paintings they had admired in the Belgian galleries at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. They also visited the Wiertz Museum, one of the most remarkable collections in Europe. On the way back to the hotel in the afternoon they passed the palace of the Duke of Arenberg, which was once the residence of Count Egmont. Not far from this the doctor pointed out the site once occupied by the house of Count Kuylenburg, memorable as the place where the nobles of the Netherlands began the struggle against the supremacy of Spain.

SQUARE OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

"Here," said the doctor, "they signed a petition, called the 'Request,' to the vice-regent, Margaret of Parma, the natural daughter of Charles V. and sister of Philip II., praying for the abolition of the inquisitorial courts, which had caused great suffering to the people. Then between three and four hundred of them mounted their horses and rode to the palace of the duchess to present their petition. Margaret, whose fears had been awakened by the sudden appearance of this large body of horsemen, received the petition with an appearance of graciousness; but Count Barlaimont, one of the courtiers, whispered to her, 'Madame, it is only a troup of beggars,' alluding to the supposed want of money on the part of the Confederates. The remark was overheard and was repeated to the Flemish patriots, who at once adopted the term as the name of their organization. In the same evening, a crowd having assembled before the house of Count Kuylenburg, several of the Confederates, among whom was Count Brederode, disguised as a beggar, with a wooden goblet in his hand, appeared on the balcony

VIEW OF COBLENTZ FROM PFAFFENDORF.

and drank success to the Beggars, while each of the other nobles, in token of his approval, stuck a nail into the goblet. The spark thus kindled soon burst into a flame, and the movement resulted in the separation of the northern provinces from Spain and the formation of the Dutch republic. When the Duke of Alva was placed in command of the Netherlands, he caused Counts Egmont and Horn to be arrested in this house, from which he displayed the flag of Spain and then had the house torn down."

The next day being fair our travellers made an excursion to the field of Waterloo, and spent the day in visiting the principal scenes made famous by that great struggle. They spent considerable time on the Mound of the Belgian Lion, which marks the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded in the fight, and, with the aid of the excellent sketch of the battle in Badeker's Guide and a good map, the doctor gave them a vivid description of the great struggle. The boys wanted to buy some of the numerous buttons, bullets, and other articles that were offered for sale as relics of the battle; but the doctor declined to purchase any, as he said enough of these had already been sold here to confiding travellers to equip all the armies of Europe. They returned to Brussels early in the afternoon and visited a lace-factory, where they were shown the process of making lace. During their stay in the city the ladies made several purchases of lace, but found that the prices were quite as high as in New York or Philadelphia.

Friday and Saturday were devoted by the doctor and his party to an excursion to Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp. They left Brussels at seven o'clock on Friday morning, and reached Ghent at a little after eight. The country on the way was very pretty, and was slightly rolling and finely cultivated. At Alost they saw a number of people bleaching linen on the grass, and on the way passed many handsome country-seats. Everything spoke of the wealth and fertility of Belgium.

As they were to stay but a part of the day at Ghent, they left their parcels at the station and, engaging a carriage, set out to see the town.

Ghent, the doctor told them, was one of the most powerful cities of Europe during the Middle Ages. It could put an army of eighty thousand men in the field, and did not hesitate to go to war with kings and princes, and often beat them too. Its chief source of wealth was the manufacture of woollen goods, and the weavers were among the bravest and most unruly of its citizens. At a very early period a spirit of independence developed itself among the inhabitants, more especially the weavers, and they succeeded in obtaining from their sovereigns those concessions which form the foundation of constitutional liberty. Their subjection to the Counts of Flanders and the Dukes of Burgundy was little more than nominal; for, whenever these princes attempted to lay a tax that was unpopular with the citizens, the latter sounded

RHEINFELS.

their alarm-bell and flew to arms. On these occasions the citizens, who were always well armed, wore a species of white cap or hood, from which they became known as the "White Hoods." The Emperor Charles V. deprived them of their independence, and Philip II. of Spain completed their political and commercial ruin.

The party went first to the cathedral of St. Bavon, a portion of which was consecrated in the year 941. It was completed in 1300. It is built of brick, and is black with age. The interior is very beautiful, much of the work consisting of black and white marble. It contains the font in which the Emperor Charles V., who was a native of the city, was baptized, and many other objects of interest; but its gem is the beautiful painting of "The Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb," by the brothers Van Eyck, before which our travellers lingered long. They went then to see the belfry, a massive tower of brick three hundred and seventy-five feet high, but did not ascend it. Its chimes are very fine, and they heard them several times while in the city.

"This tower," said the doctor, "contains the most famous bell of Flanders, —the 'Great Bell Roland,'—which was the alarm-bell of Ghent in the days of its glory. It bears this inscription: 'My name is Roland: when I am rung hastily, then there is a fire; but when I resound in peals, there is a storm in Flanders.' Many times did Roland tell the people of Ghent there was a storm in the land, and his deep notes never failed to bring them flocking into the great square to defend their liberties."

As the doctor spoke the deep, solemn notes of Roland pealed down from the tower proclaiming the hour.

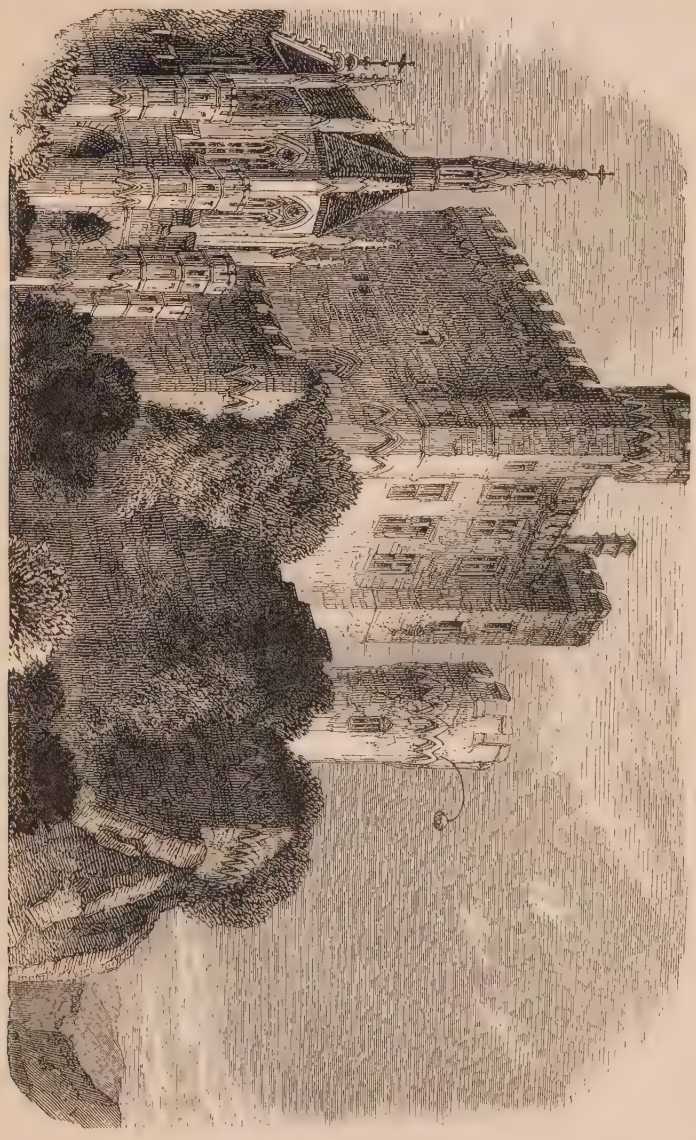
"Oh," cried Annie, clasping her hands with delight, "I would not have missed hearing it. I can fancy how the sound must have thrilled through the hearts of the brave citizens when it called them to arms."

The doctor and his party then walked across to the Hôtel de Ville, which stands opposite the belfry. It is the most beautiful Gothic building in Flanders, and is four hundred years old. The front is of stone, once of a light color, but now black with age, and is beautifully carved. They were met at the entrance door by the porter, who carried a bunch of huge keys, and who looked as though he might well have been one of the White Hoods of old, so bright were his eyes and so full of vigor and reckless pride was his every motion. He showed them through the beautiful halls and explained the uses of each. He spoke English very well, and seemed greatly pleased when, in reply to some of his questions, the boys showed that they knew something of the history of Ghent. He said he always liked to show Americans through the building, as they appeared to enjoy its beauties and historical associations.

"I like the Americans for another reason," he said: "they will not be imposed upon by other nations, and they know how to fight."

He laughed and rattled his keys with a sound like the clash of arms as he spoke.

Our travellers went next to the great square known as the Marché du Ven-



RHEINSTEIN.

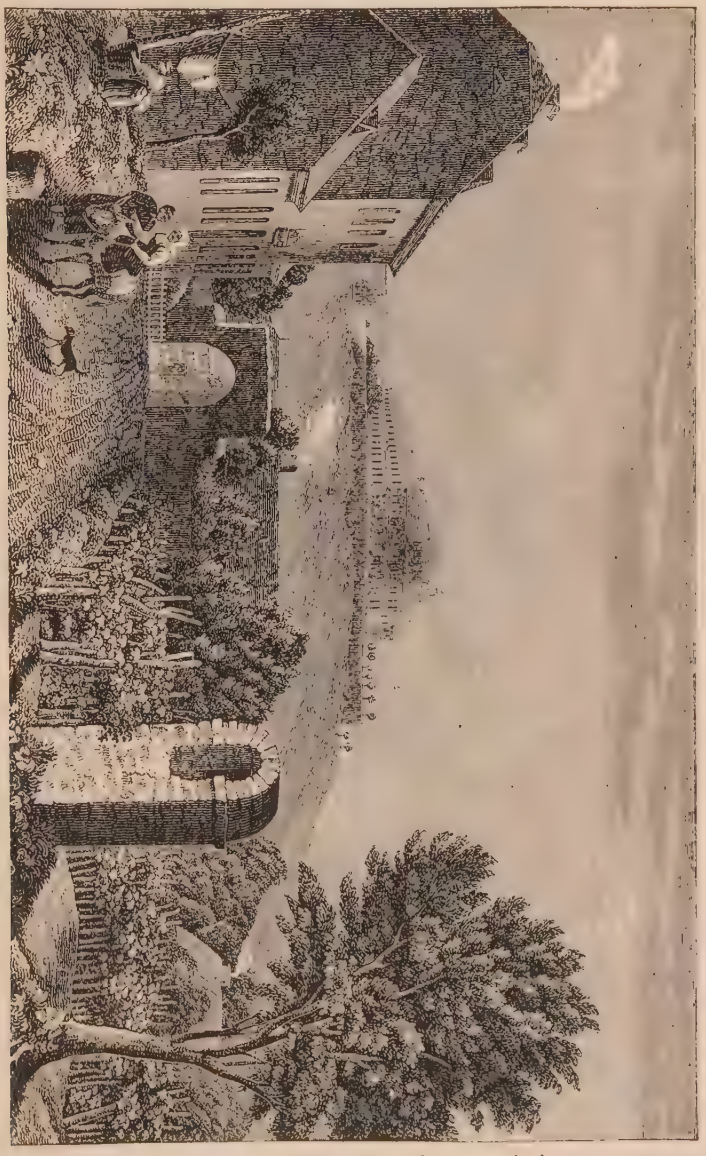
dredi, the old Flemish *Vrydagmarket*, or Friday market. To a lover of civil liberty this is holy ground. It is the largest square in the city, is surrounded with antique buildings very quaint and curious in appearance, and was the

scene of many of the most important events in the history of Ghent. Homage was done here by the people to the counts of Flanders after their accession to the throne, but only after the count had solemnly sworn to "maintain, and cause to be maintained, all the existing laws, privileges, freedoms, and customs of the

STOLZENFELS.

county and city of Ghent." Here, when the Great Bell Roland sounded the warning that there was a storm in the land, the "hard heads of Flanders" hastened to set up the standard of revolt. Here were fought some of the most terrible conflicts in the history of the city, and here the Duke of Alva held his

cruel *autos-da-fé*, by which he drove nearly half of the people away from Ghent. In the centre of the square now stands a fine statue of Jacques van



JOHANNISBERG.

Artevelde, the famous brewer of Ghent, and one of the most accomplished demagogues of history.

Our travellers spent a delightful morning in Ghent, and I should like to describe all they saw, but I have not the space. They were greatly interested

in the massive castellated gateway called the Oudeburg, which is all that remains of the old palace of the counts of Flanders, where Edward III. and Queen Philippa of England were entertained by Jacques van Artevelde, and where the famous John of Gaunt, who took his name from his birthplace, was born.

They drove back to the station and took the train at noon for Bruges, which was reached in an hour.

Bruges is one of the most interesting cities in Europe. It was the capital of West Flanders, and during the Middle Ages was largely engaged in commerce with all parts of the world. It has now about forty-eight thousand inhabitants, one-third of whom are said to be paupers. The town is splendidly built and bears many marks of its former glory. The streets are broad and the buildings handsome. There have been few changes in it in the last four hundred years as regards its external appearance, and it is said to be the most perfectly preserved town of the Middle Ages in Europe. To enter it is like going into another world.

Our travellers went direct to the cathedral of St. Sauveur, an immense edifice of brick with a noble and beautifully-decorated interior filled with rare paintings. It was in this church that Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and the Netherlands, founded the Order of the Golden Fleece, on the occasion of his marriage with Isabella, daughter of John I. of Portugal, in 1429.

"Wasn't it strange," said George, "that he should have chosen a lamb as the symbol of his order?"

"Not at all," replied the doctor. "The lamb was typical of the Lamb of God and indicated the humility of the Christian, while the fleece typified the great source of the wealth of the Low Countries."

They went to the Church of Notre Dame and saw the tombs of Charles the Bold and his daughter, Mary of Burgundy, and from there to the Halles, —originally intended as the great Cloth Hall of the town, but now used as a market,—above which rises the graceful belfry which Mr. Longfellow has described in his beautiful poem. As the afternoon was bright and cloudless they ascended the tower, and were rewarded with a fine view of a large part of Flanders. The guide pointed out the dark blue line of the North Sea at Ostende, and in the distance they could see the towers of Ghent, twenty-seven miles away. Villages and towns were scattered far and wide over the vast plain. As they stood enjoying the view the chimes began to ring, and the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" floated out upon the air.

They next visited the Hôtel de Ville and there saw the painting of "Finding the Body of Charles the Bold after the Battle of Nancy," and went into the chapel of the Holy Blood, which adjoins the town-hall, and saw the jewelled

RÜDESHEIM.

vessel which is said to contain three drops of the Saviour's blood, brought by Theodoric, Count of Flanders, from Palestine in 1150.

Bruges was left at six o'clock, and at nine the party reached Antwerp, and went at once to their hotel, in the Place Verte. On Saturday morning they started out early and, taking a carriage, drove through the city for several hours. Antwerp is one of the most interesting places in Europe. In the Middle Ages it was the wealthiest city of the Old World, and its "free fairs," at which merchants from all countries gathered, were among the chief events of the year. It was ruined by the cruelties of the Duke of Alva, but has now regained, and even exceeded, its former prosperity. Our travellers visited the docks, which are very extensive and are crowded with shipping from all parts of the globe. They also visited the cathedral, which is a large and impressive building as regards the interior, though it does not present a very imposing appearance from without, owing to the mass of houses with which it is surrounded. The tower is one of the loftiest and most beautiful in Europe, and contains a chime of ninety-nine bells, the largest of which weighs eight tons, and the smallest is but fifteen inches in circumference. The chimes ring so often that one is never out of the sound of them. They are exceedingly soft and sweet, and one of the chief pleasures of the visit was in listening to them. In the cathedral hang Rubens's beautiful paintings of the Descent from the Cross, the Elevation of the Cross, and the Assumption of the Virgin. They visited several other churches, among them the handsome church of St. Paul, with its curious entrance and Calvary, the church of St. Jacques, in which the great painter Rubens is buried, and St. Charles Borromeo, formerly the church of the Jesuits, whom Antwerp has such good cause to remember with regret. In the picture gallery they saw many of the finest works of Rubens, Quentin Matsys, and the Flemish masters, and during their rides through the city the doctor pointed out the handsome house in which Rubens lived. They visited the old castle, now a museum of antiquities, and soon to be removed to make way for new docks. It is filled with a very curious collection of relics of the Middle Ages and the Spanish rule. It was the seat of the Inquisition and the scene of untold suffering to the people of Antwerp. The boys enjoyed the place thoroughly, and were greatly interested in the instruments of torture with which it is filled. They went down into the vaults and saw the cells in which the prisoners were tortured by water or left to die of starvation, and the terrible grating through which they were thrown into the river and drowned. It is a horrible prison, and calls up vividly the cruelties of which it was the scene. Their guide was a bright-eyed little girl of thirteen, the daughter of the keeper, who seemed to think the recital of the cruelties practised here very amusing, as she frequently interrupted her description by breaking into a hearty laugh. She spoke English imperfectly, and appeared entirely at home in the gloomy place.

"This old prison, and the persecution with which it is associated, ruined Antwerp," said the doctor. "When the people heard the Duke of Alva was coming, one hundred thousand persons left the city. They fled to Holland, and, carrying their wealth and industry with them, made Amsterdam what this town might have been."

The next day being Sunday, the doctor and his companions spent it quietly in Antwerp. They heard a magnificent service at the cathedral in the morning, and spent the afternoon in strolling through the city.

Monday morning, April 12, saw them on the way to Aix-la-Chapelle. They left Antwerp at seven o'clock in the morning and reached Aix-la-Chapelle a little before noon. Their baggage being registered through to Cologne, they had only to show their hand-bags at the German frontier, and these were passed without trouble. As they intended to spend but a few hours in the town, they went at once from the station to the cathedral, erected by Charlemagne between the years 796 and 804. It is one of the oldest churches in Europe, and is unequalled in the number and value

CHARLEMAGNE IN RETREAT.

of its relics. Among these are the swaddling-clothes in which the Saviour was wrapped, the scarf He wore at the Crucifixion, spotted with blood, a cotton robe worn by the Virgin at the Nativity, and a cloth on which the head of John the Baptist was laid. These are exhibited but once in seven years, when crowds of pilgrims come from all parts of Europe to see them. Our travellers were, therefore, unable to view these, but they saw many others, among them a locket with the Virgin's hair, a piece of the true cross which Charlemagne wore around his neck when he died and after his burial, the leathern girdle of Christ, the bones of St. Stephen, the cord which bound the rod which smote the Saviour, and a piece of Aaron's rod. All the emperors and empresses of Germany for seven hundred years took their coronation oaths on these relics. Under the dome of the cathedral they saw a plain flat stone inscribed with the words "CARLO MAGNO," which marks the tomb of Charlemagne.

"Why is Charlemagne buried in Germany, uncle?" asked Annie. "I have always thought him a French sovereign."

"What is now France," replied the doctor, "was a part of his empire, and in that sense he was a French sovereign; but he was a German by birth and in character, and was very proud of his German blood. Some writers make him a native of this place, but others say he was born in Franconia. He was of heroic stature,—tall, broad-chested, and of majestic appearance. He was gracious and graceful in his manner, and spoke with clearness and precision. He conversed fluently in Latin, and understood Greek thoroughly. He was plain and simple in his habits, temperate in eating and drinking, and hated gluttony and drunkenness. He was very proud of his Teutonic blood, and exerted himself to preserve the ancient German customs, and especially the heroic ballads of his ancestors. He always wore the national dress of the Franks except on rare state occasions. He died here in 814, and was buried in this church. In 1165 his tomb was opened by the Emperor Otho III., and the body of Charlemagne, in a perfect state of preservation and clad in his robes of state, was found sitting on a throne of Parian marble, as it had been buried three centuries and a half before."

From the cathedral they went to the town-hall, which occupies the site of the old palace of Charlemagne. It contains a number of fine halls and beautiful paintings. It is especially noted as the place where the two treaties of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748 and 1818, were signed.

"Aix-la-Chapelle," said the doctor, "was Charlemagne's favorite residence, and there is a curious legend connected with this, which, however, I must warn you, is, like all stories of the Middle Ages, merely a fable. Charlemagne, according to the story, was in love with a peasant-girl named Agatha, who so greatly bewitched him that he neglected all matters of state for her society. At last, to the great joy of all the court, she died; but what was their aston-

ishment to find that the Emperor seemed no less bewitched with the dead body than he had been with the living, and spent all day and night with it, even when decomposition had begun to set in. Archbishop Turpin, one of the courtiers, was convinced that there was sorcery in this strange infatuation, and on examining the body found a ring under the tongue, which he removed. Charlemagne at once lost all regard for the dead woman and fell so desperately in love with the archbishop that he would never let him be out of his sight. The good prelate was sorely perplexed, but at last bethought him of the ring, which he threw into a pool at Aix. Immediately the emperor became seized with a great fondness for this place, and built here a palace and a monastery, and no place in the world had such charms for him as Aix-la-Chapelle, where the ring was buried."

BONN CATHEDRAL.

"I once read a German legend," said George, "which relates that Charlemagne appears in Germany in seasons when the harvest is plenteous. He crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge and blesses both corn-fields and vineyards."

"That must be what Longfellow means," said Mary, "when he says in one of his poems,—

> "'Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
> Upon thy bridge of gold.'"

From Aix-la-Chapelle the party went on to Cologne, the journey occupying a little less than two hours. It was four o'clock when they reached the city. They sent their baggage to the hotel by the porter, and went at once to the cathedral, which stands just opposite the station. It is dedicated to the Apostle Peter, and is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. It was begun in 1248, and was finished a few months after our travellers' visit to it. The towers are five hundred feet in height, which is also the length of the church. From whichever direction it is viewed, the sight is grand

and awe-inspiring, and the longer one looks at it the more beautiful it seems. Behind the high altar is the chapel of the Three Kings, and here our travellers saw the silver case said to contain the bones of the three wise men who came from the East to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Saviour. They saw also the skulls of the Magi, crowned with diamonds, with their names written in rubies. The sacristan told them that the silver case and the jewels were valued at two million dollars. They visited the church of St. Peter, and saw the font in which Rubens was baptized and his beautiful painting of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, and went also to the church of St. Ursula, where they were shown the bones of the eleven thousand virgins, which are fantastically arranged around the walls. They found Cologne a well-built and handsome city, and, to their surprise, very clean. They had known it as the "city of a hundred smells," but none of these saluted them as they passed through its streets.

"HE DON'T UNDERSTAND GERMAN!"

All day, since they left the Belgian frontier, they had heard nothing but German spoken, and by this time their ears were accustomed to the sound. The doctor was a fair German scholar, and Walter had studied the language at school. During their visit to the cathedral he wanted to ask a question, and turned to a good-natured young soldier standing near him and addressed him in the best German he could muster. The man only looked at him with a broad grin. Walter repeated his question, but the fellow's grin broadened, and Walter turned away and declared to Mary that he believed the man did not understand his mother-tongue, for he was sure he had spoken to him in excellent German.

On Tuesday morning the doctor and his party took the cars for Bonn, first sending their baggage on board the Rhine steamer, which they intended joining at that place. The Rhine from Cologne to Bonn is very uninteresting, and as the trip up the river was to be a long one, they resolved to shorten it in this way. They left Cologne early in the morning, and reached Bonn in less than an hour. This gave them time for a drive through the city and a glance at the famous university, though they were not able to visit it.

At nine o'clock the steamer reached the pier, where they were waiting for her, and they went on board. The weather was again in their favor, the day being bright and cloudless. The boat was the "German Emperor," one of the largest and handsomest, as well as one of the swiftest, on the Rhine, and made excellent time against the strong current. Soon they came opposite the Drachenfels, a frowning height, named from a cave in its side in which Siegfried, the

THE OLD RAMPARTS, COLOGNE.

hero of the Niebelungen-Lied, killed the dragon. It is crowned with the ruin of an old castle from which the robber-knights watched for the vessels they intended to plunder. Mary repeated Byron's beautiful description of the place as the steamer glided by it. The Seven Mountains were passed, and then the boat entered the highlands of the Rhine, the scenery of which is considered the most beautiful along the river. Then came Rolandseck, with its ruined castle looking down upon the island and convent of Nonenworth.

"Roland," said the doctor, "was the nephew of Charlemagne, and one of his greatest knights. He was betrothed to the Lady Aude, and shortly after departed for the wars. The Lady Aude, being told that her lover had been

THE PIER AT BONN.

slain by the Saracens, retired to the convent on this island and took the veil. Roland, returning home, covered with glory, was met by the sad news that his lady was lost to him, and was overwhelmed with despair. He built the castle of Rolandseck, which stands on the height above us, that he might look down on his lost love who could never be his bride. After her death he returned to the field, and was slain in the famous battle of Roncesvalles."

"Well," said Mary, "if I had been Roland, I would have done very differently. Surely, uncle, Charlemagne could have gotten the Pope, who would have refused him nothing, to release the lady from her vows, and she might have married her lover, after all."

"Ah, my dear," said the doctor, smiling, "we must not turn the light of modern common sense upon these old stories. The Rhine would not be the Rhine without its legends."

The boat swept on, making a landing at Andernach, one of the most ancient

towns on the Rhine, and about noon the lofty rock and fortress of Ehrenbreitstein came in sight on the opposite side of the river from Coblentz. This

DRACHENFELS.

fortress, the doctor told his companions, is the strongest in Germany, and is considered impregnable. It stands four hundred feet above the river, and is

defended by four hundred cannon. It can accommodate one hundred thousand men, and it is said that provisions for eight thousand men for ten years can be stored in its vaults. The boat made a landing at Coblentz, which stands at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, and is also powerfully fortified. It is the capital of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, and is considered the bulwark of Germany. It is a very ancient city, having been founded nine years before the Christian era.

The boat stopped only a few minutes at Coblentz, and then resumed its voyage, passing through the bridge of boats, which was opened for the pur-

ANDERNACH.

pose. Just after passing Coblentz the dinner-bell rang, but the doctor, who had in previous journeys experienced the miseries of a dinner at the table of a Rhine steamer, had a lunch served for his party on deck, and they thus obtained a better meal, and were able to enjoy without interruption the magnificent scenery through which they were passing.

Oberlahnstein, with its ruined walls and the old castle, once the residence of the Electors of Mayence, was passed, and they saw on the heights above the town the picturesque castle of Lahneck, which has been purchased by an English gentleman and converted into a summer residence. The castle of Stolzenfels, four hundred feet above the river, presented a commanding appearance,

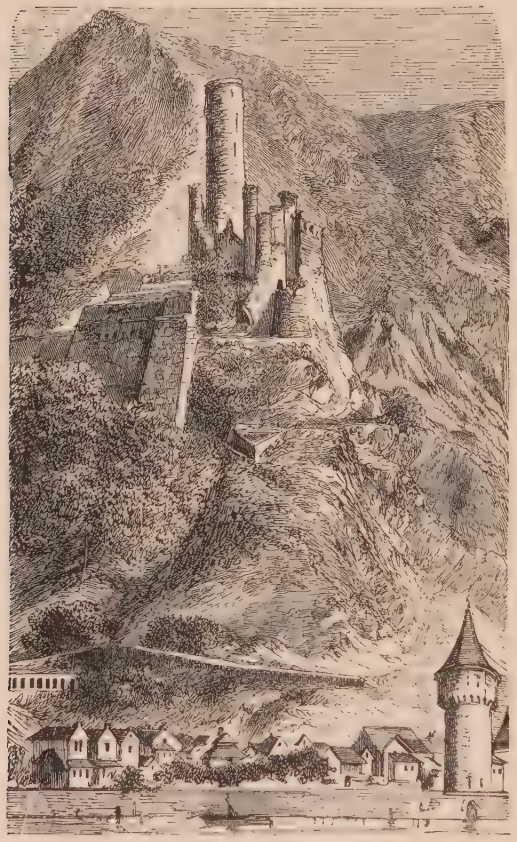
having been almost entirely restored by the Emperor of Germany, its present owner.

Near by is the Königstuhl, which, the doctor told them, was built by the Emperor Charles IV. in 1353. On the stone at the top the four Rhenish Electors held their meetings, as each one, after the meeting was over, could reach his own dominions in a few minutes. Here many of the German emperors were elected, many conferences were held, and many decrees issued. A few miles above is the castle of Marksburg, five hundred feet above the river. It contains numerous horrible dungeons, in which prisoners were confined, one of which is so deep that the captives were let down to it in a bucket. There is a legend that this gloomy pit is haunted by the spirits of those who have perished there, and that if even so slight a thing as a pin or a pea is thrown into it a cry of anguish will be heard from the spirits thus disturbed. Here the Emperor Henry IV. was imprisoned by his rebellious son, Henry V., who was encouraged by the Pope in his unnatural war against his father. Boppard, an old walled town, which has stood there since the days of the Romans, was next passed. Higher up is the convent of Bornhöfen, still a favorite resort with pilgrims. On the hill above the convent are the ruins of the twin castles called "The Brothers."

COBLENTZ, LOOKING TOWARDS EHRENBREITSTEIN.

"These castles," said the doctor, "were owned by two brothers, Conrad and Heinrich von Boppard, who both loved their foster-sister, Hildegarde. The maiden favored the suit of Conrad, and Heinrich went to the Crusades, generously leaving his brother in possession of the prize. But Conrad, hearing of the brave deeds of his brother, soon grew tired of his love, and departed for the wars also, leaving Hildegarde to mourn the loss of her lover. After a long absence Conrad returned, but brought with him a young and beautiful Grecian bride. The indignant Hildegarde shut herself up in the loneliest chamber of her castle and refused to see any one, while her false lover and his bride

lived a merry life in the other castle. Late one evening a stranger demanded admission to the castle of Hildegarde. He proved to be the long-absent Heinrich, who, hearing of the wrongs of his foster-sister, challenged Conrad to mortal combat. The brothers met, but before their swords were crossed Hildegarde interposed between them and effected a reconciliation. She then retired to the convent of Bornhöfen. Conrad's Grecian bride soon proved faithless, and the two brothers ever after lived in harmony and affection."



CASTLE OF MARKSBURG.

The boat soon passed St. Goar, above which extends the magnificent ruin of the fortress of Rheinfels, built in 1245 by Count Deither of Katzenelnbogen for the purpose of collecting increased tolls from vessels navigating the Rhine. On the opposite side of the river is the ruined castle known as "The Cat," built by Count Johann of Katzenelnbogen in 1393, and below it is the strange castle, also in ruins, called "The Mouse." It was built by Kuno von Falkenstein, who declared that the count had better watch his "Cat" or the "Mouse" would devour it.

The Lorelei Rock, a bold promontory four hundred and fifty feet in height, around which the river sweeps with a swift whirl, now came in sight, and as the steamer swept by it the rocks loudly echoed the sound of her machinery and the plashing of her paddle-wheels. To a person standing on the shore the echo is wonderful. When a steamer passes "all the hill seems alive with hundreds of voices telling back what the passengers are saying," and the noise of the machinery sounds as if a whole fleet was passing. On the opposite side of the river is the town of Oberwesel. The German students amuse themselves by shouting to the rock, "Who is the burgomaster of Oberwesel?" and the echo gives back the sound "esel," which is the German word for "an ass." On the rock, according to the legend, sat a siren

who sang such wonderful songs that the boatmen in passing would forget their duties and listen spell-bound. And then, as she lowered her voice, they would approach nearer and nearer to hear her, until they would be caught in the fatal whirlpool and dashed to pieces. But now, in the place of the siren's song, the screech of the locomotive is heard as it dashes through a tunnel cut through the rock of the Lorelei.

As they rounded the rock they met one of the long rafts which are so numerous on the Rhine. It must have been four or five hundred feet long, and had a number of small houses built on it. These rafts are made up of the timber from the Black Forest and other points along the Upper Rhine, and the boatmen and their families embark on them and float down the river to Holland, where the rafts are broken up and the logs sawed into lumber for export. The voyage occupies several weeks, and there are often several hundred people on the larger rafts.

THE MOUSE.

Higher up the river our travellers saw the ruins of the castle of Schömberg, the old residence of the counts of that name, one of whom was the most famous general of William of Orange, and was killed at the battle of the Boyne. In the stately castle of Gutenfels the Duke of Cornwall, the brother of Henry III. of England, and the only English emperor of Germany, married the beautiful Countess of Falkenstein in 1257. In midstream, almost, below it, is the Pfalz, a curious castle, built in the twelfth century by the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, and one of the best-preserved edifices on the river. Here, in 840, poor Louis the Gentle, worn out with the cares of empire and the ingratitude of his family, came to die. It is a desolate, lonely-looking place, and well suited to be the scene of the close of such a weary life. Almost every eminence along this part of the river is crowned

with a castle, each with its legend. The most imposing is the fine castle of Rheinstein, which dates from the eleventh century. It is now owned by the royal family of Prussia, and has been restored.

THE LORELEI ROCK.

The steamer now swept onward into the region known as the Rheingau, the district in which the most famous of the Rhine wines are grown. All along the river our travellers had seen vineyards on the shores, but now they increased in number and extent, until it seemed that every available foot of ground was devoted to the cultivation of the vine. They stretched up the

steep hill-sides, being supported by terraces of stone, and the towns appeared to be the only breaks in the long lines of vines. Though the hills were bare and devoid of trees, the vineyards gave them a pleasant and smiling appearance very charming to behold.

The ruins of Ehrenfels, founded in 1210 by the Governor of the Rheingau, were passed, and the doctor told them that the place was noted as the refuge to which the Archbishop Electors of Mayence retired with their treasures for safety in times of trouble. Rudesheimer Berg, famous for its rare wines, he said, was noted as the place where Charlemagne introduced the culture of the grape into the Rhine country. Observing from his castle at Ingelheim that the snow first melted here, he caused vines to be brought from Orleans, in France, and planted on this spot.

THE CAT (KATZENBURG).

The boat now glided by the "Mouse Tower," which stands on a rock in the river, and is memorable as the place where the rats executed the vengeance of God on the wicked Bishop Hatto. The young people were all familiar with the story, and George repeated Southey's fine poem which relates the legend. We give it for the benefit of such of our readers as may not be familiar with it.

"BISHOP HATTO.

"The summer and autumn hath been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

"Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

"At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay:
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

"Rejoiced at such tidings, good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children and young and old.

THE PFALZ.

"Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all!

"'I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire,' quoth he,
'And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn!'

MOUSE-TOWER (OR BISHOP HATTO'S TOWER) AND EHRENFELS.

"So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to his supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

"In the morning, as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all o'er him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame!

CATHEDRAL AT MAYENCE.

"As he look'd there came a man from his farm:
He had a countenance white with alarm:
'My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn!'

"Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be.
'Fly! my lord bishop, fly!' quoth he,
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!'

"'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,
'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep.'

"Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

"He laid him down and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise.
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

"He listen'd and looked: it was only the cat:
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

"For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

"Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

"And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down through the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!"

"The poem is more interesting to hear in sight of the old tower than to read it far away," said Annie.

"Yes, it's very nice," said Walter; "but the guide-book says it wasn't a 'Mouse Tower' at all, but a customs tower, and wasn't built for two hundred years after Bishop Hatto's death."

"As I told you when we passed Rolandseck," said the doctor, "we must

not look too closely into these old legends if we wish to enjoy them. Drop criticism, my boy, and stick to the romance. After all, is not there the tower before us, with its high, strong walls? and is not here the river? I am sure there must be rats there still. And now, listen, don't you hear the steam, as it escapes from the engines, make a sound that says, '*Bish-op Hat-to! Bish-op Hat-to?*' Let others think what they will; as for us, let us believe in the wicked bishop and the rats, and in the mean time take to heart the lesson the legend conveys,—that it is impossible to escape from the consequences of a wicked and cruel action."

They were now opposite the town of Bingen,—"fair Bingen on the Rhine,"—and the steamer lay-to to receive a passenger who came out in a boat from the shore. It is a very ordinary-looking town, and would hardly be noticed by travellers were it not for Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem. The town is situated on the frontier between Prussia and the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and lies in the midst of a lovely country.

MAINZ (MAYENCE).

It was now late in the afternoon, and the river became tamer. The country stretched away for miles from its banks, and the scenery lost its charm. The doctor pointed out the famous vineyards of Winkel, where Charlemagne kept his wine-cellars, Oestrich, Johannisberg, where the rarest of all the Rhine wines is grown, and Marcobrunner. Several towns were passed, and about five o'clock they came in sight of Mayence, or Mainz, as the Germans call it, the end of their journey on the steamer. It looked very imposing from the river, with its long rows of forts frowning down upon them. As the steamer approached her wharf they noticed several objects which seemed to be houses anchored in the river just below the bridge of boats. These, the doctor told them, were mills for grinding grain, the wheels being turned by the rapid current of the river.

As they had still an hour or so of daylight, the doctor sent the baggage of his party to the railway station and procured a carriage, in which they started out to see the city.

Mayence is the largest town in the former Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, and was annexed to Prussia in 1866. It is a place of great antiquity,

and was founded by Drusus fourteen years before the Christian era. It was the seat of St. Boniface, the first German archbishop, and under Charlemagne and his successors was the first ecclesiastical city in the Holy Roman Empire. Its archbishops were the first princes of the empire, and always presided at the election of the emperor. It is now one of the principal military positions in Prussia, and is powerfully fortified. It is connected with the suburbs of Castel, on the opposite side of the Rhine, by a bridge of boats, and a handsome railway bridge connects it with the fortress of Mainspitze.

MAYENCE KNITTING-WOMEN.

Our travellers drove at once to the cathedral, a vast pile of red sandstone, built in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and containing the monuments of a long line of the Electors of Mayence. They saw also the site of the house in which Guttenberg, who was a native of the town, invented the art of printing. A fine statue of Guttenberg, by Thorwaldsen, stands in the open square. It had been a market-day, and as they passed through the square adjoining the cathedral our travellers saw the country people breaking up their stands and loading their carts previous to

returning home. Some of the costumes of the women were very quaint, and amused them greatly. In passing the parade-ground they stopped to witness the evening parade of a portion of the garrison. They were stout, hearty-looking fellows, these German soldiers, with their bright needle-guns and spiked helmets, and their brisk, martial movements greatly delighted the boys.

"I don't wonder they are always successful," said George; "they look like they could whip anything."

As it was growing dark, after the parade was ended they drove to the railway station and took the cars for Frankfort. It was reached in a little less than an hour, and they went at once to their hotel, glad to rest after so long a journey.

OBERWESEL.

CHAPTER VI.

IN GERMANY.

DR. LAWRENCE and his companions spent a day in Frankfort-on-the-Main, stopping for the time at the Swan Hotel, an elegant house, and the one in which the Treaty of Frankfort, between Germany and France, was signed in 1871 by Prince Bismarck and Jules Favre.

FRANKFORT.

Frankfort is one of the oldest cities of Germany. Charlemagne had a palace here in which he held a Council of the Empire in 794, and since the ninth century it has been the commercial capital of Germany. It is a splen-

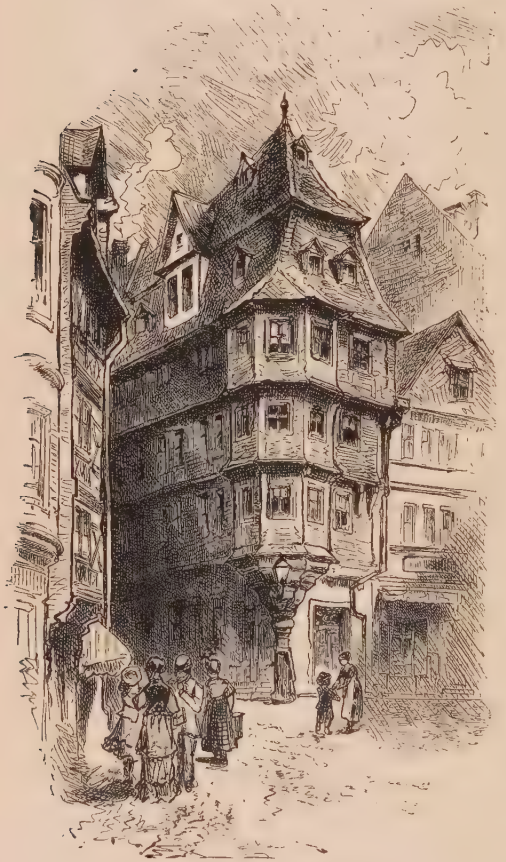
didly-built city, many of its streets reminding the travellers of New York and Boston. The old fortifications have been demolished and laid out as parks, which give to it a bright and cheerful look, and it possesses more handsome private residences than any of the Old World cities. It is the wealthiest city in Europe, and its commercial transactions are enormous, consisting chiefly of banking operations and speculations in funds. It was the birthplace of the founder of the Rothschild family, and one-tenth of its present population consists of Jews. Here, also, the great poet Goethe was born, and our travellers saw a fine statue of him in the square which bears his name. They visited also the house in which he was born, and in which he wrote his *Götz* and *Werther*. They saw also the magnificent monument to Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, which also includes statues of Faust and Schöffer. They visited the Domkirche, or cathedral, a plain but massive building, dating from the thirteenth century, and containing some fine monuments. In the Election Chapel of this church all the German emperors from Conrad I. to Francis II., a period of eight hundred and eighty-one years, were elected, after which they were crowned in front of the high altar of the cathedral. The town-hall was also visited. Here were held the festivities which followed the choice of an emperor. A grand banquet was given to the new monarch in the great hall, and he was waited on at table by the kings and great princes of the empire. In the market-place, opposite the hall, an ox was roasted whole, from which the emperor ate a slice, and a cup-bearer filled his goblet from a fountain which ran with wine. The banquet-hall contains portraits of all the emperors, and in the Election Chamber our travellers saw the "Golden Bull," by which the Emperor Charles IV. arranged the manner of electing the future emperors. They saw also the quaint old house in which, the tradition says, Martin Luther once lodged, and from which he addressed the people before he set out for the Diet at Worms. They

JOHN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

JUDENGASSE AT FRANKFORT.

visited the Bourse, where the bankers were busily engaged in their transactions, and went through the museum, which contains many fine works of art. They walked through the "Jews' Quarter," one of the dingiest and darkest sections of the city, but one of the most interesting. It is now being rapidly demolished to make way for new houses.

"As early as the twelfth century," said the doctor, "many Jews settled here, and in 1642 they founded this street, which until 1806 had a gate at each end of it, which was closed and locked at a certain hour every night, after which no Jew could venture into any part of the city under a heavy penalty."



LUTHER'S HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

On Thursday morning the party left Frankfort for Heidelberg. They started at twenty minutes after eight, and reached Heidelberg at ten. They passed through Darmstadt, a fine old German city, of which they had a very good view from the car windows. Here, as elsewhere in Germany, large bodies of troops were engaged in military exercises. Indeed, the constant presence of soldiers began at length to be wearisome.

As they approached Heidelberg the country became more hilly and mountainous, vineyards neatly walled and terraced being seen on every hand. At length the famous castle of Heidelberg came in sight, looking down upon the town and the surrounding country from its lofty height. It presented a very imposing appearance as seen from the train, and our travellers watched it as long as they could see it. Upon reaching the town they left their baggage at the station, and, taking a carriage, drove direct to the castle. The ascent was very steep, and on the way they encountered a number of visitors, mostly English, toiling up the hill.

Heidelberg is a very interesting town, though not a very large one. It con-

tains about twenty thousand inhabitants, and is noted for its university, which attracts students from all parts of the world. The greater portion of the city is very old, and is in marked contrast with the new quarter, where the houses are handsome. It contains one principal street, which would do credit to any town, and is nearly two miles long. Into this all the others run. The town

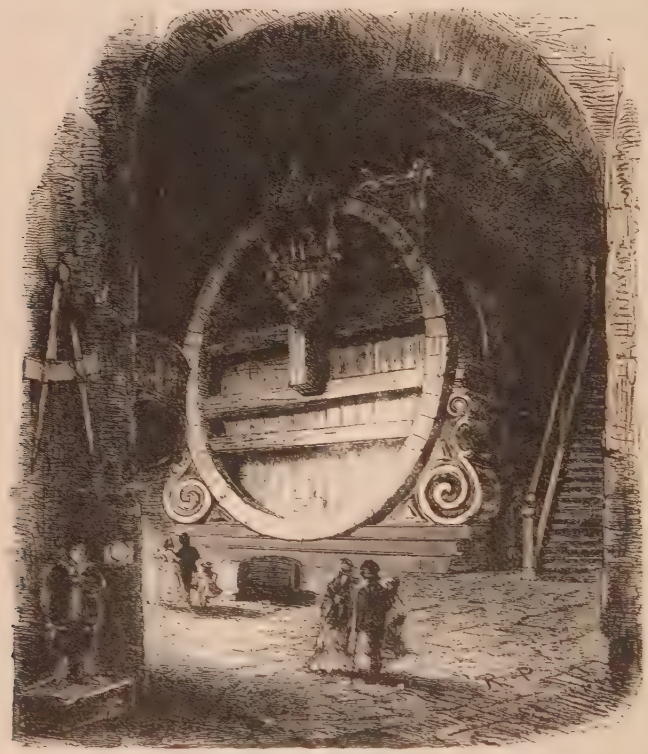
HEIDELBERG.

has borne a prominent part in the history of Germany, and has been pillaged three times, bombarded five times, and laid in ashes twice. Its university is, next to that of Prague, the oldest in Germany, having been founded in 1386.

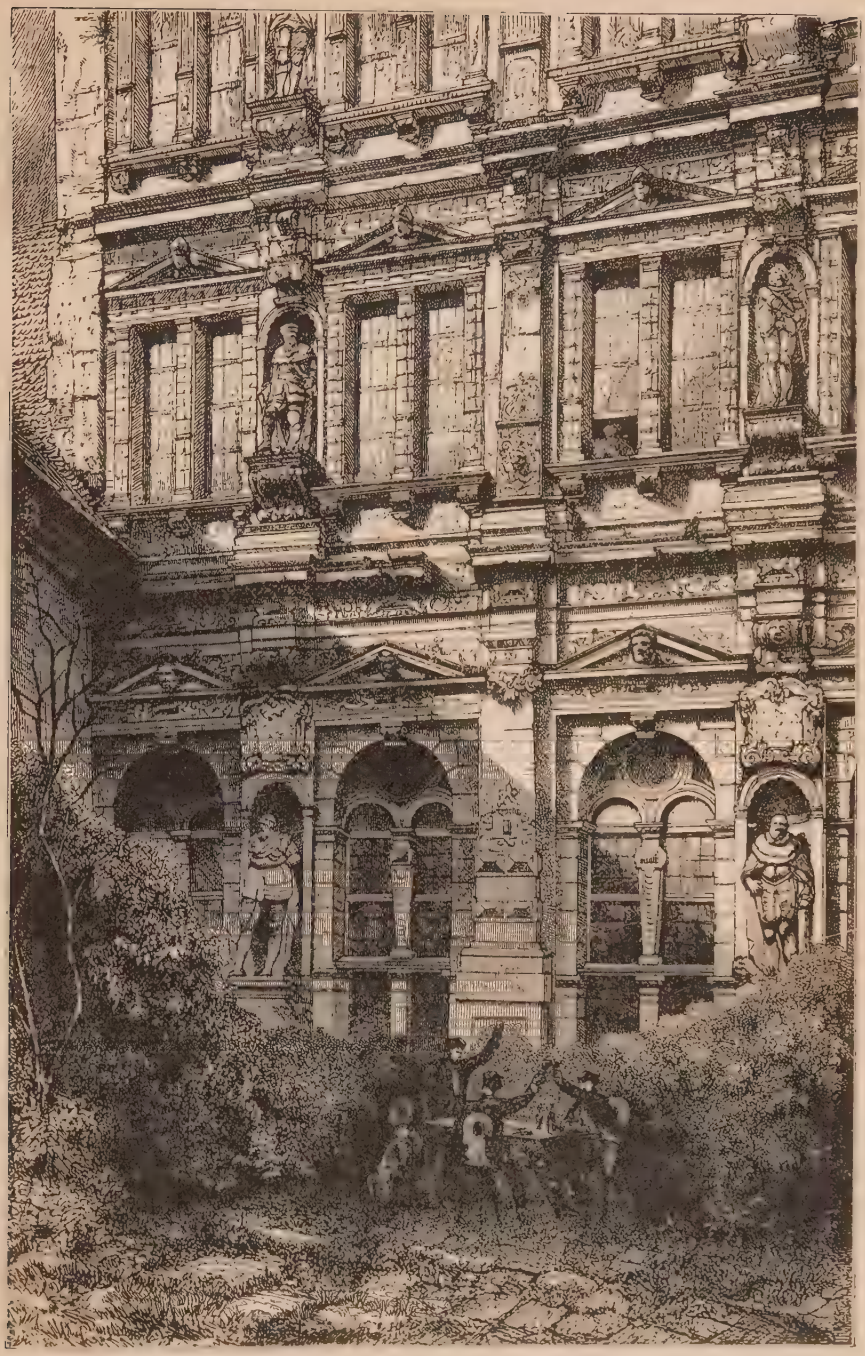
The castle of Heidelberg was the residence of the Electors Palatine, and was built by the Elector Rudolph in the fourteenth century to serve the double

purpose of a fortress and a palace. It is one of the most superb ruins in Europe, and bears abundant traces of its former magnificence. It was sacked and burned by the French in 1693, and was struck by lightning in 1764, since which time it has been roofless. It has been called "the Alhambra of Germany," and well deserves the name. It is of vast extent, and is so massively built that it defies the efforts of time and of man to level it with the dust.

Passing through the beautiful garden, and entering by the massive gateway, our travellers came into a vast court-yard, surrounded by splendid buildings, the fronts of which are decorated with carvings and with statues of the old Electors. One of these buildings, at the bottom of the court-yard, has been roofed over, and is used as a museum of antiquities. They paid the admission fee and saw the museum, which is very interesting, and roamed through the ruined halls of the palace. They descended into the cellars, which are very extensive, and in one of these saw the "Great Tun of Heidelberg," an enormous cask, which can contain two hundred and eighty-three thousand bottles of wine. It is now empty, but has been filled several times. Opposite the tun is a figure of Clemens Perko, the court jester, who made good his title of "fool" by drinking from fifteen to eighteen bottles of wine daily and going to bed drunk every night. By the side of the figure hangs a clock with a rope attached to it. The guide told the boys this was the invention of the "fool," and that by pulling the rope one could tell the time. Walter thereupon gave the string a pull, when out flew the tail of a fox and struck him a sharp blow in the face. From the



THE GREAT TUN, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.



FRIEDRICHSBAU (OR FREDERICK'S BUILDING), HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

ramparts of the castle a fine view was obtained of the town and the country for miles around, with the river Neckar winding through it like a silver thread.

THE JESTER.

Descending from the castle, they drove through the town, visiting various places of interest. In the Church of the Holy Ghost they saw an evidence of the religious toleration of the people which surprised them not a little. A long partition runs directly through the church, dividing it into two portions, one of which is used by the Catholics and the other by the Protestants.

They left Heidelberg at a quarter to four, and at a quarter to six were at Baden-Baden.

WHEN THE HEIDELBERG TUN WAS FULL.

Baden-Baden is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and is the most celebrated watering-place in the world. It lies at the northwestern extremity of the Black Forest, surrounded by luxuriant pine woods, in the lovely valley of the Oos. It contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, and is built, in the form of terraces, on the slopes of the Schlossberg. It is surrounded by a garland of sumptuous villas in the midst of a highly luxurious vegetation, and, from its own beauty and the charm of its surroundings, is called "the Garden of Germany." Its great attraction lies in its springs, which were known to the Romans.

Our travellers spent a pleasant day at Baden. The season does not open

IN FRONT OF THE KURSAAL AT BADEN.

here until May, but there were a number of guests in the hotel at which they stopped. They walked through the town and visited the baths, which are contained in handsomely-built and well-arranged edifices, and are of all sorts and temperatures, and strolled along the beautifully-shaded promenades, which were lovely in the early spring. The doctor told them that during his last visit to Baden, eleven years before, the place was the greatest gambling resort in Europe, and drew crowds of visitors from all parts of the world, who came expressly to gamble. They went through the saloons once used for this purpose, which are magnificently decorated, but are now devoted to the more innocent purposes of social recreation, the German government having put a stop to gambling in the year 1873. In the afternoon they drove to the castle of the Grand Duke, called the New Schloss, which lies directly above the town, and which is approached through a magnificent forest avenue. The castle is four hundred years old, and has been the residence of the Grand Dukes of Baden since the fifteenth century.

GRAND DUKE'S PALACE, BADEN.

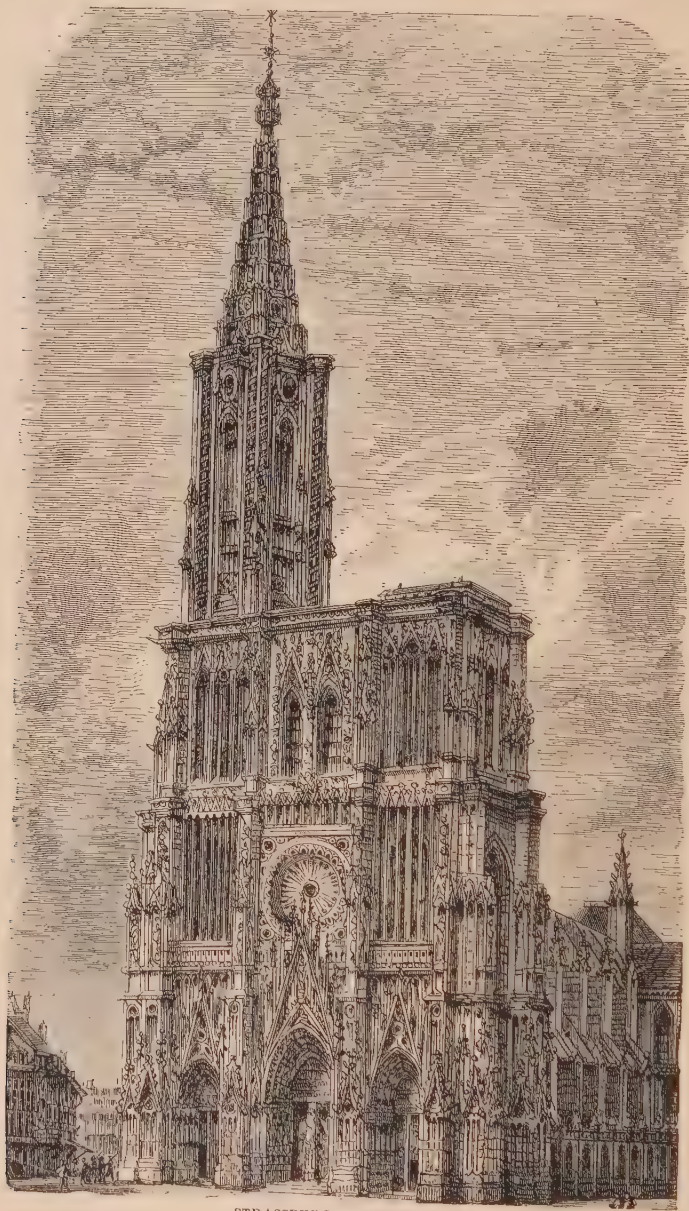
As the Grand Duke was at home at the time, they could only see the grounds; so they continued their drive to the Old Schloss, a short distance higher up, where the sovereigns of Baden resided previous to the fifteenth century. They were shown through the ruins, and were greatly interested in the curious vaults, and from the ramparts enjoyed a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Before them were the Black Forest, so famous in the legendary lore of Germany, the valley of the Oos, and the town of Baden, with

its spires; on the other side was the valley of the Rhine, and in the distance they could see the blue line of the Vosges Mountains of France. They continued their drive to the castle of Eberstein, which stands on the summit of a

THE BLACK FOREST.

beetling cliff overlooking the village of Murg and the river and valley of the same name. Close by is the Favorite, once the residence of Sibylle Auguste, Margravine of Baden, who was noted for her beauty and dissolute life. One

of the rooms contains seventy-two portraits of the Margravine, taken in different costumes. Adjoining the Favorite is the Hermitage, where the fair sinner



STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

spent the whole of Lent doing severe penance for her sins, and from which she came forth to pass the rest of the year in open wickedness.

FERKELMARKT (PIG-MARKET) AT STRASSBURG.

Our travellers were well content to remain at Baden over-night, as they greatly enjoyed the place and the rest it brought them. They were sorry their visit was so early, as they would have liked to see the town at the height of the season, when all the hotels are crowded and the gayeties of the place are in full life.

Saturday morning saw them on their way to Strassburg. They left Baden at a little before eight, and reached Strassburg at half-past ten. The route from Baden was across a flat, level plain, very much like our Western prairies. The boys were very much impressed with the military manner in which the German railways are managed. As the train dashed through the towns and villages along the route, the guards at the crossings, clad in a sort of uniform and with helmets on their heads, stood with their flags at a "shoulder arms;" the engine was started at the sound of a bugle; and all the officials moved about with the promptness and precision of soldiers on parade. They saw many women working in the fields. Some were leading the horse or ox, hitched to the singular two-wheeled ploughs, while a man held the handle of the plough. Sometimes the order was reversed. At Appenweir they changed cars, and, leaving the main line of the Baden State Railway, took the branch road to Strassburg. They soon came in sight of the lofty spire of the cathedral, the highest in Europe, and during the whole ride it remained in view, growing more distinct and more beautiful as they approached it. Numerous canals and ditches, which are a part of the defensive works of Kehl, were crossed, and at length the train passed through the powerful fortifications of Kehl, and made a short stop at the station of that town. Kehl, the doctor told them, had been maintained as a first-class fortress by the Germans for nearly two centuries, as a bulwark against the French, when the latter held Strassburg, on the opposite side of the Rhine. Here, and in the low ground around the town, the Germans planted their great siege batteries during the recent war, and from them sent their balls crashing with unerring precision into the defences and the city of Strassburg. Leaving Kehl, the railway passes on, over more canals and ditches, to the bridge over the Rhine, each end of which is guarded by powerful forts. After reaching the other side of the river, the road passes around the fortifications and enters the city near the citadel. They had a fine view of these massive works, and saw everywhere the spiked helmets of the German sentinels on the works, and fatigue parties engaged in repairing the damages done by the bombardment and building new forts. Though ten years had elapsed since the siege, the work was still going on quite briskly.

Strassburg is the principal city of the new German provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and the headquarters of the Fifteenth Army Corps of Germany. It contains about ninety-four thousand inhabitants, and though it was held by the French for nearly two centuries, it is in appearance and language a German

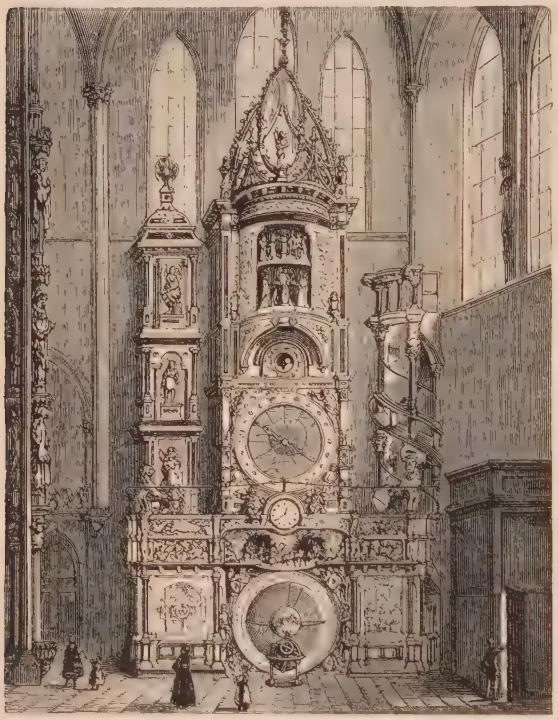
city. The inhabitants, however, are intensely French, and have not yet ceased to resent their forcible transfer to Germany. It therefore wears the air of a conquered city, though the conquerors are doing all in their power to conciliate the people.

Our travellers went to the Hôtel de Paris, the principal house in the town, and after securing their rooms set off on a visit to the cathedral, which, with the exception of the cathedral of Cologne, is the finest specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages in Europe. It stands in the centre of the city, upon the site of a church founded by Clovis about 510, and which was destroyed by lightning in 1007. The foundation of the present cathedral was

ARISTOCRATIC MUMMIES AT STRASSBURG.

laid by Bishop Werner of Hapsburg in 1015, and the interior was completed in 1275. Under Bishop Conrad of Lichtenburg, the construction of the façade was begun in 1227 by Erwin of Steinbach, and after the death of the latter, in 1318, the work was continued by his son John, who died in 1339. The spire of the north tower was completed by John Hültz in 1439, but the south tower remains unfinished to the present day. The construction of the edifice having been superintended by the ablest masters during four centuries, an opportunity is afforded to trace the rise and progress of Gothic architecture. The façade is the richest part of the whole structure. Its magnificent rose window and its three portals are adorned with scenes from the Creation and Redemption, and

are regarded as among the finest Gothic works in existence. The south portal is adorned with sculptures by Sabina, the talented daughter of Erwin. A profusion of statues ornaments the exterior. In 1793 several hundred statues were ruthlessly torn down and destroyed by the French Revolutionists, and the beautiful spire only escaped the same fate from having been provided with a Red Republican cap, made of metal, as a protecting badge. The spire rises to the immense height of four hundred and sixty-five feet above the pavement of the church,—to the same elevation as the loftiest of the Pyramids of Egypt when first erected. The church has been damaged many times by lightning, once by an earthquake, and in the memorable siege became a target for the Prussian guns, by reason that the French maintained a post of observation on the elevated platform between the towers. Not only was the spire hit several times, but the organ was pierced by a shell, and the stained glass windows were almost wholly ruined. The roof took fire, and a portion of it fell in. After the war the Germans set to work to repair the edifice, and these labors were just being completed at the time of our travellers' visit.



THE GREAT CLOCK AT STRASSBURG.

The interior of the church is three hundred and sixty-two feet in length, one hundred and thirty-five feet in width, and ninety-nine feet in height. It contains a number of interesting statues and monuments.

The doctor and his companions were deeply impressed by the simple beauty of the interior, so grand, so awe-inspiring. The massive pillars seem to spring heavenward, soaring upward, like overarching trees, till they meet the vaulted roof, which seems only a lower sky.

"There is something awful in the place," said Mrs. Lawrence, in a low tone, to her husband, "and I feel a solemn dread at the wonderfulness of man's

work here. Beautiful as it is, it speaks to me only of the gigantic intellect that could plan and execute it, but does not appeal to my soul."

As the hour of noon approached, the whole party gathered before the famous astronomical clock, which from the first had interested the boys more than anything in the church. It stands in the south transept, and was constructed by Schwilgue, a celebrated Strassburg mechanic, between 1838 and 1842, to replace an older one made in 1574. It comprises a number of complicated devices which show the various astronomical changes of the year. It contains a perpetual calendar, which shows also the feasts that vary from year to year according to their connection with Easter or Advent Sunday. An orrery, after the Copernican system, is made to represent the mean tropical changes of each of the planets visible to the naked eye, the phases of the moon, and the eclipses of the sun and moon calculated for all time; true time and sidereal time are also indicated, and a celestial globe indicates the precession of the equinoxes, together with solar and lunar equations for the reduction of the mean geocentric ascension and declension of the sun and moon.

BEER-GARDEN OF THE DAUPHIN.

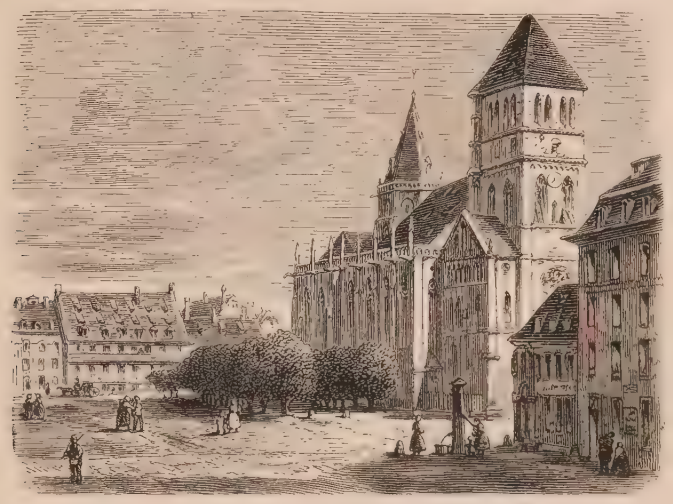
Precisely at a quarter to twelve an angel standing on the first gallery of the clock struck the third quarter on a bell. When the hands pointed to twelve one of the genii reversed an hour-glass and Death struck the hour, while under him stood the figures of Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. Under the first gallery Saturn, the symbolic deity of the day, stepped out from a niche. Then the figures of the twelve apostles came out on the gallery, while two doors flying open revealed the Saviour standing in a little temple. Each of the apostles passed in turn before him, bowing low as he passed, and over each the Lord raised his hands in blessing. As St. Peter passed a cock crew thrice, and the devil looked out after him with a hideous grin.

All this amused the young people very much, and they wished the performance could be repeated every hour, so that they might see it again. It only takes place at noon, however, and they were to leave the city the next morning.

"No less than three of these clocks have stood here," said the doctor; "but this is the most perfect of them all. There is a very interesting legend connected with the second one, which was constructed far back in the Middle Ages. The maker, so the story goes, was an ingenious mechanic, but a very simple-hearted old man. He had a daughter, whose hand was sought by one of the magistrates of the town, a rich, miserly old fellow; but the maiden cared not for him. Her heart was given to her father's handsome young apprentice, who had rendered the mechanic great service in the construction of his clock, and the old man had promised that the marriage should take place when the clock was finished. Thus encouraged, the apprentice zealously assisted his master in his labors, and in a short while the clock was completed. The old man wept for joy at the success of his labors. Everybody came to see it, and the city authorities bought it for the cathedral. Then the lovers were married. The fame of the clock spread far and wide, and the city of Basle, in Switzerland, ordered another just like it. This order aroused the jealousy of the magistrates, who sent for the old mechanic and endeavored to extort from him a promise that he would never repeat his masterpiece for another town. 'Heaven gave me not my talents to feed your vain ambition,' said the clock-maker; 'the men of Basle were quicker to recognize my skill than you were. I will make no such promise.' Then the magistrate who had been rejected by the clock-maker's daughter persuaded his colleagues to put out the old man's eyes. The clock-maker heard his sentence with a lofty fortitude, and only asked that he might suffer in the presence of his beloved work, to which he wished to give a few final strokes. His request was granted, and he was carried before the clock, where he stood long, gazing at it fondly,

STREET OF THE GREAT ARCADES, STRASSBURG.

setting its wonderful works in motion, and counting off the few remaining moments of his sight. The magistrate who had caused the sentence to be passed on the old man, and who had brought a crowd of the townspeople to witness



CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS, STRASSBURG.

its execution, became impatient. 'Come, laggard,' he cried, 'you are taxing the patience of this kind audience.' 'But one touch remains to complete my work,' said the old mechanic; and he busied himself a moment among the wheels of the clock. Then he stepped back, and submitted himself to the executioner, who quickly deprived him of his sight. At the same moment a fearful whir was heard from the clock, the weights came crashing to the floor, and the works fell into a mass of ruins. The old man had removed the master-spring, and the works, suddenly released from control, had destroyed themselves. His revenge was complete, for there was no one that could restore the wonderful piece of mechanism. The people now turned upon the wicked magistrate, and with blows and curses drove him from the church. From that moment his influence was at an end. The lovers devoted themselves to their blind father, and cheered the remainder of his days with their tender care. The clock remained a ruin until 1842, when parts of it were used by Schwilgue to construct the present one."

A STORK'S NEST.

"What a fortunate thing it was that the German shells did not destroy this one," said Mary.

"Yes," replied her father; "their fire was so accurate, and they struck the church itself so often, that it seems almost a miracle that the clock or anything else in the cathedral escaped."

The boys were anxious to ascend the spire of the cathedral, but the doctor declined to allow them to do so. The ascent of the spire is difficult and dangerous, as the slipping of a foot or a little giddiness might send one headlong through the light open-work that surrounds the stairway.

They visited the Church of St. Thomas, a very interesting edifice, in which is a fine monument erected by Louis XV. to Marshal Saxe. It represents the marshal descending with a calm mien into the grave, while France, personified in a female figure, endeavors to detain him, and at the same time to stay the threatening advance of Death. In a side chapel they saw two hideous mum-

A STRASSBURG BEER-HALL.

mies, said to be a Count of Nassau, Saarwerden, and his daughter, who died in the fifteenth century. The clothing of the bodies is well preserved, but the faces are yellow and shrivelled, and present a hideous appearance.

As the doctor and his party were passing along the street, Walter suddenly stopped and, pointing to the top of the tall chimney of a neighboring house, exclaimed,—

"Why, uncle, just look! There is a bird actually building its nest on the top of that chimney!"

And so there was, and on other chimneys too they saw the same sight,—long-legged, long-necked storks sitting on the roofs of the houses lazily flapping their wings, and building their nests among the chimney-pots. Even the fear-

ful siege had not succeeded in dispossessing them, and there they sat, careless whether Strassburg were French or German. George said it made him feel upside down to see these big birds nesting in such places.

Strassburg was full of interest to our travellers, for it is one of the quaintest old towns in Europe. In the Pig-Market they saw some picturesque houses built during the Middle Ages. They visited the Place Kleber, the largest square in the town, and saw the handsome statue of General Kleber, who was born here, and was poisoned in Egypt after Napoleon's departure from that country for France; and in the Place Guttenburg saw David of Angers' fine statue of the inventor of printing, who made his first experiments here, with the aid of Peter Schöffer. He perfected his invention at Mayence, as we have stated. In the Rue Brûlée, or the Brand-Strasse, as it is now called, they saw the ruins of the handsome Hôtel de Ville, which was destroyed by the bombardment in 1870. On this site, the doctor told them, occurred the most terrible tragedy in the annals of the city. In 1348 a terrible plague raged in Strassburg, and the inhabitants, in their ignorance of its causes, accused the Jews of producing it by poisoning the wells. Two thousand of these unhappy people were seized and burned to death on this spot.

In the afternoon the doctor and his companions drove around the city, and saw the old fortifications and the new works which the Germans are erecting. In the evening they had a delightful stroll through the lighted streets, and the doctor and the boys went into one or two beer-halls, where they witnessed some amusing sights.

On Sunday morning the journey was resumed to Basle, in Switzerland. They left Strassburg at a quarter to seven in the morning, and reached Basle at ten minutes to ten. The journey was dull, as the route lay through the plain of Alsace and up the valley of the Ill, with nothing of interest to see on the way. Occasionally there were good views of the distant Vosges Mountains, stretching nearly parallel to the Rhine on the west, and gradually sinking into the plain traversed by the railway. They have mostly a tame, rounded outline; here and there an escarpment of red sandstone, of which they are chiefly composed, breaks through the green forest, and ever and anon upon some projecting point a ruined castle would appear. The day was raw, and a cold drizzling rain fell all morning, which made the party appreciate the comforts of the elegantly upholstered carriage in which they were riding, the handsomest they had seen in their wanderings. Colmar, once an imperial free city, and now a busy manufacturing place, and Mülhausen, once the capital of a small independent state, and to-day the chief manufacturing town in Alsace, were passed; then the Swiss frontier was crossed, and soon the train stopped in the splendid Central Station at Basle.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE RHINE TO MONT BLANC.

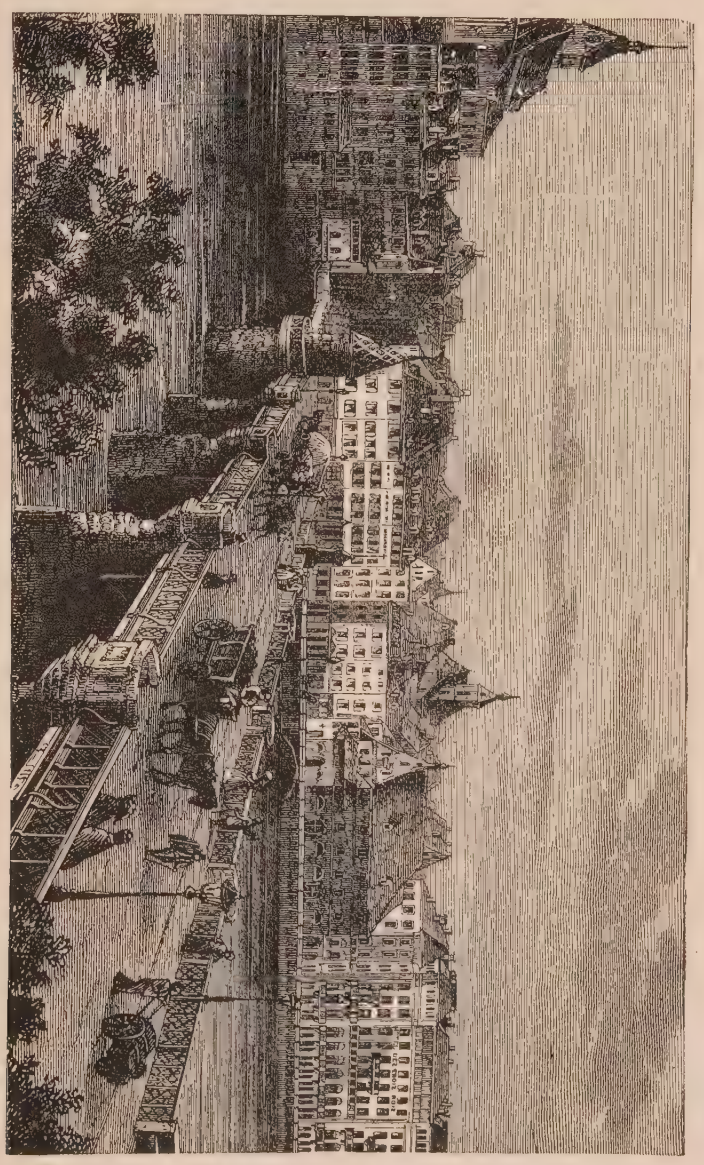
THE day being Sunday, Dr. Lawrence and his party spent the rest of it at Basle. They obtained good rooms, overlooking the Rhine, at the Hotel of the Three Kings, and gave the remainder of the day to seeing the town.

Basle is an exceedingly interesting old city, with broad, handsome streets, in the midst of some of which are quaint fountains. It is divided by the Rhine into Great and Little Basle, and is in full view of the Black Forest and the Jura Mountains. From the windows of their rooms our travellers could see the Rhine dashing by with a powerful current, its waters of a clear, light-green color, unlike the muddy hue they assume lower down the stream. No boat can force its way against this current, but rafts are floated down from the mountain region. Several passed down during the day, and the boys were much interested in watching the dexterity with which the boatmen guided them past the piers of the bridge which connects the two portions of the town.

The cathedral is one of the most interesting sights of the city, and thither our travellers went in the afternoon to hear vespers. It is a massive building of red sandstone, with two towers two hundred and twenty feet high. It was begun by the Emperor Henry II. in 1010, and was consecrated in 1019. The choir is raised above the rest of the church to make way for the crypt, and this gives to it a singular appearance. Some of its monuments are very handsome; in the choir is one to the Empress Anne, who died in 1281. She was the wife of Rudolph of Hapsburg, and the mother of Albert I., the ancestor of the imperial House of Austria. Another is to Erasmus, the celebrated reformer. In the Chapter House, adjoining the cathedral, the famous Council of Basle met between 1431 and 1449. It was held for the purpose of endeavoring to restore the Roman Church to its primitive purity, and failed of its object. The cloisters on the south side of the church are very interesting, and contain the graves of several of the leading reformers. They were constructed in the fourteenth century, and extend to the verge of a hill overlooking the river.

In the morning the doctor and his party visited the museum, where they

saw a number of the paintings of the younger Holbein, and many works by other artists, among them portraits of Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, and of Martin Luther and his wife.

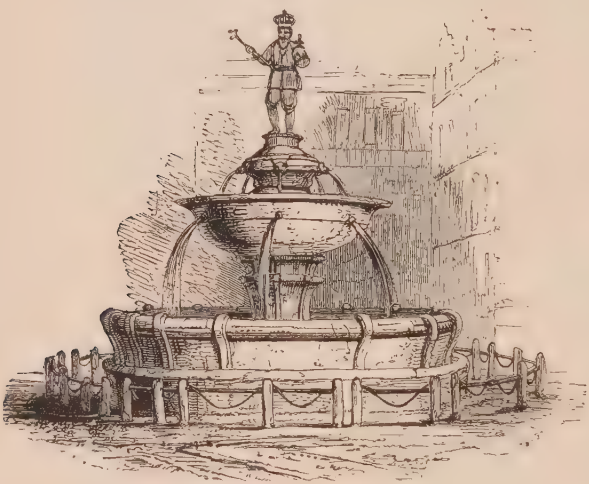


BASLE.

"The people of Basle," said the doctor, "are very proud of the fame of Holbein, but during his life they gave him so little encouragement that he was

forced to seek his fortune in England. In that country his genius was recognized, and he received high patronage, but died of the plague in 1543."

The doctor pointed out the University of Basle during their rambles through the city. It is a plain, unpretending building, and his companions would have passed it without more than a glance, but it is the oldest of the great schools of Switzerland, having been founded in 1460. They went to the arsenal, and there saw the collection of arms of the Middle Ages, which, though small, is very interesting. Among the suits of armor was one of chain mail, once gilded, with plate mail beneath it, worn by Charles the Bold of Burgundy at the fatal battle of Nancy. They saw also the Rathhaus, or Town Hall, a Gothic building, erected in 1508. The exterior is painted, and the frieze displays the emblazoned shields of the original Swiss cantons.



A FOUNTAIN IN THE CENTRE OF THE STREET AT BASLE.

In passing the Central Station on their return to the hotel, the boys noticed two large clocks, one at each end. One of these made the time to be twenty minutes past four, and the other twenty minutes to five. This perplexed them, and Walter said he did not see why the people could not keep both clocks right, as it was very important to travellers to know the true time. The doctor told him that one of these clocks showed the time at Basle, and the other the time at Paris, and that it was a very sensible arrangement, as it enabled travellers going direct to France to set their watches by the standard time of that country. He told them also that down to 1798 all the clocks in Basle went an hour in advance of those of the other Swiss towns, and that this singular custom arose from a conspiracy to open the gates of the town to an enemy at midnight having been defeated by the town-clock striking one instead of twelve.

The rain, which fell monotonously during the day, interfered greatly with the pleasure of the party, but, as they had been singularly fortunate in having good weather during the greater part of their journey, they were not disposed to grumble at this annoyance. They spent the evening quietly at their hotel, which is in itself one of the sights of Basle. During the night a heavy

thunder-storm broke over the town, and by morning the weather was clear again.

Our travellers were off from Basle on Monday morning, April 19th, by a little after seven o'clock. As they crossed the valley of the Birs, the doctor pointed out the field on which was fought the battle of St. Jacob, which the Swiss are fond of calling their Thermopylæ. Here, on the 26th of August, 1444, fifteen hundred Swiss had the courage to attack and resist a French army of more than thirty thousand men, commanded by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. It is said that all but fifty of the Swiss were left dead on the field, with over four thousand Frenchmen. The valor of the Swiss so impressed Louis that when he became king he sought their alliance.

IN SWITZERLAND.

In half an hour after leaving Basle the train entered a mountainous region, wound through a pretty valley, following the frequent curves of a stream, and then ascended by a sharp gradient to the tunnel by which the Unter-Hauenstein Mountain is passed. The tunnel is a mile and a half long, and upon emerging from it they descended towards the valley of the Aar, and soon after saw a long line of snow-capped mountains in the distance. These, the doctor told his companions, were the Bernese Alps, of which they would see a great deal during their travels through Switzerland. At Olten they changed cars, as the train on which they had come from Basle was going on to Lucerne, while they were bound for Neufchâtel and Geneva.

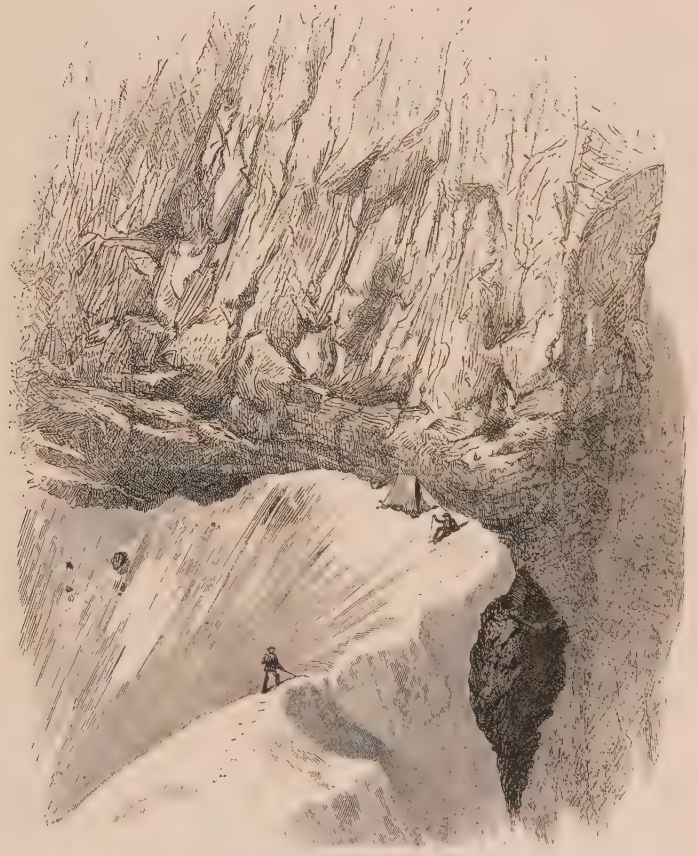
The difference between the Swiss and the other European railway carriages was quickly noticed and approved by the young people, who declared they felt

much freer now that they knew they could move from one end of the train to the other if they wished to. The Swiss carriages are a sort of compromise between the European and American cars. They are provided with platforms at the ends, and are entered from that direction. Doors in the centre afford communication between the various compartments of the carriage, and the conductor can pass along the entire train in this way, as on our own railways. Some of the first-class carriages have a little platform, with seats and enclosed by a railing, at the side of the end of the car where travellers can sit and enjoy the scenery.

DESCENDING A GLACIER.

Soleure, the capital of the canton of the same name, was the next place of importance reached. It is prettily situated at the foot of the Jura range, and is, next to Treves, in Germany, the oldest city in Northwestern Europe. It was a town in the time of the Romans, and was known to them as Solodurum. Our travellers did not see much of the place, as the train made but a short stop there, and then sped on by the shore of the Aar, and skirting the foot of the Jura range. Bienne, a busy little place, still surrounded by its ancient walls and watch-towers, which give to it a most picturesque appearance, was next reached. The town stands at the head of the Lake of Bienne, and after leaving it the railway follows the shore of the lake.

This pretty body of water is ten miles long and nearly three miles wide, and possesses a quiet beauty of its own which is very pleasing to the traveller. The doctor pointed out the Isle of St. Pierre in the lake, famous as the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau after his proscription at Paris in 1765. The next stop was at Neufchâtel Station, which lies high above the town and Lake Neufchâtel, and from the car windows they had a fine view of the picturesque



TRAVELLERS ASCENDING MONT BLANC.

town and its old castle, with the lovely lake stretching away into the distance. The delay at this station was a brief one, and then the train moved on again, and soon came to Grandson, near the head of Lake Neufchâtel. The railway passes through the enclosure of the ancient castle, once the seat of the Barons of Grandson, but now used as a cigar-factory. Our travellers had a fine view of it as the train passed by, and the doctor related the most memorable event in its history.

"For ten days before the battle of Grandson," said he, "this old castle resisted all the efforts of the Burgundian army, aided by artillery, to reduce it. It was at length betrayed to Charles the Bold by a deserter, and the duke caused its defenders to be stripped and hanged by hundreds on the neighboring trees, and had as many more drowned in the lake. He paid dearly for his cruelty, however, for two days afterwards the Swiss attacked and routed his army of fifty thousand men with a force not more than one-third as strong. The duke himself was obliged to fly across the mountain accompanied by only

MONT BLANC.

five followers. The victors captured the Burgundian camp, with all its rich treasures, its standards, and one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon."

Yverdon, at the upper end of the lake, was passed, and the train continued its way through an uninteresting country until Lausanne was reached, early in the afternoon. As the doctor and his companions intended visiting the town at another period of their stay in Switzerland, they changed cars at the station, which lies below the town, and at half-past two resumed their journey to Geneva. They had a pleasant ride down the shore of Lake Leman, with fine views of the lake and the distant Alps of Savoy. As they drew near to Geneva the doctor pointed out Mont Blanc, which could be plainly seen in the far

distance, a gigantic but dreamy-looking mass of white, which the declining sun was tinging with a faint glow of crimson. Geneva was reached at six o'clock, and the party drove to the Hôtel de la Metropole, a handsome and well-arranged house fronting the shore of the lake. They were given rooms from which they had a view of the lake, and in a little while after their arrival sat down to an excellent dinner with appetites sharpened by their long day's ride.

Although Geneva is the capital of the smallest of the cantons, it is the largest city in Switzerland. It lies at the foot of Lake Leman, or the Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes called, where "the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone" issue from it. The river divides it into two quarters, the city of

GENEVA.

Geneva on the left bank and the Quartier St. Gervais on the right. The railway station is in the latter quarter, which is the abode of the workingmen and the stronghold of the Democracy of Geneva. Its streets are narrow, its houses lofty, and its general appearance reminds the traveller constantly of the old town of Edinburgh, in Scotland.

Geneva presents a beautiful and imposing appearance when seen from the lake. Almost the entire water-front is lined with large and handsome edifices, among which are the principal hotels, and between these and the edge of the lake is a pretty park, with well kept shrubbery, fountains, and statuary. High over all rise the heights of the city, with their picturesque buildings, and the towers of the old cathedral.

In passing through the city a series of constant changes is met with. You pass from the broad and splendidly-built streets of the new town to the narrow, crooked, and dingy thoroughfares of the old, and appear to step at once from the nineteenth century into the Middle Ages. In the higher portion, or the new town, reside the wealthier classes, between whom and the inhabitants of the lower town, consisting of shopkeepers, a strong social line is drawn. In times past this distinction led to many amusing controversies, which sometimes, however, assumed a tragical character and resulted in bloodshed; but, as the Democracy of the lower town had control of the water supply, by reason of the pumps which furnish the city with lake-water being situated in their quarter, they were generally able to bring their aristocratic neighbors to terms by shutting off the water. At present the dispute is between the upper town and the Quartier St. Gervais, the lower town siding sometimes with one party and sometimes with the other.

THE CHAMOIS.

After dinner the doctor and his companions strolled along the quays and through the brightly-lighted streets. The night was mild, and they sat for a long time in the pretty English garden, watching the moonlight on the lake, and went down to the landing to see the last boat come in. The cafés which line the Grand Quaî were brilliant with gaslights, and in each there was a concert going on. One or two had musicians stationed on the sidewalk before the doors, and these furnished excellent music to the loungers who sat at the little tables in the open air eating and drinking. The streets were full of people, and this section of the city had something of the air of the Parisian boulevards about it.

The next day was given to seeing the city. As Geneva is the headquarters of the watch-makers of Switzerland, the boys proposed that they should go

first to some of the "watch-factories"; but the doctor told them that this was impossible, as there were no such establishments in the town. Although an

MER DE GLACE.

immense trade in watches is carried on here, there are only two houses where watches are put together, and not one in which the whole watch is manufactured. The work is divided between many houses: in one place they make the hands,

in another the wheels, in another the springs, and so on. Such an establishment as the "Waltham Works," in the United States, in which the entire watch is manufactured under one roof, is not to be found in Switzerland.

Our travellers set off on foot for the cathedral about nine o'clock in the morning, and the doctor, who had spent some time in Geneva during a former visit, led them by a roundabout way, which enabled them to see many of the older portions of the city. They passed through a curious street called the Rue d'Enfer, or, literally, the Street of Hell. It is narrow and dirty, and seems to be given over to the junk-dealers and old-clothes men. The houses were tall, dark, and grimy-looking, and the street was filled with a crowd of the poorest and most wretched-looking people to be found anywhere. Opening from it was a still narrower thoroughfare called "Purgatory Street," which was even worse than the Rue d'Enfer. All agreed that the streets seemed to deserve their names, and were glad to escape from them by climbing a rocky stairway which led to an incline, from which they passed on to the heights and the cathedral.

This fine old church dates from the eleventh century, and would be very imposing if a good view of it could be obtained, but it is so surrounded with buildings, and the streets upon which it fronts are so narrow, that its effect is sadly marred. The interior is very fine, being a very early and perfect specimen of the architecture of the eleventh century. It contains several handsome monuments. One of these is to the memory of Agrippa d'Aubigné, the friend of Henry IV. of France, and the grandfather of Madame de Maintenon; another is to the Duke de Rohan, one of the leaders of the Huguenots in the reign of Louis XIII. The cathedral is now a Protestant church, and it was here that John Calvin preached during his long ministry in Geneva. The pulpit occupied by him is still used. In the Rue des Chanoines our travellers saw the house of Calvin, a building famous in the history of the Reformation. They visited the Rath Museum, which contains a number of fine works of art by native artists, and from there went to the Botanical Gardens, which proved very interesting to the doctor and Mrs. Lawrence, but were rather dull to the young people. The arsenal pleased them better, as they saw there a fine collection of ancient and modern armor, and some of the famous scaling-ladders by means of which the troops of the Duke of Savoy tried to carry the town by assault.

One of the pleasantest parts of their visit was a walk along the Rhone. They saw where its waters left the lake in a strong, swift stream, as cold as ice and as blue as indigo. The bridges are handsome, and from these they had good views of the town. The young people were much amused by the "wash-houses" in the river. These are large frame structures built in the water at the river-shore. In the lower story, which is open at the sides, the washing-women

stand and wash the clothes in the river. In place of using a wash-board, they spread the clothes on a flat board and rub them with a scrubbing-brush. The upper story of the structure is used for drying the clothes. In the Quartier St. Gervais our travellers saw the house in which Jean Jacques Rousseau was born, and on their way back to their hotel walked over the bridge to the little island on which stands a fine statue of the philosopher. They did not remain long, however, as they were tormented by a swarm of gnats, from which they were glad to escape.

During the day they went into some of the handsome stores and made several purchases. Among these was a music-box, which Annie bought because, she said, she could now be like the old woman, "with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," and could have music wherever she went.

At sunset they strolled along the Quaî de Mont Blanc, from which they saw the distant summit of Mont Blanc, lighted with the soft glow of the setting sun, and the long chain of the Savoy Alps, stretching away as far as they could see. It was a grand spectacle, and one they long remembered.

THE DILIGENCE.

Although it was so early in the season, the doctor resolved to make a visit to Chamouni, and half-past seven on Monday morning found the whole party on the diligence, as the stage-coaches are called on the Continent. This particular diligence was a kind of three-decker. There was first a lower compartment for the mails and the baggage of the passengers, above this was the coach proper, with a separate compartment in front called the *coupé*, and finally, on top, a row of seats behind the driver, over which was a covering of canvas as a protection from the weather. Five horses were attached to the vehicle when it started, and a sixth was taken on during the journey. Our travellers had seats on top, from which they could see the country through which they passed, and, as the driver was a pleasant fellow and could speak English tolerably well, they were in high spirits as they set out. The road was a good one, and the distance was but sixty miles, so, with a great shouting from the driver and a loud cracking of whips, they rattled through the streets of Geneva,

and soon gained the open country. At the French frontier there was a short stop for the examination of baggage by the customs-officers, but as there was very little of this the delay was brief. The route lay up the valley of the Arve, a grand defile through which the river was rushing furiously. At noon they reached St. Martin, and just beyond the village gained a point from which a noble view of Mont Blanc was obtained. The vast mass of the mountain lay full in sight, twelve miles distant, glittering brightly in the sunlight. The boys greeted the sight with an enthusiastic cheer, and the driver whipped up his horses and declared that it was indeed a fine spectacle. The mountain was in sight during the rest of the drive, and as they drew near Chamouni the lines of the glaciers could be seen forcing their way into the valley. Two of these were passed, the last presenting a splendid spectacle. The scenery grew wilder and the air colder as the diligence toiled up the steep ascents. As the afternoon wore on light clouds began to hover over Mont Blanc, and as the diligence came in sight of Chamouni, a little after five o'clock in the afternoon, the mountain was scarcely visible for the clouds that wrapped its summit and extended a long way down its side. This was a sharp disappointment to them, but the doctor said it was a common experience, and that many travellers come to Chamouni and go away without being able to see the summit of the mountain.

The diligence set its passengers down at the Imperial Hotel, where they obtained good rooms. Although the season had not yet opened, there were a number of guests at the hotel, who, like our travellers, had taken advantage of their only opportunity of seeing "the monarch of mountains." As they were finishing their dinner at the *table d'hôte*, the landlord came in and announced that Mont Blanc was now visible, and that a glorious view of it could be had. Instantly the dinner was forgotten, and the whole company rushed to the galleries of the hotel to see the wonderful sight. The whole mountain range was in view. The clouds hung about the bases of the mountains, but their lofty summits rose high above, glittering like silver in the setting sun. Then, as the sun sank lower, rich flashes of changing hue swept over them, dyeing them with the most gorgeous colors, and leaving them stained with a deep purple, which gradually faded into a pale gray as the twilight came on. When the moon rose they shone pale and ghostly in its light, but still grand and awe-inspiring.

"I can imagine nothing more beautiful," said Mary. "They seem as though they might be the very battlements of Heaven."

During the evening the doctor learned that the road was open as far as the Montanvert, and the landlord assured him that, as the next day promised to be fair, he could safely make the excursion to that point with his party. After conversing with the guides, who were recommended by the landlord, he decided

to make the attempt, and it was agreed that the guides should be at the hotel early the next morning, with mules for the party, and that, if the day promised

CHAMOUNI.

to be fair, the ascent should be made. The undertaking is simple enough in the summer, but the doctor feared that, as it was so early in the year, the road might not yet be safe; but his fears were removed by the representations of the guide.

The next morning all were up early, and soon despatched breakfast. The guides and the mules were at the door promptly. The chief guide, who had command of the party, was a large, resolute-looking man, the very type of the Swiss mountaineer. He spoke both French and English, and said he had guided many English and American travellers, with some of whom he had five times made the ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc. He did not like this part of his work, he said: it was much easier to go up in a balloon and jump out if one wanted to commit suicide. Still, he had his living to earn, and he was willing to take risks if well paid for them.

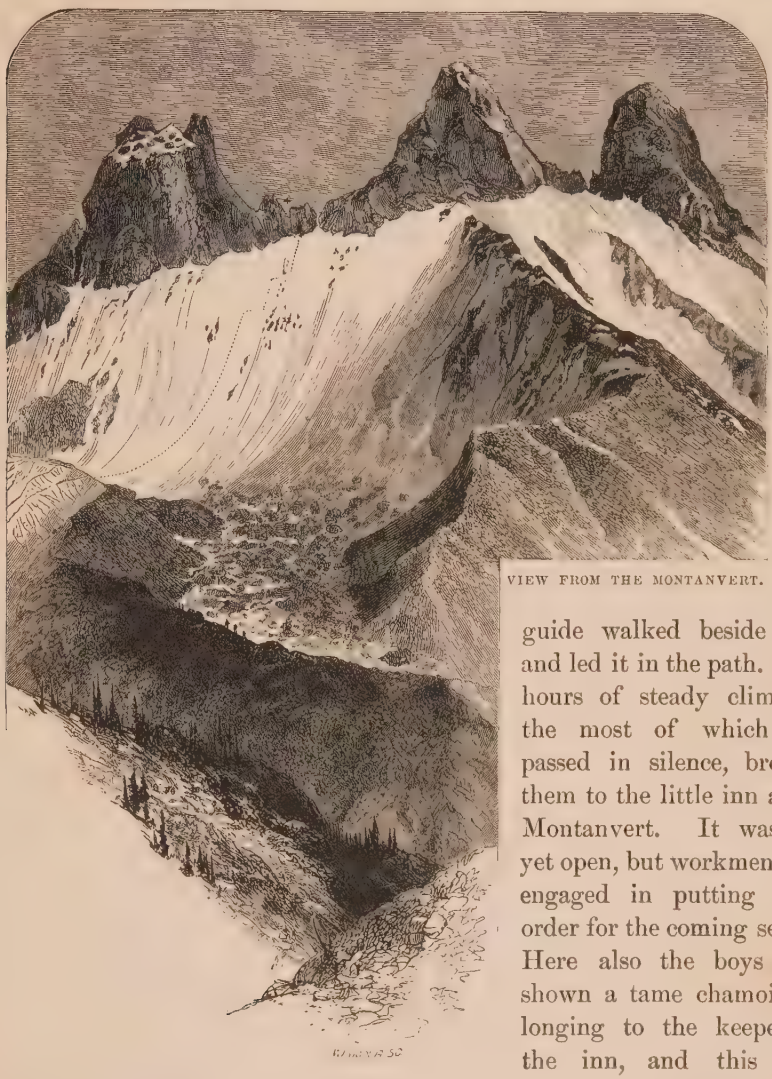
The morning was a little misty, but the guide said the sun would be out bright after a while, and so they set off, each on a mule led by a guide. As they passed along they had an opportunity of seeing the village of Chamouni and its surroundings more leisurely than on the previous day.

THE CHIEF GUIDE.

Chamouni lies in a deep, narrow valley bordered by tremendous precipices, which are covered with snow at the top and rise to a height of from nine to ten thousand feet on the north side and much higher on the south side. On every hand huge mountains rise up, covered with snow in all parts except their sharp peaks, which are too steep for the snow to lie upon them. Great fissures are rent in their sides, down which flow the glaciers or the fierce torrents fed in the spring by the melting snows. Below the snow-line the mountains are covered with a hardy growth, grass at first, then bushes, and finally trees towards the base. The melting of the snow had set in early this year, and already much of it had disappeared, and the peasants of the valley were already beginning to work the little patches of ground at the foot of the mountains. Still some portions of the road were icy, and the entire route justified the precautions of the guides.

The party crossed the Arve at Chamouni, and then ascended the zigzag mountain-path which led up to the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace. As they mounted higher the sun came out and the clouds rolled away down the mountain-side. The sharp peaks rose on all sides of them, snow-covered except at the needle-like summits, grander and more distinct than they had seen

them from the hotel. The road ran along the brink of dangerous precipices, where a single misstep on the part of a mule would have hurled both the beast and its rider into the abyss below; but the animals were sure-footed, and a



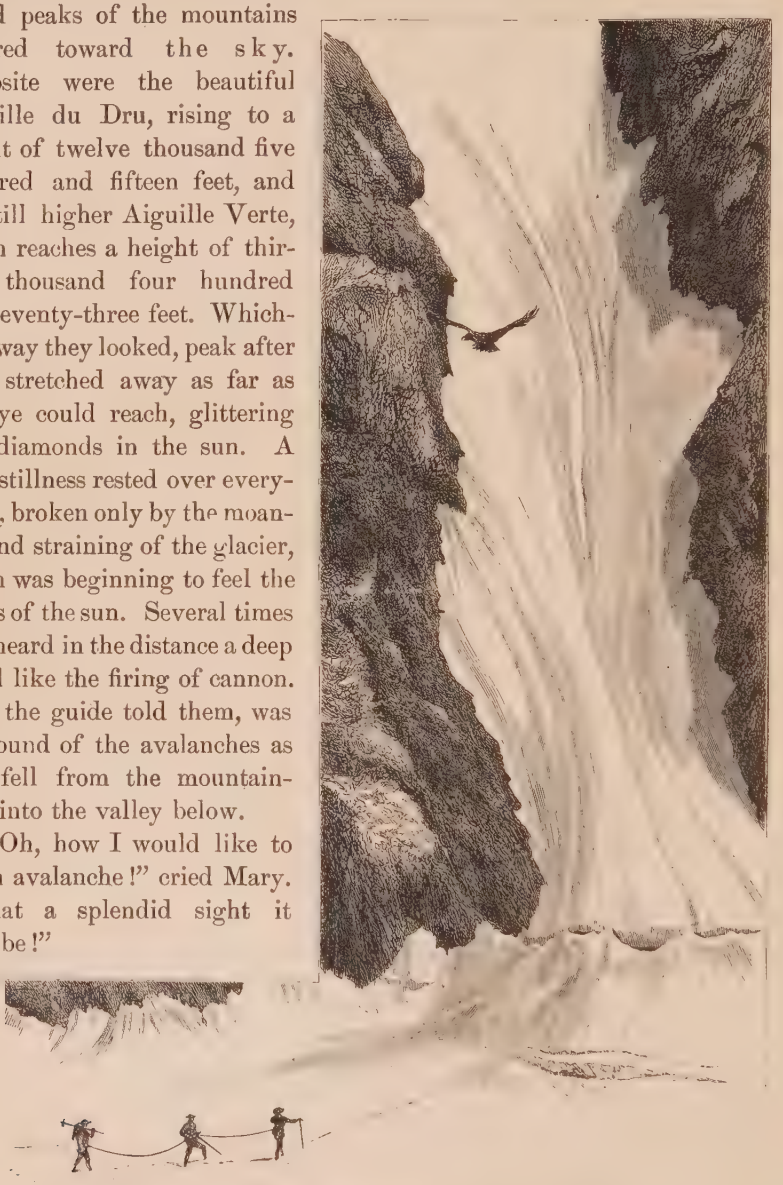
VIEW FROM THE MONTANVERT.

guide walked beside each and led it in the path. Two hours of steady climbing, the most of which was passed in silence, brought them to the little inn at the Montanvert. It was not yet open, but workmen were engaged in putting it in order for the coming season. Here also the boys were shown a tame chamois belonging to the keeper of the inn, and this they thought almost as interesting as the scene before them.

Leaving the mules at the inn, our travellers walked forward to a point overlooking the Mer de Glace, in order to view the scene. Below them was the entire line of the great glacier, stretching away for several miles, and looking like a sea whose lofty waves had suddenly been turned to ice. Great masses

of clear green ice are piled in the wildest confusion along the route of the glacier, and present a scene which no words can describe. On all sides the grand peaks of the mountains towered toward the sky. Opposite were the beautiful Aiguille du Dru, rising to a height of twelve thousand five hundred and fifteen feet, and the still higher Aiguille Verte, which reaches a height of thirteen thousand four hundred and seventy-three feet. Whichever way they looked, peak after peak stretched away as far as the eye could reach, glittering like diamonds in the sun. A deep stillness rested over everything, broken only by the moaning and straining of the glacier, which was beginning to feel the effects of the sun. Several times they heard in the distance a deep sound like the firing of cannon. This, the guide told them, was the sound of the avalanches as they fell from the mountain-sides into the valley below.

"Oh, how I would like to see an avalanche!" cried Mary. "What a splendid sight it must be!"



THE WAY UP MONT BLANC.

"It is a very terrible sight, mademoiselle," said the guide, speaking in English. "I have seen many in my day, and I would be glad never to see

another. I have seen a village buried beneath one and actually swept out of existence, and I have myself narrowly escaped with my life several times."

"Won't you tell us one of your adventures?" asked Annie.

"Willingly, mademoiselle," replied the guide, bowing; "but first I will send one of the men down to the Mer de Glace to see if we can get down to it, and if it is safe to venture upon it. The ice is just beginning to feel the effect of the warm sun, and I do not know its condition."

The guide turned to one of the men and gave him the necessary instructions, upon which the man set off; then, coming back to the party, he continued: "I will tell you how I came near being swept away, with a party of travellers who were under my charge. They were an English gentleman, his wife, his son, and his daughter. It was nearly thirty years ago, and the roads were not as good as they are now. I had engaged to guide them over the St. Bernard, where the avalanches are frequent and very dangerous. At the beginning of our journey, which was made with mules, I urged them to wait a few days: I did not like the weather. It had been a bad year for avalanches, and the danger was not yet over. They were anxious to push on, however, and I was young then and not afraid of risks, and so we set out. We reached the hospice in safety, and passed the night there. You have heard of the Hospice of St. Bernard, doubtless. It is where the good monks live who take such care of the travellers over the Alps. They have large dogs,—ah! fine fellows,—whose knowledge is wonderful, and they devote themselves to saving and bringing back to safety the travellers who are overtaken and exhausted by the snows. The scent of the dogs is so keen they can find a man in the snow where even the monks would pass him by. Well, we left the hospice early in the morning, and the good brothers warned us to be careful, for there was

THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

danger along the route. The Englishman was confident, however, and his family believed in him, and not in me. We had been gone from the hospice two hours and more, and so far all was well with us. I did not feel easy, though. I saw the snow was very loose on the rocks, and even the mules seemed timid. They have a wonderful instinct, these dumb creatures. Our road was along the side of a precipice,—very much such a route as that by which we have come from Chamouni to this place. I begged the travellers not to speak here, for even a sound so slight as that of the voice might loosen the snow above us. At last we came to a sharp rock, around which the road wound. I halted my travellers here, and walked on a few paces to a point from which I could see some distance along the road. It looked safe enough, but the whole side of the mountain above us was covered with snow, which seemed to me very loose indeed. I went back, led one of the mules forward, and, giving it a smart blow, started it along the road, and remained standing still. I could hear my heart beat, and the sound of the animal's footsteps was so loud that it pained me. The mule had not gone more than a hundred yards when I heard a low, moaning sound on the mountain above. Then I knew there was danger. I sprang back to where my travellers were standing, and shouted to them to brace themselves firmly against the rock. They understood, and obeyed me instantly; but the mules had heard the sound also, and they at once wheeled and dashed back over the road we had come, crying out with terror. Then the avalanche burst upon us with a crash and a roar that I cannot describe, and the next moment a fearful mass of snow swept down from the mountain-side, over the road, and into the abyss below. We clung to our rock without speaking. I was afraid the ladies would faint; indeed, I feared we would ourselves be swept away. The snow dashed over our heads, and blinded us as it fell about us; but we kept our courage, and did not move. A part of the avalanche leaped entirely over us, but enough snow fell around us to cover us above our knees. We heard the snow fall with a sound like thunder into the abyss, and then all was silent. We had escaped destruction; that was everything. I waited a few moments, and then, as no more snow fell, I took out my flask and drank some brandy, and made each of my companions do the same. They obeyed me now like children. Then I crept through the snow to

DESCENDING A MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

the corner of the rock, and looked at the road beyond. It was covered with snow, and was impassable. The mule that I had sent on in advance was not to be seen: it had doubtless been swept into the abyss. That would have been our fate but for my lucky forethought. Then I crept back to my companions, and, bidding them keep up their courage, I made my way to the other end of the rock, and to my joy found that the road in that direction was clear. We started at once, the English family so weak with terror they could scarcely walk. There was nothing to do but to make our way back to the hospice, and this we did. Before reaching it we met the good monks and their dogs coming to look for us. Our mules had fled to the hospice, and this had alarmed them. They had also heard the fall of the avalanche, and had little hope of seeing us again. We went back with them, and after resting at the hospice for a few hours, returned to the point from which we had set out to cross the mountains."

ON THE MER DE GLACE.

The man who had been sent to the Mer de Glace now returned, and reported that the descent was easy enough, and that the travellers might venture a little way on the glacier, but he would advise them not to go far. The ladies declined to make the attempt, but the boys were so eager that the doctor consented to go with them. Leaving the ladies with the other guides, they set out, the chief guide and two of his men accompanying them.

The descent to the glacier was easily accomplished, and they were soon upon the ice. Rugged as the great mass had appeared from the platform above, it was even more terrible now that they were down in the midst of it. The chief guide led them by a zigzag route about five hundred yards from the shore, until they reached a small field of smooth ice. He did not think it well to venture farther or to stay too long, as the ice was liable to crack at any time, and there was no telling how wide a fissure might be made in it. They heard at times a succession of sharp reports in various places at some distance from them, and the guide said this was the ice cracking under the slow but resistless motion of

the glacier. George had walked on some distance in advance of the rest, and the guide now called to him to come back, as they were about to return. As the boy started to retrace his steps there was a loud crack, like the report of a cannon, and the ice parted between the lad and his companions, leaving an opening of about three feet between them. Instantly the guide sprang to the edge of the fissure, and shouted to George, who had paused in alarm,—

"There is no danger. Run and jump to me: I will catch you."

George needed no second warning, but at once started on a run, made a flying leap, and cleared the opening in safety. The guide then led them to the verge of the fissure, and made them look down into it. As far as they could see there was a clear green wall of ice on each side of the opening, but far down below they could hear the loud rushing of the water beneath the glacier. They lost no time in retracing their steps, and, ascending to the platform, rejoined the ladies, having been absent from them about an hour. The party now partook of the lunch they had brought with them, and then set out on their return to Chamouni, reaching their hotel about four o'clock. On the way they were accosted by several beggars, who besought alms of them. One was an old woman suffering with goitre, a disease common among the Swiss in the mountain regions, and supposed to be caused by poor diet and drinking the water from the glaciers. She was so persistent in showing her deformity that the ladies were glad to get rid of her by giving her a few sous. Another was a hideously-deformed idiot, who shouted and laughed in the wildest manner when the doctor laid a couple of five-centime pieces in his hand, and would have followed them to the hotel if the guides had not driven him away.

THE IDIOT OF CHAMOUNI.

On Friday morning it was raining, and the day was cold. Our travellers set out for Geneva in the diligence early in the morning, and this time were glad to obtain seats in the inside of the coach. They reached Geneva late in the afternoon, and remained quietly at their hotel during the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JOURNEY THROUGH SWITZERLAND.

ON Saturday morning, April 24, the doctor and his party left Geneva on the early boat. The city presented a handsome appearance from the water, and they watched it with interest until it faded from view.

The Lake of Geneva, called by the Romans Lacus Lemanus, is the largest in Switzerland, and is in shape like a crescent. It is forty-four miles long, and eight miles broad at its widest part. It lies about twelve hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea, and in some places reaches a depth of twelve hundred and thirty feet. Its water is clear and cold, and of the deepest blue.

Our travellers did not see Mont Blanc from the steamer, as the clouds hid it from view, but all along the way they could hear the deep thunder of the avalanches in the distance. They made a landing at Coppet, where the doctor pointed out the château once the residence of Neckar, the minister of Louis XVI. of France, and of his more famous daughter, Madame de Staël. The scenery now became more beautiful, and increased in grandeur as they passed up the lake. On their left were the vine-covered slopes of the canton of Vaud, dotted thickly with towns and villas, and on the right the long wall of the Savoy Alps rose up stern and rugged. Several landings were made, and as the morning wore on the sun came out brighter. At last Lausanne, seated on sloping hills and crowned by its cathedral and castle, came in sight, and shortly after the steamer made the landing of Ouchy, which may be termed the port of Lausanne. Here the doctor sent the baggage of the party ashore, placing it in charge of the porter of the hotel at Lausanne where they meant to stop for the night after their return from their excursion up the lake. Then the steamer resumed its journey, and, passing into the narrower portion of the lake, brought them face to face with some of the finest scenery they had yet witnessed. From Lausanne to the head of the lake the hills are covered with vines of great richness and beauty, and in the midst of these lies the pretty town of Vevay, a favorite resort of pleasure-seekers and invalids, and by gen-

eral consent the most delightful spot on the borders of Lake Geneva. Clarens was next passed,

"Sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love!"

as Byron calls it, and then the steamer made the landing at Montreux. Here the doctor and his party went ashore to visit the famous castle of Chillon, which is near this place. The town of Montreux is picturesquely situated on an eminence high above the lake, but as, apart from its situation, it contains nothing of interest to the traveller, they did not visit it, but proceeded direct to the castle.

SWISS HEAD-DRESSES.

The castle of Chillon has been immortalized by Byron's beautiful poem of "The Prisoner of Chillon." It stands on an isolated rock, surrounded by deep water, but within a stone's throw of the shore, with which it is connected by a wooden bridge. It was built in the ninth century, and was altered and fortified by Amadeus IV., Duke of Savoy, in 1238, and was long used as a state prison, where, among other victims, many of the early reformers were immured. In 1536 the Swiss wrested the Pays de Vaud from Charles III. of Savoy. Chillon was the last place which held out for him, but an army of seven thousand Bernese besieged it from the land, while the Genoese galleys attacked it from the water. It was soon forced to surrender, and is now used as an arsenal for the canton of Vaud.

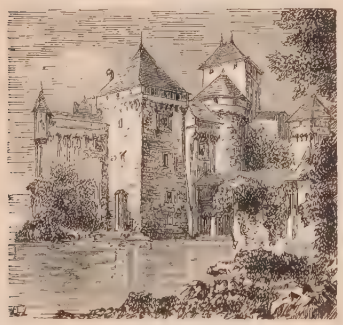
Our travellers passed over the bridge and entered the gloomy portal of the castle. They paused for a moment to gaze at the old fortress and the magnifi-

AMONG THE ALPS.

cent scenery around them, and Mary, who had caught the spirit of the place, repeated Byron's beautiful description,—

"Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow.
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave inthralls.
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made, and, like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,—
We heard it ripple night and day.
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old
There are seven columns massy and gray.
Dim, with a dull, imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor-lamp."

The castle is well preserved, and is extremely interesting. Our travellers saw the chapel where the Dukes of Savoy attended mass, careless of the unhappy victims in the vaults below; the *Potence*, a beam black with age, to which the criminal was hanged, and the hole in the wall through which his body was cast into the lake; the torture chamber, in which stands a wooden pillar which still bears the marks of the hot iron; and the *Oubliette*, a frightful place, into which prisoners were thrust to die. The attendant raised a trap-door in the stone floor, and showed them a small spiral stairway of three steps. The prisoner was made to walk down these steps, and, failing to find a fourth, was hurled eighty feet below into a pit, where he fell upon sharp knives and was left to die. They descended into the dungeon of Bonnivard, the Swiss patriot, whose imprisonment here has made the castle one of the shrines of freedom. It is large and strong, consisting of two vaulted aisles. Its floor and one side are formed by the natural rock. The vault is lighted by several small windows, through which the sunlight passes by reflection from the surface of the lake up to the roof, transmitting also partly the blue color of the waters. In one of the pillars is a ring, to which Bonnivard was chained for six years, and the stone



CASTLE OF CHILLON.

floor at its base is worn by his constant pacing to and fro. As they stood in the dungeon the doctor told them the story of the *real* prisoner of Chillon.

"When Byron wrote his poem," he said, "he had in view an imaginary captive, and was not acquainted with the history of the true Bonnivard. François Bonnivard, the real prisoner, had no brothers, and none died in the castle. He was a wealthy young man, the son of the Lord of Lune, and when he was only sixteen years old inherited from his uncle the rich priory of St. Victor. He espoused the cause of the city of Geneva against Charles V. of Savoy, and thereby incurred the enmity of the duke, who sequestered his estates and confined him for two years in the castle of Grolée. When he regained his liberty he took up arms to recover his estates, and was aided in this effort by Geneva. The Duke of Savoy again captured him, and this time sent him to the castle of Chillon, where he was imprisoned for six years. When the castle was taken by the Swiss he was set free. He found that his countrymen had not been idle during his long imprisonment. He had left Geneva a Catholic State, and a possession of the Duke of Savoy. He found it a free republic, and devoted to the faith of the Reformation. He went back to Geneva, where he died, at the age of seventy-five, a distinguished citizen of the republic."

TOURIST ON THE LAKE STEAMER.

From the castle the party went to the railway station, where they took the cars for Lausanne, which place was reached at a little after four o'clock. They took a carriage at the station, and set out to see the town before going to their hotel.

SWISS MARKET-WOMEN.

Lausanne is the capital of the canton of Vaud, and in early times belonged to Burgundy. In the thirteenth century it became subject to the Dukes of Savoy; the Bernese conquered it in 1536, and it remained tributary to them until 1798, when it recovered its independence, and in 1814 joined the Swiss Confederation. It is built on the slopes of Mont Jorat, and is intersected by deep ravines, which gives it the appearance of being built on several hills. It is a fatiguing place to see on foot, but is one of the most picturesque towns in Europe.

Our travellers visited the cathedral, now a Protestant church, which was built in 1275, and contains some interesting monuments. One of these is to Victor Amadeus VII., whom Voltaire calls the "Bizarre Amédée," and who was Duke of Savoy, Bishop of Geneva, and Pope of Rome under the title of Felix V. He resigned successively all these honors, preferring to end his days as a simple monk in the convent of Ripaille, near Thoron, on the opposite side of the lake. From the terrace of the cathedral they had a lovely view of the lake and the Savoy Alps. They visited the old castle, now used for the public offices of the canton, and greatly enjoyed the view of the picturesque town below them. Then they drove to the excellent Hotel Gibbon, where they were to pass the night. The garden includes a portion of the residence of the great historian, after whom the hotel is named, and here he completed his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

OLDTIME TOURISTS.

The next morning the doctor and his party left Lausanne at ten o'clock for Freyburg, which was reached about half-past twelve o'clock. After leaving the Lausanne station the road passes over a fine viaduct, and runs along the side of the mountains overlooking the Lake of Geneva. The view from this point is magnificent, embracing the lake to its upper end, the valley of the Rhone, the Dent de Jaman, and the vast range of the Alps. It is very brief, however, for the train suddenly plunges into a long tunnel which shuts the picture from view. Emerging from the tunnel, the train passed into a charming agricultural region, through which it continued until Freyburg station was reached. An omnibus was in waiting at the station, and this soon conveyed the party to their hotel in the city, the well-known Zähringer Hof. The route lay over the suspension bridge, and they got the driver to go slowly over the bridge in order to enjoy the view from it. The appearance of Freyburg from the bridge is singularly and strikingly picturesque. It is surrounded by its old walls, and these antique battlements and numerous towers, crowning the summit of a precipitous rock above the gorge of the Sarine, present a picture long to be remembered.

Freyburg was founded in 1175 by Duke Berthold of Zähringen, the father

of him who founded Berne, and was long a free town. It entered into an alliance with Berne in 1433, but afterwards passed under the rule of the Dukes of Savoy. It became free again in 1481, and at last was admitted into the Swiss Confederation. But few changes have been made in the appearance of the town since the Middle Ages. It now contains nearly eleven thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are Roman Catholics. It is built on a promontory formed by the windings of the River Sarine, and many of the houses stand on the very edge of the precipice, overlooking the river. Their quaint architecture, the long line of embattled walls stretching up hill and down dale, varied by the chain of feudal watch-towers and the gateways of the ancient fortifications, which still exist in a perfect state, together with the singular and romantic features of the gorge, make it an exceedingly attractive place when viewed from a distance. The interior of the town is disappointing; the streets are narrow and dirty, and the place does not have the bright, look-alive air that distinguishes most of the towns of Switzerland.

The suspension bridge over which most tourists enter the city is the longest in Europe. It is nine hundred and five feet in length, and hangs one hundred and eighty feet above the river. It is built in the strongest manner, although it seems fragile enough when viewed from below. Another suspension bridge, but a shorter one, is thrown over the romantic gorge of Gotteron, on the opposite side of the Sarine. It is three hundred and seventeen feet above the bottom of the gorge.

After securing their rooms, our travellers went out into the pretty garden of the hotel, from which they had an excellent view of the lower town, over one hundred feet below.

In the afternoon they visited the cathedral

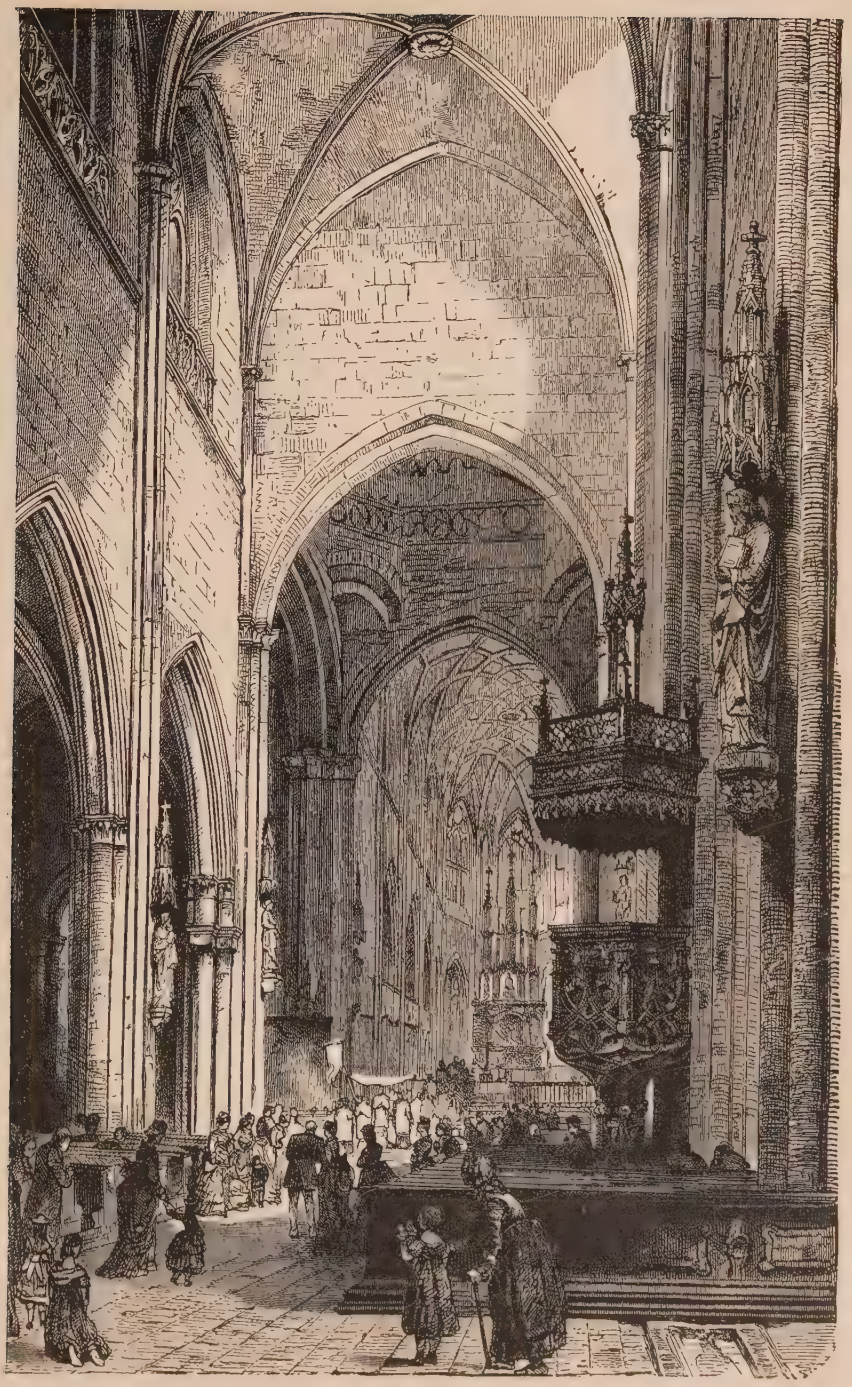
AN ALPINE GORGE.

of St. Nicholas, a handsome Gothic building, dating from the thirteenth century. The interior was carefully restored in 1856, and is very beautiful. As it was Sunday, the party stayed to vespers, and heard the great organ and a very sweet service. The organ is considered the finest in the world. It has sixty-seven stops and seven thousand eight hundred pipes, some of which are thirty-two feet long. After vespers were over the organist played a fine voluntary, which showed the power of his instrument admirably. This greatly pleased them, as they had feared that, as the day was Sunday, they would not be able to hear the organ. The young people were much interested, and not a little amused, by a *bas-relief* over the great door under the tower of the cathedral. It was executed in 1452, and represents the Last Judgment. In the centre stands St. Nicholas, and above him is seated the Saviour. On the left hand an angel is weighing mankind in a huge pair of scales,—not singly, but by lots,—and a pair of imps are maliciously endeavoring to pull down one scale and make the other kick the beam. Below is St. Peter, ushering the good into Paradise. On the right hand is the reverse of this picture,—a devil, with a pig's head, is dragging after him a crowd of the wicked by a chain, and on his back carries a basket also filled with figures, apparently about to cast them into a vast cauldron suspended over a fire, which several other imps are stirring. In the corner is Hell, represented by the jaws of a monster, filled up to the teeth with evil-doers, and above it is Satan, seated on his throne.

SWISS COSTUMES.

In the principal square they saw the old Rathhaus, or Town Hall, which stands on the site of the Duke of Zähringen's castle. In the square before it is the trunk of an oldtime tree, which is guarded with scrupulous care by the townspeople.

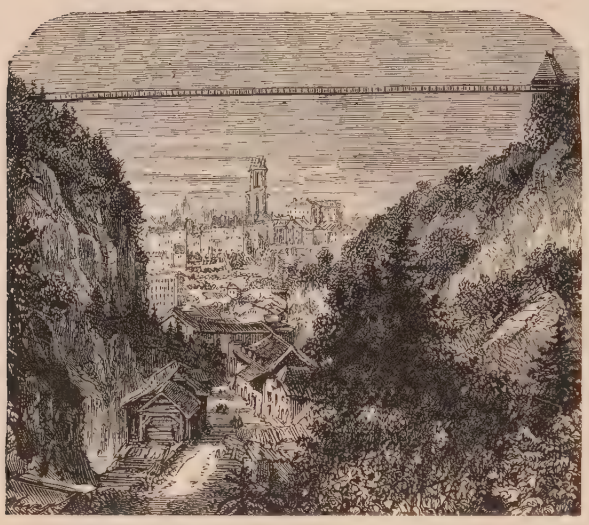
"This old tree," said the doctor, "is said to have been planted here on the day of the battle of Morat, June 22, 1476. In that battle the Swiss inflicted a terrible defeat upon the army of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The legend relates that a young citizen of Freyburg, who had fought in the Swiss army, being anxious to be the first to bring home the good news, ran the whole way from the battle-field. He reached this spot, and fell, exhausted, bleeding, and out of breath. He had only strength enough to wave the branch of a lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, and to cry 'Victory!' when he immediately expired. The lime-branch was planted here by the authorities of the town, and grew to a tree. This old trunk measures twenty feet



INTERIOR OF FREYBURG CATHEDRAL.

in circumference, and shows that the tree must have been a noble memorial of the great victory."

The doctor told them that the line dividing the French and German speaking portions of Switzerland runs through Freyburg, and that in former years French was spoken in the upper town and German in the lower.



FREYBURG.

Freyburg was left at a little before eight on Monday morning, and soon after starting the doctor pointed out the distant chain of the Bernese Alps, which looked very imposing in the morning sunlight. The day was bright and pleasant, and the ride was delightful. It was very short, however, and by half-past eight the travellers were in Berne. As they were to resume their journey in the afternoon, their baggage was left at the station.

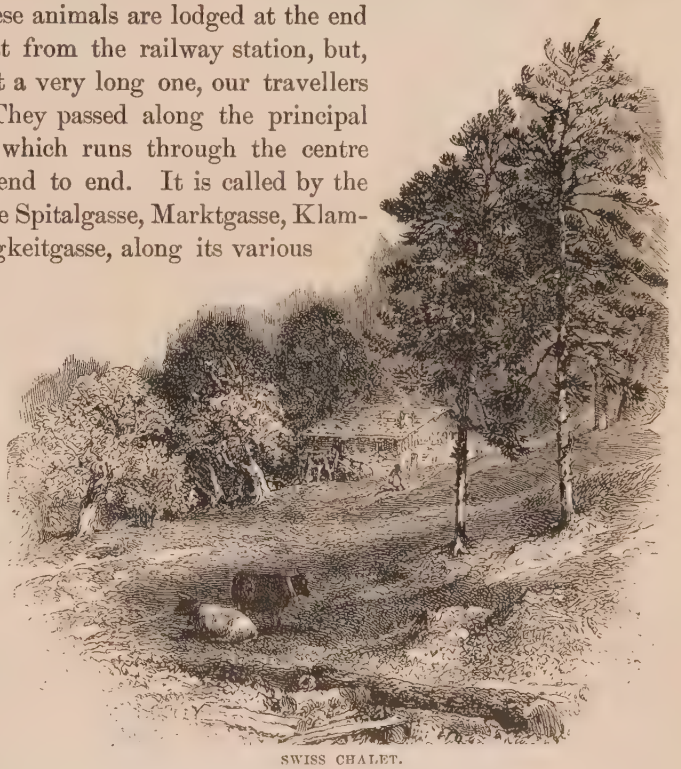
Berne is the capital of the canton of Berne, and of the Swiss Confedera-

IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

tion. It is a handsome city, and contains nearly thirty-six thousand inhabitants. It was founded in 1191 by Berthold V., Duke of Zähringen, and was so called by him because he had killed a bear on the spot. It grew rapidly,

and soon became an important place. It was the ally of the Swiss Confederation for many years, and in 1353 joined that body, of which it has since been a leading member. In 1848 it became the capital of the republic. It is built on a lofty promontory of sandstone, nearly encircled by the River Aar, which flows in a deep gulley with steep, and in some places precipitous, sides. It is massively built of stone, and contains many handsome edifices.

As it was still very early when they left the station, the doctor said they had better make a visit to the bears, to which all visitors to Berne are expected to do homage. These animals are lodged at the end of the town farthest from the railway station, but, as the walk was not a very long one, our travellers set out on foot. They passed along the principal street of the city, which runs through the centre of the town from end to end. It is called by the musical names of the Spitalgasse, Marktgasse, Klamgasse, and Gerichtigkeitgasse, along its various portions, and is spanned at short distances by two lofty towers, with archways over the street. One of these is the Clock Tower. The walk enabled our travellers to see one of the peculiarities of the city, which gives to it an appearance different from most European towns. The sidewalks are covered with a system of arcades, upon which the shops and stalls open, the second story of the houses being built even with the line of the streets. Numerous fountains stand in the middle of the roadways, and many of these are ornamented with quaint devices. The lowness of the arches of the arcades and the massiveness of the masonry supporting them give to the streets a gloomy appearance which is not pleasing.



SWISS CHALET.

Our travellers passed over the handsome Nydeck bridge, and reached the bear-pits. A number of people were gathered at the wall, looking down at several large bears in the pits below. The bear is the heraldic device of the

city, and is met with at every turn. In spite of the frequency with which it is seen, it is surprising how much variety is given to it in the uses to which it is put. The live animals in the pit are supported by the city authorities, and no one is allowed to take liberties with them. To attempt to worry them, or to throw anything to them but cakes, nuts, or fruit, is punished with a fine. The young people voted the bear-pits a very tame sight, but agreed that it was the proper thing to come and see them.

THE REGISTER.

The cathedral was next visited. It stands on the cliff overhanging the river, and is one of the most imposing churches in Switzerland, having been built by Matthias von Steinbach, the son of the great architect of the Strassburg cathedral. The front is richly adorned with sculptures and carvings. The interior, now used for Protestant worship, is handsome, and contains some fine monuments, among which is a beautiful group in marble to the memory of the citizens who fell fighting against the French in 1798, and whose names are inscribed upon the walls of the chapel in which it stands. From the terrace of the cathedral a noble view of the snow-clad peaks of the Bernese Alps is obtained. In the museum the party saw a fine collection of the minerals and animals of Switzerland.

SWISS BONNETS.

On their way up the principal street of the town they stopped in front of the Clock Tower to witness the performance which accompanies the striking of the hour. This old tower stands nearly in the centre of the town, but when the city was built, in 1191, it guarded the outer wall. On the top, which is open, is the great bell, by which a fool stands with a huge club in his hand. Three minutes before the hour a wooden cock placed below the dial flaps his wings and crows; in another minute a procession of bears passes around the seated figure of an old man with a long beard; then the cock crows again, the fool strikes the hour on the great bell with his club, and the bearded old man counts

it, turns an hour-glass, raises his sceptre, and opens his mouth, and a bear bows to him at the same time; then the cock crows again, and the performance ends. Our travellers were greatly amused by it, and went back to the tower several times to witness the performance, which never fails to draw a crowd of the townspeople, familiar as they are with it. In the Corn-House Square they stopped to look at the fountain of the Ogre. This represents a grotesque figure in a long coat, the pockets of which are filled with children, in the act of devouring a child. It is gaudily painted, and is one of the most singular objects in Berne. In the arsenal they saw a collection of ancient armor, a series of headsmen's axes, each of which, the guide told them, had cut off one hundred heads, and seven hundred and fifty halters prepared by Charles the Bold for the Swiss. They visited the handsome Bundes-Rathhaus, or Federal Council Hall, in which the Swiss Diet holds its sessions, and in which are some fine paintings. On the way back to the railway station they saw the famous tower of Goliath, about which the doctor told them a singular story.

THUN.

"About the end of the fifteenth century," said the doctor, "a rich and pious nobleman made a present of a large sum to the cathedral, to be expended for holy vases and a tabernacle for the consecrated host. When the clergy of the cathedral had bought these and placed them in the church, they began to consider how they could best protect the treasure. A human guard could not be placed in the sanctuary; so they resolved to make a statue of some saint, trusting that his power would thus be invoked, and that he would keep thieves away. They were undecided whether to make a statue of St. Michael or one of St. Christopher, but finally St. Christopher carried off the prize. The most skilful sculptor in Berne was employed, and a statue was made twenty-two feet high, with a halberd in his hand and a sword at his side. Then they painted the saint from head to foot in red and blue, and made him look like a very formidable warrior. The statue was placed with great pomp behind the high altar of the cathedral; but two months afterwards the holy vessels were

stolen. The people were very indignant at the neglect of the saint; but, as they were at war with the men of Freyburg, they resolved to give him another trial, and so they placed him in the tower of Lombach, hoping that his patriotism would prove stronger than his piety; but a week afterwards the tower was captured. Then the people of Berne took away the title of saint, and, as a mark of their contempt, named the statue Goliath, and ever since the tower has been called Goliath's Tower."

THE STOCKHORN FROM THE LAKE OF THUN.

At half-past two the travellers left Berne for Interlaken. A ride of an hour and seven minutes, with the snowy Alps in sight all the way, brought them to the picturesque town of Thun, which stands on the banks of the Aar, about a mile back from the Lake of Thun. They had a good view of the old castle, built in 1429, and once the stronghold of the counts of Kyburg. Then the train ran down Scherzligen, on the shore of the lake. There they left the cars and went on board the steamer in which they were to make the voyage down the Lake of Thun. The steamer started as soon as the passengers and their baggage were on board.

The voyage lasted a little more than an hour, and was delightful. The Lake of Thun is one of the loveliest sheets of water in Switzerland. It is eleven miles long by two wide, and is eighteen hundred feet deep. Its waters are so cold that the strongest swimmer soon becomes powerless in them. On both sides the principal peaks of the Bernese Alps loom up grandly against the sky. At one time the Neissen, the Stockhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Eiger, the Schreckhorn, and the Jungfrau are all in sight, and make up a picture unrivalled even by the Lake of Lucerne.

At Darlingen our travellers left the boat and took the cars for Interlaken, which was reached in a quarter of an hour. They went at once to the Hotel Victoria, one of the handsomest hotels in Switzerland, and were given good

rooms in the front of the house. From their windows they had a glorious view of the Jungfrau, which is over fifty miles distant from Interlaken, but seems only a few miles away. It is a softly-rounded mass of pure snow from summit to base, and seems the very embodiment of virgin purity. It never loses its covering of snow, being one of the highest of the Alpine range, and stands out in marked contrast with the dark mountains through the opening of which it is seen from Interlaken.

There was still an hour or two of light left, and the party passed the rest of the afternoon in strolling through the town. There is very little to see

THE SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

in Interlaken. The charm of the place lies in its lovely situation, and in the beautiful view which it commands of the Jungfrau. The town is clean and pleasant, and, away from the main street, which is lined with handsome hotels, affords a fair specimen of a prosperous Swiss village. The doctor and his companions were much interested in the beautiful carvings in wood and ivory —for which the place is noted—which filled the shop-windows. When they returned to the hotel, the ladies and the boys stopped in the handsome entrance-hall, while the doctor went to the office to make an inquiry. Mary, who was tired, threw herself into a prettily-carved chair, and was not a little startled at being greeted by the strains of a lively air from the interior of the chair. One

of the attendants, standing near, told her the chair contained a music-box, which was set in motion by the weight of the person sitting upon it. At night the moon was very bright, and they lingered long watching the beautiful Jungfrau, which seemed even more lovely now than in the light of the sun.

THE WETTERHORN AND GRINDELWALD.

The next morning they started from Interlaken in a carriage to visit the Grindelwald glacier. They made an early start, and all morning rode through the beautiful valley which leads up to the base of the Wetterhorn. The grand Alpine peaks were in view the whole way, and when the Jungfrau became hidden from view, its more savage neighbors rose in sight, awing the visitors with their stern grandeur. As the road wound through the valley the mountains seemed to change their shape, and sometimes to approach nearer and again to recede.

Grindelwald was reached about noon. It consists of picturesque wooden cottages, widely scattered over the valley, and stands at an elevation of three thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Our travellers were among the first arrivals of the season, and were sorely beset by beggars as they entered the village. They went to the Hotel Adler for lunch, and there the doctor made arrangements for the conveyance of his party to the glacier. While waiting for lunch they had an opportunity to observe the scene before them.

The valley in which the village lies is shut in on the south side by three of the greatest mountains of Switzerland,—the Eiger, or Giant, 13,045 feet high; the Mittelberg, or Middle Mountain, which is, in fact, but the base of the magnificent Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, which rises to a height of 13,394 feet; and the Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests, 12,200 feet high. From the sides of the Mittelberg stream out two glaciers, which force their way down to the edge of the valley. The white ice stands out clear and glittering, fringed by its dark background of forest and pasturage, presenting, with the towering peaks, a landscape unsurpassed in Switzerland. High up on the mountain-

sides the cow-houses and huts of the herdsmen seem to hang so loosely that a breath would blow them away.

After lunch our travellers set off on their visit to the lower glacier. They were conveyed in cushioned chairs, with a swinging-board for the feet, to steady the occupant in going down hill. The chairs were set in long poles, one on each side, like the shafts of a carriage, and were carried by two men, one in front and one behind, who supported the shafts by straps and ropes suspended from their shoulders, at the same time sustaining the rest of the weight with their hands. In this way they were all carried at a quick pace down to the lower glacier. They were soon among the masses of ice, and at length found themselves in a sort of cave, or ice-hall, which has been cut into the glacier. The ice which formed the roof was at least twenty feet thick, and the effect of the sunlight shining through it was very beautiful. They did not stay long here, as it was exceedingly cold; but while they were in the grotto one of the guides sang the "Ranz des Vaches" with thrilling effect. They were taken to several points from which fine views of the vast mass of ice were obtained, and then returned to the hotel. As they re-entered the village they were saluted with a chorus of Alpine horns, which sound very pleasing at a distance, though they are harsh when near by.

GRINDELWALD GLACIER.

On the drive back to Interlaken they noticed a number of the peasants drawing vehicles loaded with wood. To one of these were attached a man, a woman, and two children. The doctor told his companions that such sights were common in Switzerland, where everybody works hard.

At night they had another lovely view of the Jungfrau, standing out pale and spotless in her virgin purity, "confessing to the monk who waits eternally by her side."

Taking the cars at Interlaken early on Wednesday morning, they were soon at Bönigen, the terminus of the little railway. Here they embarked on a handsome steamer for the voyage up the Lake of Brienz. Their journey to-day was to be over the Brunig Pass to Lucerne, and promised to be one of the most interesting portions of their stay in Switzerland. The lake is about nine miles long and two miles wide. It lies seventeen hundred and eighty-one feet above the sea-level, and has a depth averaging from five hundred to two thousand feet. It is not so attractive as the Lake of Thun, for, though the scenery along the shores is picturesque, the near mountains shut out the higher peaks from view. Near the lower end of the lake our travellers saw the Falls of the Geisbach plunging from their lofty heights amid the forest. They contented themselves with this brief view, though they would have liked to see more of this famous cascade, and remained on the steamer till the end of the route was reached at the pretty town of Brienz.

Before leaving Interlaken the doctor had made arrangements for an open carriage for his party at Brienz, as this would enable them to enjoy the scenery of the Brunig Pass better than they could from the diligence, and upon the arrival of the boat this was found awaiting them. No time was lost in starting, and the carriage was soon out of the town and climbing the well-graded ascent to the summit of the pass. For a few miles after leaving Brienz the grade is very gentle, and then a series of zigzags up a sharp incline brings the traveller to the summit of the pass, which is three thousand six hundred and forty-eight feet above the sea. Here the doctor stopped the carriage, that the party might enjoy the magnificent view of the lake and the valley of the Aar, beyond which rose the giant Alpine peaks. Across the valley numerous cascades were plunging down the mountain-sides, and on all sides the wild-flowers were springing into bloom. The day was clear and the air bracing, and the whole party enjoyed the ride with the keenest relish. Shortly after crossing the summit of the pass the mountains of Lucerne came in view, with the dark mass of Mount Pilatus closing the scene. The horses seemed to feel the enlivening effects of the mountain air, and they swept down the eastern side of the pass at a rapid rate, past the pretty little Lungern See, whose clear waters reflected the mountain scenery like a mirror, down the slopes of the Kaiserstuhl, through the rich apple-orchards of the valley of Sarnen, and into the town of

Sarnen itself, where a halt was made for lunch, and a fresh relay of horses was obtained. Then, starting again, a ride of an hour brought the travellers to the

THE FALLS OF THE GEISBACH.

village of Alpnach, through which they passed on to the landing-place at Alpnach Gstaad, at the south end of the Lake of Lucerne.

Here a steamer was in waiting to convey them to Lucerne. The sail occupied about an hour. They passed down the pretty gulf of the Lake of the Four Cantons, known as the Lake of Alpnach, right under the shadow of Mount Pilatus, which towered darkly above them, and, passing through a little strait so narrow as to seem almost like a canal, swept into the broader part of the Lake of the Four Cantons, or Lake Lucerne, as it is sometimes called. An exclamation of delight broke from the entire party as the grand view of the lake and the surrounding mountains burst upon them. In the distance they could see the towers of Lucerne; on the left were the pretty villa-lined shores of the lake, above which rose dark Pilatus; on the right rose the Rigi, crowned with its monster hotel; and behind them stretched away a vast chain of snow-clad mountains. It was by far the most beautiful scene they had beheld in Switzerland.

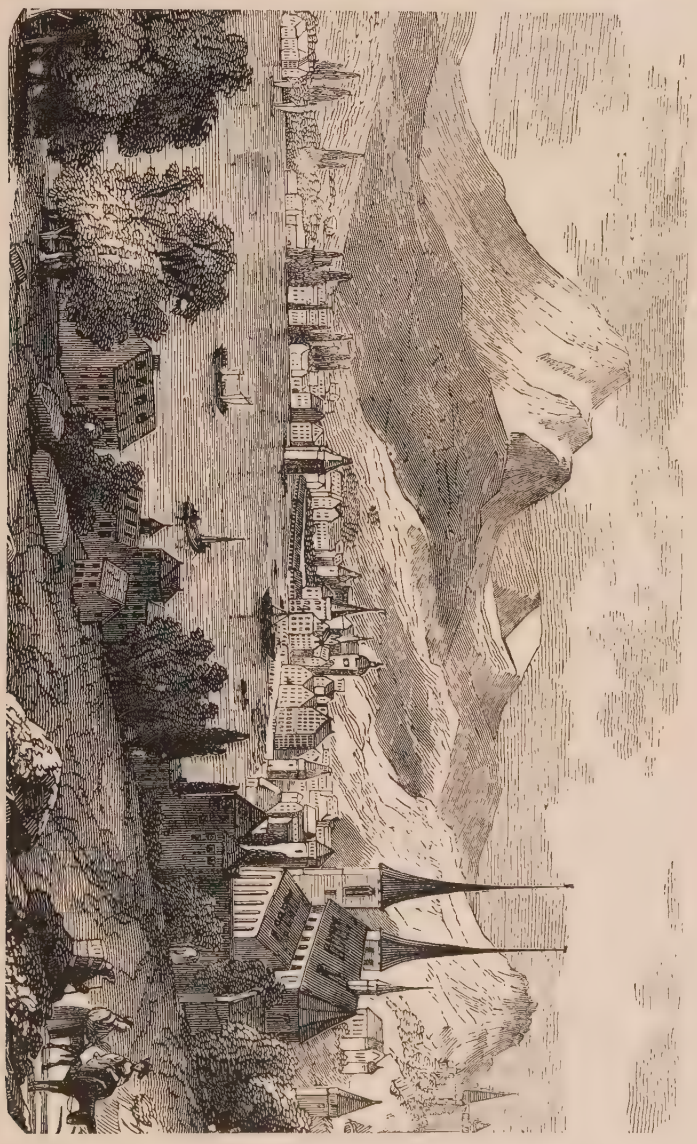
ROAD OVER THE BRUNIG PASS.

"The Lake of the Four Cantons," said the doctor, "is so called from the cantons of Uri, Unterwalden, Schwyz, and Lucerne, which exclusively form its shores. It is admitted to be the loveliest sheet of water in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe. It is dear to the Swiss for another reason. Its shores are a classic region,—the sanctuary of liberty,—on which occurred the memorable events which gave freedom to Switzerland, and where the first confederacy was formed. Its borders were the scene of the legendary exploits of William Tell, and for this reason they are sometimes called 'Tell's country.'"

Lucerne was reached at half-past three, and the party went to the Swan Hotel, a very pleasant house on the lake-shore, and not far from the railway station. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to the town, which is small and contains but few objects of interest. Its chief attraction lies in its antique appearance, and in the lovely view which it affords of the lake and the Alps.

The first visit was paid to the chief sight of the town, the Lion of Lucerne,

a noble monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards who fell in the defence of the Palace of the Tuileries at Paris, on the 10th of August, 1792. It is situated in a garden at the extremity of the town, and was executed from a



LUCERNE.

design furnished by the great sculptor Thorwaldsen. It represents a lion of colossal size, wounded to death, with a spear in his side, yet endeavoring in his last gasp to protect from injury a shield bearing the fleur-de-lis of the Bour-

bons, which he holds in his paws. The figure is hewn out of the living sandstone on the side of a high cliff which borders the pretty garden, in the centre of which is a pool which reflects the figure with the clearness of a mirror. Beneath it are carved the names of the officers of the Swiss Guards. Our travellers sat long before the noble work admiring its beauty, and the doctor told them the story of the heroism which it commemorates. They strolled through the town, which is still enclosed on the land side by its ancient walls and towers, and saw many strange and interesting sights. The quaint grave-yard of the cathedral interested them very much, and they lingered long to enjoy the lovely views from the cloister windows. They visited the collection of birds, and the panoramas of the Rigi and Pilatus, and walked across the curious old bridges over the river Reuss, which divides the town into two portions. The lower bridge, called the Mühlenbrücke, is ornamented with a long series of paintings representing "The Dance of Death." A skeleton is seen in every picture following kings and queens, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the warrior and the priest, and cutting each and all off just when life seems sweetest. A little chapel with a lamp and a crucifix stands in the middle of the bridge, and here some of the passers over the river stopped to pray. The upper bridge, called the Capelbrücke, is open at the sides, but closed at the top, and from the rafters are suspended a number of paintings representing scenes in the lives of St. Leger and St. Maurice, the patron saints of the city. Near the middle of the bridge a curious old tower is built in the river. It was once a part of the fortifications of Lucerne, but now contains the archives of the city.

TELL SHOOTING GESLER.

After dinner our travellers returned to the promenade on the lake, and sat there to watch the sun set. The afternoon was lovely, and the lake and the distant mountains were beautiful beyond description. The sunlight fell softly

on the dark bare peak of Pilatus, which seemed to grow more impressive as they watched it.

"I am glad to see Pilatus looking so clear," said the doctor. "The people of this country regard the mountain as an infallible weather prophet, more reliable even than 'Old Probability' at Washington, and they have a saying that if Pilatus wears his hat, the weather will be good; but if he wears his sword, by which they mean the long cloud that generally floats over it and often hides it, it will surely rain. To-day he wears his hat, and I trust will continue to do so until we are safely over the Splügen into Italy."

OLD HOUSES AT LUCERNE.

"Why is the mountain called Pilatus?" asked Annie. "Is it because it was used as a sort of pilot by which the boatmen on the lake could steer?"

"No," replied the doctor; "the name is derived in two ways. According to some, it is only a corruption of the Latin word *Pileatus,* which means 'capped,' and is supposed to be derived from the cap of clouds which the mountain generally wears. Others derive the name from Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judæa, who sentenced the Saviour to be crucified. The legend states that the emperor Tiberius banished him to Gaul, and that he sought refuge on this lonely mountain to escape the pangs of his conscience, but being unable to do so, drowned himself in the lake. They say his spirit haunts the mountain, and raises the storms for which it is noted. There is still another version of the legend, which is very curious, and was once firmly believed here. This version relates that when Tiberius recalled Pilate from Jerusalem to Rome, the governor supposed he would be put to death, and hanged himself to the bars of his prison. This made the executioner, who thus lost his reward, very angry, and he tied a stone to the body and threw it into the Tiber. The river at once overflowed and inundated Rome. The oracles were consulted in haste, and they replied that the waters would only go down when the body had been removed from the river. No one was willing to attempt to remove it until a

condemned prisoner, who was offered his life as the price of the undertaking, agreed to try it. He had a rope fastened around his body, and plunged into the river. He made two attempts without success, but the third time he was drawn up with his fingers clutching Pilate's beard. The diver, however, was dead. The Romans then determined to throw the body of Pilate into the crater of Vesuvius. This was accordingly done, but the volcano burst forth into a great eruption, which destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Fearing that Pilate might give still more trouble, a patriotic citizen went down into the crater after it had cooled off, and brought up the body, but he was never heard of again. As the land would not have him, the people of Naples took Pilate out in an open boat and set it adrift at sea. The boat was carried by the wind into the Gulf of Lyons, and up the River Rhone as far as Vienne, in Dauphiny, where it struck against the arch of a bridge and was sunk. The Rhone at once overflowed its banks and spread destruction far and wide. The people, in sore distress, built temples, made pilgrimages, and consulted the wise men of all countries to learn the cause of their trouble, and how they could avert it; but no one could give them the desired information. Two hundred years rolled away, and then the Wandering Jew passed through Vienne. The people told him of their trouble, and he at once informed them of the cause. Then they begged him to rid them of the body, and he, knowing that he could never die, consented to do so. He plunged into the river with all his clothes on, brought up the body, and set off with it on his shoulders. He carried it a long distance, and at last threw it into the lake on the summit of this mountain. Here it became a new cause of trouble, by stopping the clouds as they passed over the mountain, and raising fierce storms upon the Lake of the Four Cantons. At last, about the year 1527, a Spanish Rosicrucian happening to pass through Lucerne on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, heard the people talking about Pilate. He resolved to put an end to the trouble and make Pilate behave himself. He partook of the sacrament, passed the night in prayer, and ascended the mountain on the first Friday in the month of May. He had scarcely gotten to the summit when he met Pilate coming towards him with a big club in his hand made of a pine-tree. They fought the whole day and night, and the rocks still bear the marks of their struggle. The result was that the Rosicrucian gave Pilate a good thrashing, and made him promise to behave himself in future. He swore upon a piece of the true cross

OLD MEN OF LUCERNE.

that he would remain quiet in his lake six days, on condition that he might be allowed on Friday to go around the lake three times in his robes of judge. Then the victor returned to Lucerne, and told the people they might now feel safe on every day but Friday. The Council of Lucerne thereupon assembled, and solemnly forbade any one to ascend the mountain on Friday. This prohibition continued in force until 1799; but even now it is hard for a traveller to engage a guide for the ascent on Friday. In 1555, when Conrad Gessner, the naturalist, was conducting his researches on the mountain, he was obliged to provide himself with a special order from the authorities removing the interdict in his case."

THE SPLÜGEN PASS.

On Thursday morning our travellers left Lucerne for Zurich, starting at a little after ten o'clock. The route lay through a pretty country, which resembles some parts of the Connecticut Valley in the United States, and is highly cultivated. The people were busily at work in the fields, and the wild-flowers which spangled the grass told that the spring was well advanced. They had a fine view of the pretty Lake of Zug, with the old town of Zug, with its picturesque old walls and castle, at one end, and the Rigi and Pilatus at the other. They reached Zurich at one o'clock, and drove to the Hôtel Bellevue au Lac, which stands on the shore of Lake Zurich, and commands a fine view of the

lake and the distant Alps. During the afternoon they devoted themselves to seeing the sights of Zurich, which, though few in number, are very interesting.

Zurich is the second city of Switzerland, and the headquarters of Protestantism in that country. It stands at the lower end of the Lake of Zurich, where the Limmat issues from it in a clear and rapid stream. The town is divided by the river into two portions, one of which is almost an island, being bounded on the west by the river Sihl. Zurich is more largely engaged in manufactures than any place in Switzerland, and its inhabitants are intelligent and go-ahead in their dispositions. It is famous as the place where the Reformation in Switzerland began, under the preaching and guidance of Ulric Zwingli, in 1519. It was the asylum of many eminent English Protestants, banished by the persecutions of the reign of Queen Mary; and here the first entire English version of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale, was printed, in 1535.

Our travellers visited the Gross Munster, formerly the cathedral, which is said to have been founded by Charlemagne, and which was the scene of Zwingli's preaching. It is very plain, and though well worthy of the study of the architect and the antiquary, is uninteresting to the traveller. They went to the old arsenal and saw its collection of armor, among which is a cross-bow which is believed by all good Swiss to be the one from which William Tell shot the apple from the head of his son. From the old ramparts, now laid out as promenades, they had lovely views of the town, the lake, and the distant Alps, and passed the afternoon in wandering through the city, which was very different in appearance from any they had yet seen.

On Friday, April 30, Dr. Lawrence and his party left Zurich for Coire. They were obliged to make an early start, as the train left at five o'clock. The morning was foggy, and they saw but little of the scenery along the Lake of Zurich, by the borders of which the route lay for the first hour and a half. When they reached Rapperschwyl, at the head of the lake, the sun came out, and the rest of the journey was pleasant. Pilatus kept his promise to them, and they had good weather all day. Soon the valley of Glarus, with its snowy mountains, opened a beautiful view to them as they sped along, affording a marked contrast to the savage grandeur of some of the scenes they had witnessed. Then Lake Wallenstadt was reached, and the train skirted it along its entire length. The scenery along the lake is grand and savage beyond description. Its shores rise up in colossal cliffs of limestone, so precipitous that the railway is carried along the south side by numerous tunnels, which are pierced with apertures like the embrasures of a fortress. Few villages are seen on the shores, and the entire lake wears an aspect of silent and forbidding grandeur. High up on the cliffs, three thousand feet and more above the surface of the lake, one or two villages are perched at long intervals, and down

the sides of the heights numerous cascades, some of them of considerable size, dash into the lake below. Sargans, with its fine old castle, was passed, and the train whirled through a region as wild and picturesque as any in Switzerland. Then, after a brief stop at Ragatz, the journey was continued up the

THE VIA MALA.

valley of the Rhine, here a small but swiftly-flowing stream, and at ten o'clock the train reached Coire.

Coire, or Chur, as it is called by the Swiss, is the capital of the Grisons, and is the ancient Curia Rætorum of the Romans. It owes its importance to its being the dépôt for goods transported backward and forward over the Splügen and San Bernardino Passes and into Germany. It is an uninteresting town,

with narrow streets and whitewashed houses. The most interesting portion of it is situated on an eminence, is surrounded by an embattled wall with gates, and contains the cathedral and the archbishop's palace. The doctor told his companions that this ought to be the wisest town in the world, since each member of the Council of the Grisons, which meets here, is styled "Your Wisdom."

Our travellers visited the cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Lucius, who is said to have suffered martyrdom in the bishop's palace. The church is an interesting specimen of the early Romanesque style of architecture, and contains some curious monuments and carvings. In the sacristy are preserved the bones of St. Lucius, who was a mythical king of Britain. Having embraced Christianity, he was baptized, after which he abdicated his crown and became a missionary to Switzerland, where he suffered martyrdom.

"The most interesting thing about Coire," said the doctor, "is its history. The people are the descendants of the ancient Grisons, and to-day a majority of them speak the Romansch language, one of those tongues which in the Middle Ages grew out of the Rustic or common Latin spoken by the masses of the people of the Roman Empire. The Grisons did not always form a part of Switzerland. After the fall of the Roman Empire they passed under the sway of numerous petty tyrants, the ruins of whose castles are thickly scattered over this region. These waged perpetual warfare upon their neighbors, and oppressed their own subjects most grievously, pillaging all travellers, and plundering wherever they could find an opportunity. This state of affairs is well described by the term *Faustrecht*, or 'Club Law,' which was applied to it. At last, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the peasants rose in revolt and threw off the yoke of their oppressors. The movement was directed by the Bishop of Coire, the Abbot of St. Gall, and some of the more influential nobles, and for this reason was not marked by the excesses which usually characterize a peasants' revolt. Then the people formed the Grison Confederacy, and made Coire the capital. Under the new state of affairs the people were the freest in Europe, and elected all their officers, even down to their pastors and schoolmasters. Even boys of eighteen had a vote. Each village, and often each household, made its own laws and managed its own affairs, and the result was that the confederacy came to grief. Quarrels arose among its members, and in the end two great families managed to get the control of the government into their own hands. The experiment of pure theoretical democracy proved a failure. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the Grisons formed a permanent alliance with the Swiss Confederation, and in 1814 this region became a Swiss canton."

At noon our travellers left Coire in an open carriage for Splügen, where they were to spend the night. The doctor preferred this method of conveyance

to the diligence, as it would enable the party to enjoy better the magnificent scenery of the Via Mala and the Splügen Pass.

They rattled out of Coire and along the dusty highway towards the Rhine, which stream they followed the rest of the day. In a little more than an hour they reached the village of Reichenau, at the junction of the Vorter and Hinter Rhine. The doctor pointed out the Chateau to his companions, and told them that it was converted into a college in 1793. "Here, one day in 1793," he continued, "a young man, calling himself Chabos, and carrying a small bundle, presented himself with a letter of introduction to the principal and asked employment. He was made a teacher of French and mathematics, in which ca-

IN THE SPLÜGEN PASS.

pacity he remained here until the following June, when he was compelled to leave on account of some political agitation in the canton of the Grisons. Then the people were told that the quiet young teacher was none other than Louis Philippe d'Orleans, Duke de Chartres, the son of the celebrated Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, who had been driven from France by the Revolution, and who afterwards became king of France. He never forgot the kindness shown him here, and when seated on the throne recognized his obligations to those who had befriended him in his distress."

At Reichenau the travellers crossed both arms of the Rhine and entered the valley of the Hinter Rhine, the scenery of which is very attractive. On almost every eminence stands a castle, some in ruins and others well preserved

and occupied. The mountains stretch away gracefully from the river, and villages are thickly scattered through the valley. At the pretty village of Thusis they changed horses and were soon on their way again, moving now directly towards the mountain wall that seemed to bar their progress. Half a mile brought them to the entrance to the Via Mala, the sublimest ravine in Switzerland. It is three miles in length, and before the road was cut through it was impassable. The road is blasted for a long distance out of the side of the cliff which overhangs the Rhine, and they noticed all along the marks of the boring-rod, which told of the enormous labor required to construct the highway over which they passed so pleasantly. The road crosses the ravine three times by means of bridges, one of which is covered to protect it from falling stones. At the Middle Bridge the party alighted from the carriage and gazed down into the ravine below them. Two hundred and fifty feet below, the Rhine, reduced to a single thread, dashed among the rocks, which in some places met above it and hid it from view. The roar of the torrent filled the valley, almost drowning the sound of their voices. Above them the steep cliffs bent over until they met, and towards the north they could see no outlet to the defile.

THE LANDLORD AT SPLÜGEN.

When they returned to the carriage and resumed their journey, the doctor told them that although the Middle Bridge was so high and the stream so small, the valley was the scene of a fearful inundation in 1834, when the water rose to within a few feet of the bridge, and spread destruction on every hand. They were sorry to leave the Via Mala, but, like everything else, it came to an end at last, and at six o'clock they reached Splügen, which lies at the foot of the great Alpine pass. Here they were to remain over night and cross the Alps the next day. They found the inn a very good one, and spent a very comfortable night there. From the bridge at the farther end of the village they enjoyed a magnificent sunset, and obtained a grand view of the Alps.

The journey was resumed on Saturday morning at seven o'clock. They were again fortunate in having another fair day. The landlord at Splügen told the doctor that such a prolonged season of fair weather was very rare at that time of the year. They drove rapidly through the groves that lie beyond

Splügen, and soon began the ascent of the Swiss side of the pass. The road is splendidly constructed; it was built by the Austrian government in 1821 at great expense, and is now the favorite pass with travellers going between Switzerland and Italy. It winds up the face of the mountain by a series of zigzags, ascending twenty-five hundred feet in a direct line of half a mile up the mountain-side. It is as smooth as a floor, and the grades are so nicely adjusted that a vehicle has no difficulty in making the ascent. At several places where there is danger of avalanches it is protected by covered galleries of massive masonry, which are lighted by embrasures in the side. The carriage climbed slowly up the steep ascent, and the young people were impatient to reach the snow-line

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE SPLÜGEN.

above them, which grew plainer every moment. After passing the long gallery they left the carriage and climbed the face of the mountain, making short-cuts between the zigzags, and shouting merrily to the doctor and Mrs. Lawrence, who preferred to remain in the carriage. In a little more than an hour the summit was reached, and the young people got into the carriage again, very well satisfied to ride after their long and tiresome climb. They were now six thousand nine hundred and forty-five feet above the level of the sea, and on the frontier between Switzerland and Italy. In the valley they had left the green grass and foliage and wild-flowers. Here there was not a trace of vegetation. The snow lay thickly over the mountains around them, and the road had been cut through enormous drifts, which rose up on each side of it above

the top of the carriage. A deep silence reigned over everything, and the atmosphere was keen and bracing. In every direction great jagged peaks of bare rock rose up from the snow-fields, and the lesser heights were all covered with snow.

From the summit of the pass the road began to descend, and they soon came to a small stone house by the roadside, which is kept as a refuge for travellers overtaken on the mountain by storms. Then a series of zigzags carried them down at a lively pace a few miles farther to the Italian custom-house. Here they were obliged to make a short stop while the customs officers made an examination of their baggage. This was a mere formality, and they were soon *en route* again.

The driver now whipped up his horses, and they went down the mountain rapidly. The road runs along the mountain-side high above the valley of the Cardenello, and they had a glorious view of the great glacier of Curciusa and the towering peaks amid which it lies. They passed through a number of stone galleries supported on pillars, built to protect the road from avalanches, which are very dangerous here, and from one of these galleries they could look right down on the roofs of Isola in the valley below. Just beyond Pianazzo they left the carriage and walked out on a little terrace to see the Fall of the Madesimo. The stream was very full, and flowed swiftly down the mountain-side across the road to the verge of the precipice, and then by a single leap fell eight hundred feet into the pool below. They were soon surrounded by a number of children, who brought them stones to throw into the fall, and the boys thought it fine sport to watch the water hurl the stones far out into the air like balls from a cannon. The chatter of the little people and the quaint costume they wore was unlike what they had heard in the land they had left behind them, and our travellers now began to realize that they were indeed in Italy.

Starting again, the carriage began the descent of the most extraordinary portion of the road. It passes through a tunnel, and then descends to the bottom of the valley by numerous zigzags straight down the face of the precipice. Let my young readers draw a zigzag line down a sheet of paper and then stand the paper on end, and they will have a fair idea of the manner in which this wonderful road comes down the mountain-side. The ride down it was safe enough, but was exciting, and the ladies were thankful when they had passed over the last zigzag and were bowling along across the valley.

About noon Campo Dolcino, a poor village in spite of its high-sounding name, was reached. The valley of the Liro here presents a scene of appalling desolation. It is filled with immense masses of rock, swept down by the torrent, and of a dull red color. Then the road winds through the savage gorge of San Giacomo, through which the Liro dashes in a furious torrent, filling the

defile with its roar. By a little after one o'clock Chiavenna was reached, and here the party stopped for lunch and to see the town.

Chiavenna is a sleepy sort of a place, which retains many evidences of its former prosperity and glory. It once contained nearly four thousand inhabitants, and until the sixteenth century was a possession of the dukes of Milan. Then it passed under the rule of the Swiss. Napoleon I. added it to Italy, as lying on the south side of the Alps, and the Congress of Vienna transferred it to Austria. In 1859 it passed with Lombardy into the possession of Sardinia, and now forms a part of the kingdom of Italy. Our travellers saw but little in the town worthy of notice. The beautiful tower of the church is attractive, and they had a pretty view from the ruins of an old castle opposite the hotel. Then the journey was resumed, the route lying at first through a succession of vineyards, and then through a region torn and devastated by the floods of the Maira and Liro. Riva was passed without stopping, and for the next ten miles the road lay along the northern shore of the Lake of Riva, which was originally the northern arm of the Lake of Como, but which is now separated from it by the deposits formed by the river Adda, only a narrow channel connecting the two lakes. Then at three o'clock the carriage stopped at the head of the pier at Colico, at the upper end of the Lake of Como.

CHIAVENNA.

CHAPTER IX.

NORTHERN ITALY.

UPON arriving at Colico, Dr. Lawrence found that the afternoon boat had sailed for Como. He was anxious to reach Bellagio at once, and upon this becoming known, half a dozen boatmen offered their services to row the party down the lake. The doctor selected a large boat with a couple of stout rowers, and embarking, they set off for Bellagio, where they were to remain over Sunday. The boat sped swiftly along, propelled by the strong arms of the rowers. The lake was calm and the afternoon lovely, and our travellers enjoyed the voyage to the utmost. Behind them rose the snow-capped peaks of the Alps, and on their right the abrupt mass of Monte Legnone towered to a height of eight thousand five hundred and sixty-six feet. The upper part of the lake is very beautiful; the mountains shut it in entirely, and the picturesque towns and villages along their sides and on the shore appear very attractive from the water. Foaming cascades leaped from dizzy heights, swollen by the melting snows on the mountains, and plunged into the lake, and vineyards covered the mountain-sides in every direction. Over all spread a sky as blue and clear as the bosom of the lake that reflected it.

Our travellers floated on past the ruined castles of the Rocca di Musso, from which the Medici once ruled over the entire lake, past Dongo with its monastery, past Bellano, with Monte Grigna rising for over a mile above it, past Varenna and its lovely views, past Menaggio and its lines of handsome villas, past the opening of the Lake of Lecco with its long range of mountainous shores, and at last, in about two hours after leaving Colico, landed at Bellagio. They went to the Grand Hôtel Bellagio, and were given pleasant rooms on the side overlooking the lake.

Bellagio is a small town at the western base of the promontory which separates the two arms of the Lake of Como, and is the most delightful point among the Italian lakes. Its sole attraction is its lovely situation and the view which it commands of both arms of the lake.

BELLAGIO AND THE LAKE OF COMO; SEEN FROM VILLA GIULIA.

The Lake of Como, the Lacus Larius of the Romans, is by far the most beautiful sheet of water in Northern Italy. It is thirty miles long, and in some places two miles and a half wide. It was as much admired in ancient as in modern times, and is extolled by Virgil for its beauties. Bulwer has made it famous by the well-known description of it in his drama of "The Lady of Lyons," and Rogers has given what is perhaps the most perfect picture of it. It lies in the midst of high mountains, which rise to a height of seven or eight thousand feet, and is surrounded by ancient and picturesque ruins. From every point charming views greet the eye, and the shores are lined with elegant villas and romantic towns and villages. Nature and art have contributed to render the lake one of the loveliest portions of the globe. "Here you have seclusion and sublimity; luxuriant woods and dazzling waters; smiling white villas, surrounded by perfumed citron-groves and orange-trees; the horizon dotted on one side with the loftiest Alpine peaks, while on the other it is blended with Italia's richest plains; and when the distant landscapes are hidden from the view, and we near approach the shores of this dazzling lake, the lesser hills, clothed to their summits in richest vegetation, fill up the scene."

Our travellers spent a quiet Sunday at their beautiful resting-place, enjoying the charms of the lake, and the ladies declared they could be content to remain for a long time in the midst of so much loveliness. On Sunday morning they climbed to a height, from which they had a fine view of almost the entire Lake of Como and the Lake of Lecco (which is simply the eastern arm of the former lake) and of the Alpine peaks, whose pure whiteness offered a beautiful contrast to the rich green verdure of the lake region. Even the doctor became enthusiastic over the scene, and repeated Byron's well-known lines,—

"'Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare
Nor misty are the mountains there,—
Softly sublime, profusely fair;
Up to their summits clothed in green,
And fruitful as the vales between,
They lightly rise,
And scale the skies,
And groves and gardens still abound;
For where no shoot
Could else take root,
The peaks are shelved and terraced round.
Earthward appear in mingled growth
The mulberry and maize; above,
The trellised vine extends to both
The leafy shade they love.
Looks out the white-walled cottage here,
The lowly chapel rises near;

Far down the foot must roam to reach
The lovely lake and bending beach;
While chestnut green and olive gray
Checker the steep and winding way.'"

On Monday morning the journey was resumed. The doctor and his party had a delightful sail down the lake to Como, where they took the cars for Milan which was reached by ten o'clock.

ON THE LAKE OF COMO.

Milan is one of the most interesting cities of Europe. It was a city of great importance under the Romans, and played a prominent part in the history of the Middle Ages. It opposed a stubborn resistance to the power of the German emperors, and in 1162 was, with the exception of a few churches, totally destroyed by the emperor Frederick Barbarossa. It was rebuilt in 1167, and retains very few traces of its earlier history. It was an independent duchy for over two centuries, when it passed under the rule of the Spaniards. In 1714 it was given with the rest of Lombardy to Austria. In 1796 it became the capital of the Cisalpine Republic. Napoleon made it the capital of the

kingdom of Italy, but in 1815 it was restored to the Austrians, who held it by main force until 1859, when it became with all Lombardy a part of the present kingdom of Italy.

Milan is situated in a fertile and richly-cultivated plain between the Olono and Lambra Rivers, with which it is connected by several canals. It is nearly circular in form, and is surrounded by a wall erected by the Spaniards in 1555. The city is entered by ten gates, some of which are very handsome. The space between the wall and the principal canal is laid out in gardens and planted with fine trees. The streets are broad and straight, the buildings handsome, and the city wears a bright, enterprising aspect, which is at once noticeable to the traveller. It is actively engaged in manufactures, silk and woollen goods being the principal products.

The party took rooms at the handsome Grand Hôtel de Milan in the Via Alessandro Manzoni, where they found an American institution—an elevator —which is not often met with in Continental hotels.

Their first visit was paid to the beautiful cathedral, which has been well termed "the eighth wonder of the world." This celebrated church is, next to St. Peter's and the cathedral at Seville, in Spain, the largest in Europe. It stands in an open square, and can be seen to advantage on all sides. It is built of pure white marble, and is four hundred and seventy-seven feet long and one hundred and eighty-three feet wide. The dome is two hundred and twenty feet in height, and the tower three hundred and sixty feet. The interior of the nave is one hundred and fifty-five feet high. The edifice is adorned with ninety-eight Gothic turrets and over four thousand statues. It was founded in 1386 by the splendor-loving Gian Galeazzo Visconti, and was finished about one hundred years later. It is built in the form of a cross, and is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Seen from without, it is a perfect forest of marble pinnacles, with life-size statues standing in every niche and upon every projecting point. From the centre rises a beautiful tower, surmounted by a spire crowned with a statue. Ninety-eight smaller spires rise from various portions of the edifice, each, like the central spire, bearing aloft a life-size statue. Seen from any point the building is a mass of the most exquisite tracery, all the work being in pure white marble. No words can describe the wonderful beauty of the church. It stands alone among the works of man, the most gorgeous and beautiful architectural work ever achieved.

Our travellers stood long in the square gazing at the magnificent structure. They passed around it repeatedly, and every view revealed some new beauty.

"I am almost afraid to enter it," said Mary to her father.

"Why?" asked the doctor, smiling.

"Because I fear that the beautiful vision will be dispelled by a cold and cheerless interior."

Great was their delight upon entering the cathedral to find the interior in keeping with the dazzling beauty of the exterior. There is but little coloring

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

in the church. With the exception of the altar and the lovely stained-glass windows, the interior is a mass of pure white marble, and is grand and imposing. "Its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches, the lustre of its walls,

its numberless niches filled with marble figures, give it an appearance novel even in Italy, and singularly majestic." The pillars that support the vault are so well arranged that they do not in the least obstruct the view, and almost the whole church may be seen from any point. The rich stained-glass windows of the choir shed a soft light through the beautiful edifice, and greatly heighten the charm of the place.

"If I lived in Milan," said Annie, "I should haunt this church."

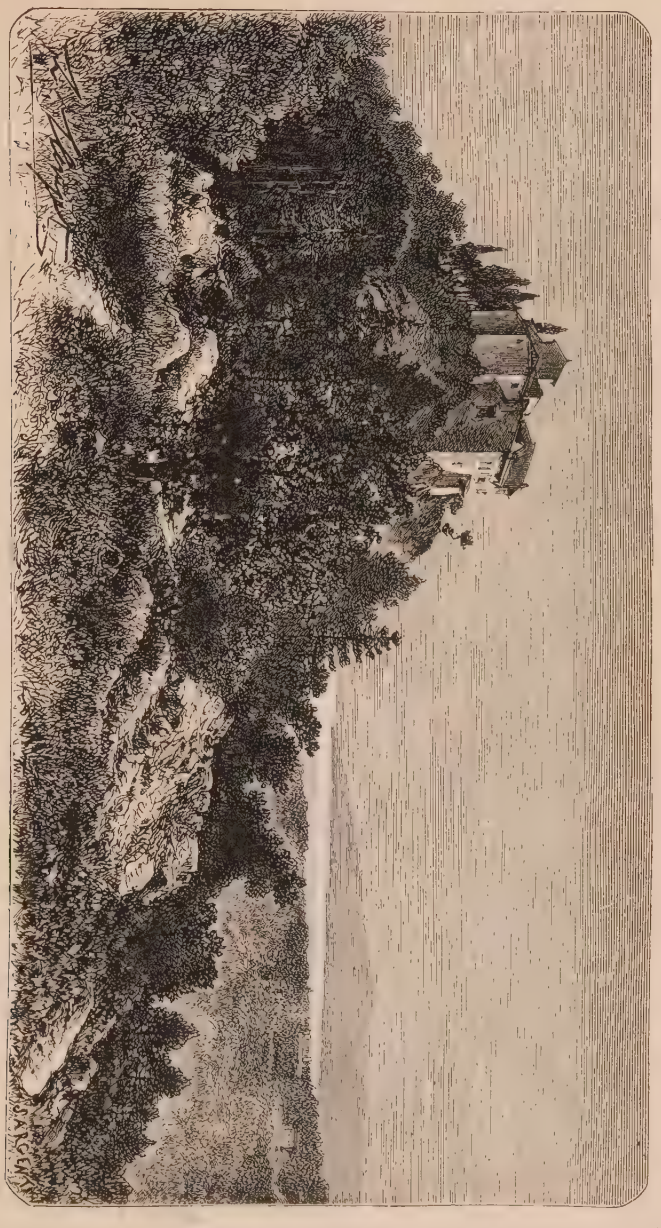
They went down into the subterranean church which underlies the choir, and in which services are held in winter, and from this passed into the chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, who was archbishop of Milan in the sixteenth century. The walls are covered with paintings illustrating the principal events in the life of the saint. Here they saw the body of St. Charles arrayed in his robes of office, lying in a coffin enclosed in a splendid shrine of crystal and gold and silver presented by Philip IV. of Spain.

"St. Charles Borromeo," said the doctor, "well deserved the title of 'saint' which has been given to him by his church. His life was devoted to his fellow-men, and in 1576, when the plague ravaged Milan, he arrayed himself in the dress of a monk, and barefooted went about among the sufferers, ministering to their wants and carrying to the dying the consolations of religion. The plague was so terrible that even the magistrates fled from Milan, and the good archbishop was left with the sole control of the city on his hands. He passed through the fearful scourge in safety, but his labors were so great that his health gave way, and in 1584 he died, amid the unfeigned grief of the people."

Returning to the church, they ascended to the roof, which, like the rest of the structure, is of marble. Wonderful as the building had seemed to them from below, it was even more so now that they could look down upon it. They climbed to the highest gallery of the tower, and were rewarded with a magnificent view of the city and the surrounding country, with the snow-clad range of the Alps. Mont Cenis on the border between Italy and France, Mount Superga near Turin, Mont Blanc, the Great St. Bernard, the Matterhorn, and the Bernese Alps of Switzerland, were all distinctly seen, and towards the east they beheld the dark outline of the Apennines, at the base of which were the distant towers of Pavia.

The square of the cathedral is lined with handsome edifices, among which are the archbishop's palace and the Palazzo Reale. Passing through the magnificent Victor Emmanuel Gallery, our travellers came out into the Piazza della Scala, in which stands a fine statue of Leonardo da Vinci. On one side of this square is the palace now occupied by the city government, and on the other is the famous La Scala Theatre. From here the party proceeded to the Brera, once a Jesuit convent, but now the principal museum of art and antiquities in Milan. Here they saw a large and beautiful collection of paintings,

one of the gems of which is Raphael's far-famed *Sposalizio*, or "The Nuptials of the Virgin."



DISTANT VIEW OF THE LAKE OF COMO.

A visit was made to the venerable church of St. Ambrogio, which was one of the few edifices spared by Frederick Barbarossa. It was founded in the

fourth century by Saint Ambrose, who was Bishop of Milan, and was dedicated to the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, whose bones he removed here. It was remodeled and rebuilt in the ninth and twelfth centuries, the present church dating chiefly from the latter period. Beneath the high altar are deposited the remains of Saint Ambrose, and also of Saints Gervasius and Protasius. The church seemed very plain to our travellers after the splendors of the cathedral, but its antiquity and history interested them very much.

"Saint Ambrose," said the doctor, "was Bishop of Milan from 374 to 397. He was one of the greatest characters in the history of the church, and was one of the most eloquent of those who protested against the errors and usurpations of the Church of Rome. He stoutly resisted the claim of the Pope to universal dominion, and maintained the freedom of his own diocese. He acknowledged but two sacraments,—Baptism and the Lord's Supper,—he denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, and boldly denounced the worship of images as paganism. He did not hesitate to rebuke the Emperor Valentinian, and to openly defy Maximus. In 390 the Emperor Theodosius in a fit of anger caused thousands of the citizens of Thessalonica to be massacred as a punishment for a riot in that city. When the emperor returned to Milan, Saint Ambrose withdrew to the country, and wrote him a letter calling him to repentance, and declaring himself forbidden by God to celebrate the Eucharist in the emperor's presence till he should do full penance for his sin. Theodosius felt the force of the rebuke, but nevertheless came to worship in this church as usual. Saint Ambrose caused the gates to be shut, and met the emperor in the porch. Laying his hand upon his robe, he commanded Theodosius to withdraw from the house of God as a man polluted with innocent blood. The emperor submitted, and did penance for his sin. Saint Ambrose is also known as the author of several beautiful hymns."

"Didn't he write the *Te Deum?*" asked George.

"It was formerly attributed to him," replied the doctor, "but the best authorities believe that it was written by a French monk about two hundred years after the death of Saint Ambrose."

The travellers were shown the chair of Saint Ambrose, curiously carved, and in the doors of the church were several panels said to be parts of the old gates which the saint shut upon the emperor. The doctor told his companions that in this church the German emperors formerly received the iron crown of Lombardy. Since the days of Barbarossa this crown has been kept in the church at Monza, through which city they had passed on their way from Como that morning.

A visit was also made to the church of San Lorenzo, the oldest in Milan. It is octagonal in form, is covered by a dome, and is very handsome. It was founded by Ataulph, one of the Gothic kings of Italy, in 411, and is believed

to have formed a part of the palace of the Emperor Maximian. In the street in front of it they saw a large ancient colonnade of sixteen Corinthian columns, which once formed a portion of that palace. This is the most important relic of the Roman city of Mediolanum remaining in Milan.

In the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, a handsome Gothic structure, dating from the fifteenth century, they saw a number of fine paintings. Passing through a door in the northeast angle of the little square of this church, they entered the refectory of the former monastery of the church, now used as a cavalry barrack, and found themselves face to face with one of the greatest and most famous paintings in the world,—"The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. It is a fresco, and was painted in 1499. It has suffered greatly from time, neglect, and wilful injury. It exists now only in an imperfect form, and is rapidly fading from off the wall. Yet, imperfect as it is, it remains one of the most beautiful works of any age. The painting was familiar to the whole party through the excellent engravings of it they had seen in America, one of which Dr. Lawrence had at his home, but they were surprised by the wonderful power and beauty of the original. The artist has represented the Saviour and His disciples seated at the table, and has depicted them at the moment of the Lord's announcement that one of them should betray Him. "The whole party is in dismay, while He himself bows His head with downcast eyes. His whole attitude, the motion of His arms and hands, all seem to repeat with heavenly resignation, and His silence to confirm, the mournful words, 'It cannot be otherwise. One of you shall betray me.'"

In the spacious Piazza d'Armi, now used as a drill-ground, our travellers saw the old castle once the seat of the Visconti and the Sforza when they ruled Milan, and the scene of many a dark and cruel tragedy. It is now used as a barrack. Close by is the Arena, which was constructed under Napoleon I. for races and open-air spectacles. Opposite the castle is a beautiful arch of white marble, called the Arch of Peace. It was begun by Napoleon in 1804 to commemorate the completion of the road over the Simplon. The Austrians finished it and changed the decorations. Through this arch the French and Sardinian armies made their triumphal entry into Milan after the battle of Magenta, in 1859.

In the evening the doctor and his party strolled through the streets of the city, and along the splendid Victor Emmanuel Gallery, which is by far the most magnificent arcade in Europe. It consists of two streets which intersect each other in the form of a cross, and lies between the Piazza del Duomo, or Square of the Cathedral, and the Piazza della Scala. It was begun in 1865 and completed in 1867, and cost over a million and a half dollars. The streets are nine hundred and sixty feet in length and forty-eight in width, and are covered by a handsome roof of glass and iron ninety-four feet from the pave-

ment. At the intersection of the arms of the cross is an octagonal space, over which rises a dome one hundred and eighty feet in height. The arcade is beautifully adorned with frescoes, and is lighted with two thousand gas-jets. The shops and cafés which line it are the handsomest in the city, and the scene at night is one of great beauty and brilliancy. Our travellers sat for a long time before the principal café under the dome, enjoying the scene and listening to a fine military band; and then went out into the great square to take a last look at the beautiful cathedral, over which the bright moonlight was streaming.

On Tuesday morning they left Milan at half-past ten for Verona, which was reached by three o'clock. The route lay through a beautiful country, which presented a scene of the most luxuriant vegetation and bore evidences of careful cultivation. After passing Brescia, the slopes near which are sprinkled with villas, a grand view was obtained of the Lake of Garda, with the mountains of the Tyrol rising beyond it. This lovely sheet of water is thirty-seven miles in length, and in some places fourteen miles wide. It lies almost wholly in Italy, only the northern extremity being within the Austrian territory. The doctor pointed out a tall tower on an eminence several miles south of the lake, and told his companions that it marked the scene of the hardest fighting in the great battle of Solferino, which was fought in the open region they were traversing on the 24th of June, 1859. It resulted in the defeat of the Austrians by the French and Sardinian armies, and led to the treaty of Villafranca, by which Lombardy was ceded to Sardinia. As they passed through Peschiera, at the end of Lake Garda, the boys were greatly interested in the powerful fortifications which they saw on every hand. The doctor told them that these works, strong as they seemed, were taken from the Austrians by the Piedmontese in 1848, after a gallant struggle. Soon the long lines of forts which encircle Verona came in sight, and then from the high ground across which the route passes the city itself was seen, with the Adige winding through it. Ten minutes later the train halted in the large station which stands without the walls. Here our travellers left the train and took the omnibus of the London Hotel, at which house they intended to stop. They entered the city through a massive gateway, and were soon in comfortable quarters at their hotel.

"Verona," said Dr. Lawrence to his companions as they set out in the afternoon to explore the city, "is a very ancient place. It was founded by the Rhætians and Etruscans, who were the oldest people of Italy. It was afterwards occupied by the Gauls, and then became a Roman colony. Not far from the city Marius won his great victory over the Cimbri, and in the vicinity Theodoric the Great won the victory over Odoacer. From that time it was the capital of the Gothic kingdom of Italy, and attained a high degree of prosperity and splendor. After the fall of the Gothic kingdom it was the capital of a considerable territory, but suffered severely during the conflicts between

ITALIAN PEASANT WOMEN.

the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. In 1260 it passed under the rule of the Scaligers, who governed it until 1389, when Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, made himself master of it. At his death his widow surrendered it to Venice, in whose possession it remained until the fall of the republic in 1798. At the overthrow of Napoleon it passed with Venetia to the Austrians, who held it until 1806, when it became a part of the kingdom of Italy. It has been the birthplace of some noted men. Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, Pliny the Elder, and Paul Veronese, the painter, whose real name was Paul Cagliari, were all natives of Verona. The town is now extensively engaged in manufactures, and is one of the most industrious places in Italy."

The first place visited was the Arena, or Amphitheatre, supposed to have been erected under Diocletian, in the third century. Next to the Colosseum at Rome, it is the largest edifice of its kind. It is in much better repair than the latter, and retains more marks of its former splendor. During the Middle Ages it was used for shows and sports, and sometimes as an arena for the trial of judicial combats. It is built in the form of an ellipse, its greater diameter being five hundred and ten feet, and its lesser diameter four hundred and twelve feet. The height of its walls, when complete, was about one hundred and twenty feet. It is said to have seated twenty-five thousand people, and to have afforded standing room for seventy thousand more. In the centre now stands a small theatre, and the lower arcades of the great building are occupied as shops.

Our travellers also visited the handsome cathedral, which dates from the twelfth century, and also the church of Santa Maria Antica, where they saw the handsome tombs of the Scaligers, who for over a century governed the republic of Verona. All the churches of the city are exceedingly rich, and most of them contain rare works of art. Several besides those named were visited by the doctor and his party, but we have not the space to describe them here. They saw the splendid triumphal arch, built as a gate of the ancient town by the Emperor Gallienus in 265; the Piazza della Erbe, the ancient forum, and now used as a vegetable and fruit market, with its picturesque houses with gorgeously frescoed fronts; the handsome town-hall, ornamented with statues of the most celebrated natives of ancient Verona; the stately Piazza dei Signori; and the quaint old court-house, which bears the high-sounding name of the Palazzo della Ragione. They crossed the Adige several times, and admired the handsome bridges and the picturesque view which they command. In the evening they strolled through the streets, which at every turn looked like a scene set on the stage of a theatre ready for the appearance of the players. The town was lively enough, however, for the streets were full of people, the cafés were crowded, and their lights flared out brightly through the old-time arches.

The next morning they went to see the house in which it is said the Capulets, the family of Juliet, lived. It is a narrow, lofty house in the Street of

QUAI DES ESCLAVONS, VENICE.

San Sebastiano, and is now used as a tavern. Over the gateway is the hat, which was the armorial bearing of the Capulets.

"It seems a shame to put this house to such a use," said Mary. "It ought to be preserved as a memorial of the beautiful Juliet. Why, I can fancy I see

Romeo coming around the corner now, and scaling the wall and gazing up at the window where his lady-love was wont to appear."

"Only it's broad day now," said George, "and he wouldn't dare do it at such a time. We ought to have come here last night, Mary, and then you could have spouted the balcony scene splendidly."

They drove to the old Franciscan monastery in the Via Cappuccini, and saw the now empty sarcophagus said to have been the tomb of Juliet. It is a dull and unattractive place, and even Mary could not find anything in it to arouse her poetic enthusiasm.

"Were there ever such persons as Romeo and Juliet, uncle?" asked Annie, as they drove back to the hotel.

"Yes," replied Dr. Lawrence; "the story is true. A strict inquiry into the history of Verona has proved that Shakespeare did not draw upon his imagination for his plot, but that the incidents he relates occurred here, and the characters he describes actually existed. 'Escalus, Prince of Verona,' in the play, was Bartolommeo della Scala, who died in 1303, and the other characters were taken from persons who figured in the actual tragedy."

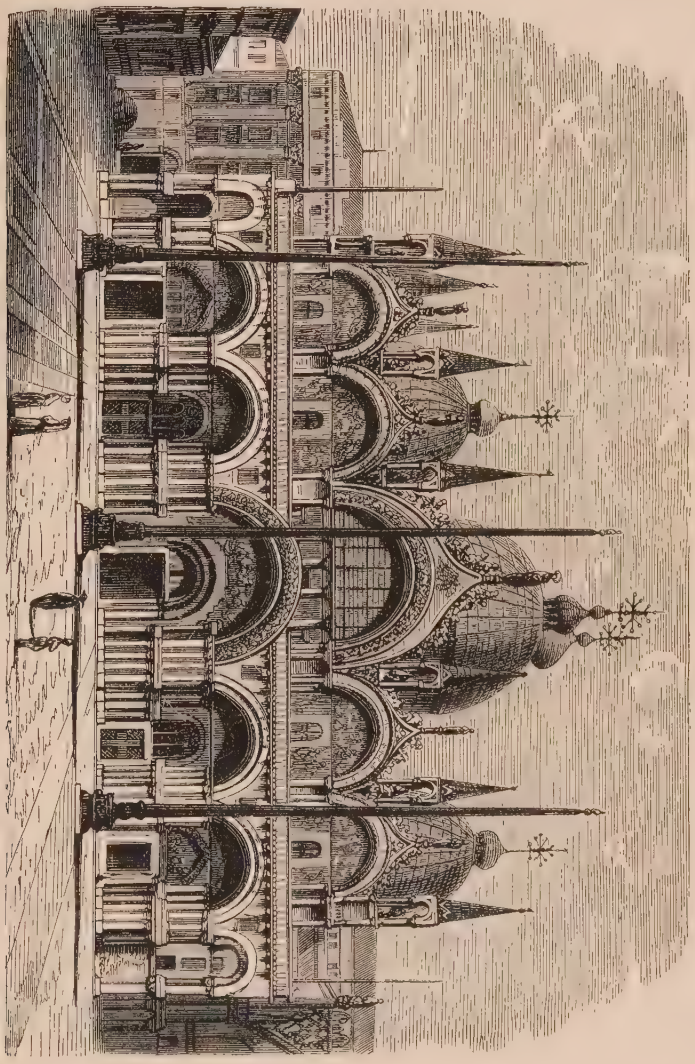
At half-past ten the party took the cars again, bound this time for Venice. The day was delightful and the country looked lovely, for the region through which the route lay is a fertile one, and the spring was well advanced. Beautiful views of the Alps and the Apennines were obtained during the first portion of the ride, and the doctor pointed out the distant battle-field of Arcole, where the French under Napoleon defeated the Austrians under Alvinczi in 1796. Padua, with its stately domes and towers, was passed, and then the train sped onward over a flat country, and far away to the left the distant Tyrolese Alps could be seen. Mestre, where there was a long stop, was left behind, and then the dark-blue line of Venice rose dreamily from the sea, its domes and towers seeming to float upon the water. As our travellers gazed with delight upon the beautiful picture the train shot by a large fort and sped over the long bridge over the Lagune, and in a few minutes more reached the station at Venice.

Leaving the train, the doctor and his party passed with the rest of the passengers into the waiting-room, where the porter of the Hotel Victoria was soon found. He took the tickets for the baggage of the party and conducted them to the gondola of the hotel, saw them on board, and went back for their trunks.

The scene that lay before the party was novel in the extreme. At the foot of the broad stairway leading from the station to the Grand Canal a fleet of gondolas was lying, the gondoliers shouting lustily to attract passengers. The broad canal was alive with boats, which darted swiftly about. Near the station was a handsome church, with marble stairs leading from the door to the water, on which two barefooted monks were standing watching the scene. The houses

rose up directly from the water, and, as George declared, the whole town seemed afloat.

The baggage of the travellers was soon on board the gondola, and then the boat put off, impelled by two rowers, and darted rapidly along the Grand



CHURCH OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

Canal, through several smaller canals, and finally stopped before a handsome building with a narrow door opening upon the water. This was the rear entrance of the hotel, and its only water-front. A pull at the bell brought a number of servants, and our travellers were conducted through a series of

court-yards, prettily planted with shrubbery, into the handsome reception-hall of the hotel, from which they were shown to their rooms.

They remained at Venice until Saturday morning, and during this time they saw many wonderful things in the beautiful city. The young people had supposed that the only thoroughfares in the city were the canals, and that it was impossible to go about the city on foot, but they found that Venice has a very good system of streets, which, though narrow, serve all the purposes of pedestrians. They are a perfect labyrinth to the stranger, however, and are so narrow that in some of them three persons cannot walk abreast.

The doctor ordered an early dinner at the hotel, wishing to take advantage of the rest of the afternoon for a voyage through the city. Dinner over, the party set out for the square of St. Mark's, the great centre of attraction in Venice. They passed through a series of narrow streets and over a pretty little bridge, through a massive archway, and then came out into the open square.

The Piazza of St. Mark is an irregular quadrangle, and is admitted to be the handsomest public square in the world. It is enclosed on three sides with imposing edifices, which appear to form one vast marble palace, blackened by age and exposure to the weather, and which date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are known as the Procurazie, from having been the residences of the "nine procurators," who were, after the doge, the highest officers of the Venetian republic. The ground-floor of these buildings consists of arcades, in which are situated the handsomest cafés and shops of the city, giving to the place an appearance very similar to the arcades of the Palais Royal at Paris. The square is five hundred and seventy-six feet long and two hundred and seventy feet broad. It is handsomely paved with large square blocks of marble, interspersed with iron pillars bearing clusters of gas-jets, while another line of lights runs along the fronts of the buildings. At the eastern angle of the square the Cathedral of St. Mark rises, with its three domes and numerous spires. In the right-hand corner of the square, facing the cathedral, stands the Campanile, or Bell Tower, which rises to a height of three hundred feet. Opposite this, at the end of the old Procurazia, is the Clock Tower.

Leading from the great square, and really forming a part of it, is the Piazetta, which extends down to the water's edge at the mouth of the Grand Canal. On the left-hand side of this square is the Palace of the Doges, and on the right the magnificent building once used as the Library, but now forming a part of the Royal Palace. Between these two buildings, and on opposite sides of the Piazetta, are two magnificent granite columns, brought by the Doge Michiel from Syria in 1120, and erected here in 1180. One of them bears the Winged Lion of St. Mark, the emblem of the tutelary saint of

Venice; the other is surmounted by St. Theodore on a crocodile, the patron saint of the ancient republic.

"These columns were safely landed here after their arrival," said the doctor; "but no one could be found who could place them in an upright position. At length, in 1371, a noted gambler offered to erect them without cost to the state if the authorities would give him the sole privilege of setting up his gaming-tables in the space between them. His proposition was accepted, and the pillars were soon in place. The gambler then set up his tables, and the Piazetta became such a disreputable spot that, to put an end to the evil, the

THE RIALTO, VENICE.

government decreed that all public executions should take place between these columns. This made the spot so odious that the people ceased to frequent it, and the gambler was obliged to remove his tables for want of patronage. Executions were conducted here for a long period."

They simply passed through the square and the Piazetta, and, proceeding to the quay, engaged a gondola, and set off for a ride on the Grand Canal. Riding in a gondola is very interesting and very novel to the stranger in Venice. The gondola is a long, queerly-shaped boat, with a high prow and stern. In the centre is a low, black canopy or cabin, provided with seats. The entire boat is painted black, in conformity with a law of the fifteenth century,

designed to prevent the nobles of Venice from surpassing the state boats in the ornamentation of their gondolas. The rower stands at the stern and pushes his oar with a peculiar motion. The prow is ornamented with a high piece of metal like a halberd, which is meant partly to counterbalance the weight of the rower in the stern, and partly to measure the height of the bridges, which cannot be passsed unless this portion of the boat can clear them. The gondoliers manage their boats with a great deal of skill, turning in and out of the narrow canals and avoiding other boats, no matter how great the crowd.

As our travellers floated on along the broad canal, the doctor told them briefly the story of Venice.

"The Venetians, or Veneti, as they were called by the Romans," he began, "occupied the region now known as Venetia, which comprises the northeastern portion of Italy. Their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. They kept entirely aloof from the Celtic tribes, which emigrated into Italy during the Roman period. In the third century the Veneti entered into an alliance with Rome, and Roman ideas, customs, and laws spread rapidly through the country. Under the Roman emperors the Veneti prospered greatly, and Padua became, next to Rome, the wealthiest city of Italy. When the Lombards overran Northern Italy, the Veneti, who had become thoroughly Romanized, sought refuge from them in the islands lying in the shallow sea at the head of the Adriatic, and here founded a settlement, which grew by degrees into the beautiful city around us. They had a hard time at first, but they managed to beat off an attack of King Pepin, the son of Charlemagne. At first the people were crowded together in the islands of Rivoalto, Maramocco, and Torcello, which were the most secure. The island of Rivoalto was selected as the seat of government, and here the city of Venice was built. It grew with surprising rapidity, and finally included the adjacent islands. It now covers three large and one hundred and fourteen small islands, formed by one hundred and fifty canals, and connected by three hundred and seventy-eight bridges. The portion of the Adriatic in which they lie is known as the Lagune, and is very shallow. It is protected from the open sea by long sand-hills, which have been greatly strengthened in some places by masonry, and thus the city is preserved from the effects of the fierce storms which sweep over the Adriatic. At first Venice enjoyed the protection of the Eastern empire, but in the ninth century it threw off this connection and became a free republic. It grew rapidly in wealth and population, and became the great depot of the trade between the East and the West. At one period it contained two hundred thousand inhabitants. In 828 a Venetian fleet brought the body of St. Mark to Venice and interred it in the heart of the city. Over it they built the splendid cathedral that we shall see to-morrow. They made him their tutelary saint, using his emblem, the lion, as their armorial bearing. His name became synonymous

with the republic, and their chief dignitary was officially styled the 'Procurator of St. Mark.' The commerce and power of the city grew so rapidly that the Venetians were obliged to make foreign conquests in order to secure them. These were at first confined to the Dalmatian and Istrian coasts of the Adriatic; but at length the ambition of the republic grew so great that it coveted more territory. By the end of the fifteenth century Venice was one of the most powerful states of Europe. It was mistress of all the present province of Venetia, of numerous places on the Adriatic, of a large part of Greece, of many of the Greek isles, and in 1204 conquered Constantinople itself, and obtained possession of a considerable portion of the territory of the Eastern empire. Its strength lay in its fleet, which was almost irresistible. It conducted many wars with the neighboring Italian states, and its alliance was sought by the greatest princes of Europe. Its trade was immense, and the wealth of its

ON THE ADRIATIC.

merchants and princes is shown in the splendid city around us. The close of the fifteenth century found it at the highest point of its power and glory. It was now the great centre of the entire commerce of Europe, and the profits of its exports alone were valued at over four million ducats. It possessed a fleet of forty-five galleys, carrying eleven thousand men, besides over three thousand merchant vessels with fifteen thousand sailors. It was regarded as one of the most powerful states of Europe. Even now, however, causes were at work which were to lessen its power and wealth. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, destroyed the supremacy of Venice in the East, and the discovery of the new sea-routes to India, at the close of the century, diverted its trade to the Portuguese. For several centuries the republic was obliged to wage costly wars with the Turks, who wrested from it, one by one, its possessions in the East. The Pope and the great princes of Europe became jealous

of the power of Venice, and leagues were formed for its ruin, and resulted in the loss of much of its Italian territory. By the opening of the eighteenth century it had sunk to the rank of a second-rate power, and it no longer occupied a prominent position in the history of Europe. Napoleon Bonaparte struck it its death-blow when he occupied the city and destroyed the republic. By the peace of Campo Formio, in 1797, Venetia was given to Austria; but by the treaty of Pressburg, in 1805, it was given to the kingdom of Italy. The treaty of Vienna, in 1814, restored it to Austria, in whose possession it remained until 1866, when it became a part of the kingdom of Italy.

"The government of the republic was at first a very liberal one, but during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there arose a class of nobles, who proclaimed themselves hereditary, and in 1297 seized the government and shut out the rest of the people from all share in it. The supreme power was vested in the Great Council, which consisted of all the nobles above the age of twenty. The chief magistrate was styled the Doge, or Duke. He was assisted by a council, which subsequently became enlarged into the Senate. In the early part of the fourteenth century the highest authority was vested in the 'Council of Ten,' who kept the whole direction of the city and of the foreign policy entirely under their control. At a later period the Ten chose by a secret ballot from their own number a 'Council of Three.' No man knew who the Council of Three were, not even the doge or the Senate. They sat upon all political offences, and their decision was final. Any one might be brought before them by an accusation in writing dropped into an aperture in the ducal palace, known as the 'Lion's Mouth,' and to be thus accused was generally to be condemned. No one knew who was his accuser, or who were his judges. He was arrested by secret emissaries, and marched to torture or to death without being allowed to communicate with his friends, and no one was permitted to wear mourning for any victim of the terrible Three. As you may imagine, the people were kept in a state of terror. The greatest nobles, even the doge, might at any time be seized and punished by this mysterious council. The government became, therefore, a terrible despotism, and its overthrow by Napoleon was a great gain for the people."

While Dr. Lawrence was thus recalling the history of the past the gondola was passing up the Grand Canal towards the railway station. It moved slowly and noiselessly by lofty palaces, once the homes of the Venetian nobles, by stately churches, and by places rich in historical interest. The gondolier pointed out the different palaces and told their names, which are, in most cases, those of the founders of the edifices. They passed under the famous Rialto Bridge, a massive stone structure, spanning the Grand Canal, and built three hundred years ago. It is seventy feet broad and about one hundred feet long. In the centre is a broad pathway, lined with stores, or booths, built of stone, and on

each side a narrow footway between the stores and the railing of the bridge. Then they floated onward past the long lines of noble houses, which rose up

SCENE IN NORTHERN ITALY.

from the water, and at last stopped at the stairs of the church Degli Scalzi. A monk in a coarse brown robe, with a cowl, and with his bare feet encased in

wooden sandals, admitted them, and showed them through the sumptuous interior, which is a mass of colored marble and gilding. Then they passed into a narrow canal, and made a visit to the famous Ghetto, or Jews' Quarter, a net-work of narrow, dirty streets, with houses seven or eight stories high, and filled with a population as dirty as the streets themselves. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in rowing about the city, and after dark they returned to the Piazzetta, and went into the square of St. Mark to hear the band play. The square was crowded, for the night was fair and the music was excellent. The whole place was brilliantly lighted, and the scene was beautiful and enlivening.

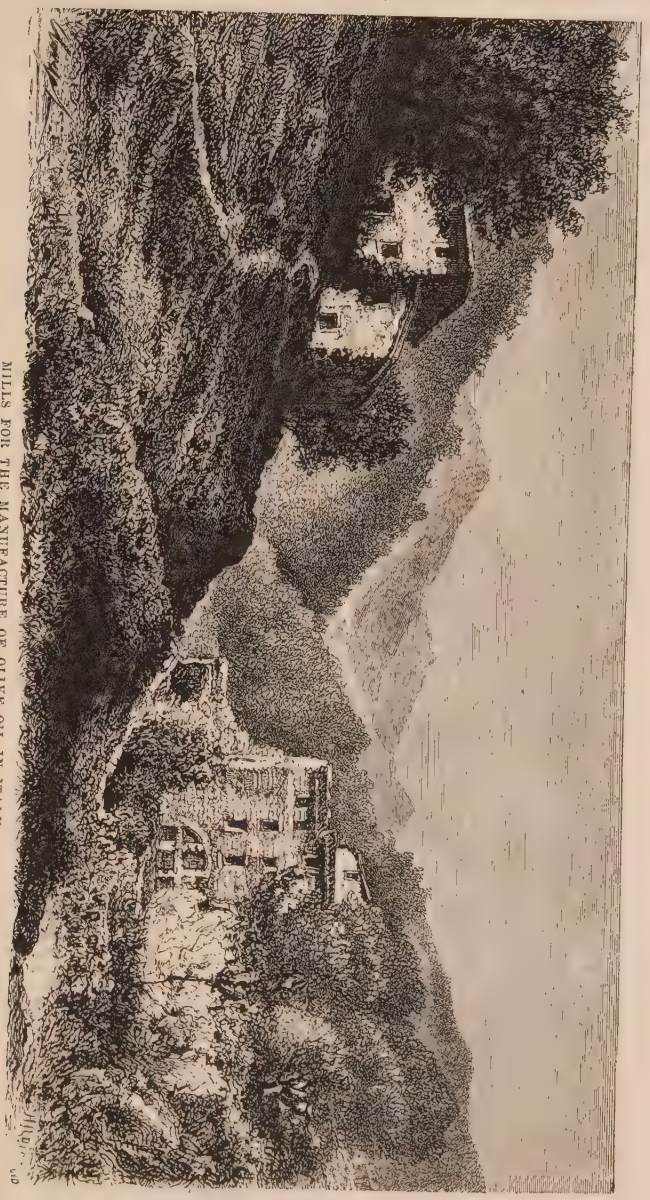
Thursday and Friday were busy days with our travellers. They visited all the places of interest in the city. To relate all they saw would be impossible, and I must confine myself to mentioning a few places only.

The first visit was paid to the beautiful church of St. Mark, which was erected between 976 and 1071. The front is lavishly decorated with mosaics and gilding, and is exceedingly beautiful. The interior is equally beautiful, the mosaics, paintings, and statues being on a scale of the utmost magnificence. Under the high altar rest the bones of St. Mark the Evangelist, and the altar is itself one of the most famous works of art in the world. A soft, subdued light falls through the interior from the five domes, producing an effect in perfect harmony with the holy place.

The Ducal Palace was next visited. Our travellers entered it from the square of St. Mark and went up the Giant Stairs, at the top of which the doge was crowned. They saw the beautiful Hall of the Great Council, with its rich paintings and the portraits of the doges; the Halls of the Councils of Ten and Three, which are magnificent apartments, and entirely too handsome for the terrible deeds enacted in them; the opening, which was once adorned with a lion's head, through the mouth of which accusations were dropped for the action of the Three; the gorgeous Hall of the Senate; and the many beautiful rooms which the palace contains, all adorned with grand paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and others of the great Italian masters. Then they passed over the Bridge of Sighs, a covered archway connecting the palace with the prison, and descended into the terrible dungeons which played so prominent a part in the history of Venice. Even the boys were glad to return to the palace, for the prison is depressing, although it is no longer used for the confinement of captives.

As they came out into the Piazzetta they paused to gaze again upon the beautiful façade of the cathedral. The doctor told them that the three tall flag-staffs that stand before it were erected in the palmiest days of the republic, and that from them once floated the silken and golden gonfalons, or standards, of Venice, Cyprus, and the Morea. They went up to the top of the Campanile,

which is easily ascended, the way being an inclined plane of brick, instead of a stair. From the top they obtained a beautiful view of Venice, the Lagune,



MILLS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF OLIVE OIL IN ITALY.

the adjacent islands, the Adriatic, the coast of Italy, with the Alps rising dreamily beyond it, and the distant mountains of Istria beyond the Adriatic.

In the Academy of Fine Arts they saw a wonderful collection of paintings by the Venetian masters. Even in the days of her grossest tyranny and deepest abasement the "City of the Sea" was the home of a noble school of art.

The visit to the Arsenal was one of the pleasantest incidents of their stay in Venice. In the days of its power the republic employed sixteen thousand workmen here. Our travellers saw the four marble lions brought from the Piræus, the port of Athens, in 1687, one of which is believed to be the monument which the Greeks set up to mark the ever-memorable victory of Marathon. But what interested all of them most were the model and the fragment of the Bucentoro, or Bucentaur, the state barge in which the doge, accompanied by the fleet and all the wealth and beauty of Venice, went annually on Ascension-day to throw the ring into the Adriatic, which he thus symbolically wedded. The collection of arms and trophies also greatly interested them.

They visited many of the handsome churches with which Venice abounds, and found nearly all beautiful. In the Frari, one of the largest and most beautiful of all, and built in 1258, they saw the splendid monuments of Titian, Canova, and the Doge Giovanni Pesaro, and many of the tombs of the great men of Venice. The church also contains several of Titian's most famous pictures, before which they lingered long.

Many of their visits to the different quarters of the city were made on foot, and they had several amusing adventures arising from their continually missing their way in the net-work of narrow thoroughfares. Once they were completely lost, and after wandering about for a while the doctor put an end to their dilemma by leading them to the nearest canal and hailing a passing gondola. These gondola-rides were very delightful, and were an especial treat to the boys, who readily made friends with the good-natured gondoliers, who often permitted them to row the boats, and they were not a little proud of their dexterity in turning the sharpest corners. They learned to cry *già è!* (boat ahead!) *premè!* (pass to the right!) and *stali!* (pass to the left!) as well as the best oarsmen on the Lagune. They blistered their hands, it is true, and found their fun hard work, but still it was fun, and they enjoyed it heartily. The girls, too, had their own enjoyment, and apart from the beauty of the city, they derived great pleasure from its associations with Shakespeare's immortal creations. The doctor told them that the palace now occupied as the New York Hotel is asserted to be the veritable house from which the fair Desdemona fled with the dusky Moor, and that the guides point out the houses of Othello, Iago, and Shylock; but that as these characters are purely fictitious, their association with any particular house in the city rests only upon the imagination of the guides.

On the last day of their stay in Venice the whole party went to St. Mark's Square to see the pigeons fed. These birds, like the bears of Berne, are the pets of the city, and are fed at the public expense. Some writers assert that

NEAR TURIN.

the custom grew out of an edict of Doge Dandolo, who during the siege of Candia, in the thirteenth century, received important news from Venice by means of a carrier-pigeon, and in gratitude for the service placed all the pigeons under the protection of the state. At present there are thousands of them in Venice. They build their nests among the statues and pinnacles of the churches, and all interference with them is severely punished. Precisely at two o'clock every day they fly to the great square to receive their food.

The boys were eager to see the sight, and bought several papers of corn from a lad who was selling it in the square. Precisely as the clock struck two there was a whirr of wings, and thousands of pigeons swept down into the square towards the windows of the building from which they are fed. The boys threw some of their corn on the pavement, and were at once literally surrounded by the birds, who flew all over them and ate the grain from their hands. All the while the air was musical with the soft cooing of the pigeons. When the meal was finished they flew away to their nests among the churches.

Their last night in Venice was devoted by our travellers to a glorious moonlight ride through the canals of the city, which seemed alive with the lights of the rapidly-moving gondolas, darting about in every direction. The marble palaces and bridges were even more beautiful in the clear golden light of the moon than they had seemed by day, and our travellers declared that the ride was like a voyage through fairy-land.

On Saturday morning, May 8, the party left Venice for Turin, departing from the station by which they had entered the city. They started at nine o'clock, fortunately having the carriage to themselves. As far as Milan, which was reached at four o'clock in the afternoon, they merely retraced the route by which they had travelled from that city to Venice. After passing Milan the route lay through rice-fields from which the water had been recently drained off. Then the battle-field of Magenta was passed, with its lines of mounds marked with crosses, and the doctor pointed out the monument erected to commemorate the great victory won here over the Austrians by the French and Sardinians, on the 4th of June, 1859, in consequence of which the former were compelled to evacuate the whole of Lombardy. Novara, another famous battle-field, on which the Piedmontese were defeated in 1849 by the Austrians, was passed late in the afternoon, and at a little before eight in the evening Turin was reached.

The party found rooms at the excellent Hôtel Trombetta, in the Via Roma. After dinner they strolled down the Via Roma and into the square of San Carlo. The fine statue of the great Duke Emmanuel Philibert stood out clearly in the bright moonlight. The doctor told his companions that this duke was the commander of the armies of Philip II. of Spain, in which capacity he won the great victory of St. Quentin, over the French, in 1557. The victory led

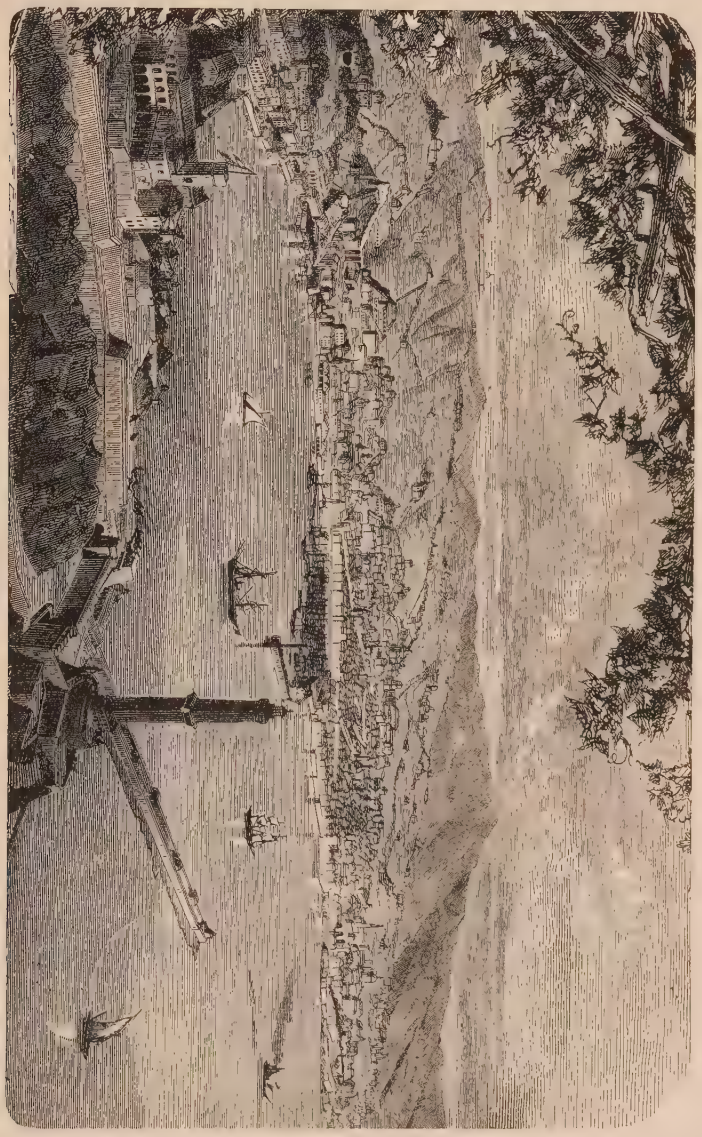
ITALIAN FARM-HOUSE.

to the treaty of Cateau Cambresis, by which Savoy was restored to its ancient rulers. Then they walked on into the great square of the castle, in the centre of which stands the huge pile of the old castle built in the thirteenth century. The lights under the arcades now attracted them, and bending their steps in that direction, they strolled through the brightly-lighted arches, admiring the handsome displays in the shops and on the sidewalks, and turned into the beautiful *Galleria dell' Industria Subalpina*, which, though inferior to the Victor Emmanuel Gallery at Milan, is very attractive. Here are gathered handsome shops, cafés, beer-halls, and a concert-hall. The place was thronged with a lively, good-natured crowd, all bent on enjoyment.

Turin is one of the most interesting cities of Italy, and is conspicuous for the regularity of its construction. It is laid out in broad, straight streets, wide squares, and numerous gardens. The houses are lofty, but are generally handsome. The streets are paved with large, square blocks of stone, and are as level and smooth as a floor. The city has an air of brightness and prosperity fully in keeping with its reputation for industry and enterprise. Turin is situated in the plain of the Po, between that river and the Dora Ripaira, and just above their junction. It lies almost at the feet of the Graian and Cottian Alps, and commands beautiful views of them. It was founded by the Taurini, a Ligurian tribe; Hannibal destroyed it in B.C. 218; it was subsequently rebuilt, and Augustus greatly improved it and made it a Roman colony. In the Middle Ages it was the capital of the county of Piedmont, and in 1418 became subject to the dukes of Savoy, who frequently resided there. It was the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia, and from 1859 to 1865 the capital of the kingdom of Italy. It contains a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand.

As Sunday was the only day our travellers could give to Turin, they devoted it to seeing the city. They did not meet with many reminders that it was the Sabbath, as the shops were open and the people seemed to be attending to their usual avocations. Only the crowds at the numerous churches showed that it was a sacred day. They went first to the cathedral, a venerable edifice, originally founded in 602, by Agilulph, king of the Lombards, and rebuilt in 1492. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The interior is very handsome, and behind the high altar is a chapel about twenty feet higher than the rest of the church, and constructed in the seventeenth century. It is circular in shape, is constructed of dark marble, and contains several handsome monuments of the dukes of Savoy. Here also is buried the late queen of Sardinia, the mother of the present king of Italy. Several other handsome churches were also visited by our travellers; but what interested them most was the Royal Palace. They ascended the grand stairway leading from the court-yard to the state apartments, and lined with statues of the sovereigns of the house of

Savoy, and were shown through a series of superb apartments devoted to the use of the king and the court. Before the removal of the seat of government to Florence and Rome this palace was the scene of many brilliant ceremonies



GENOA.

and entertainments. The highly-polished floors were very difficult to walk upon, and once George got a tumble, right at the foot of the throne, which greatly amused his companions.

"If I lived in this palace," said he, "I should buy me a pair of parlor-skates, and never go through these rooms except upon them."

The morning was spent in visiting various places of interest in the city, and in the afternoon they drove to the Capuchin monastery, which stands on a hill on the opposite side of the Po, from which they had a glorious view of the grand range of the Alps, embracing the peaks of Monte Rosa, Mont Cenis, the Grand-Paradis, the Roche-Melon, and Monte Viso. All the mountains were white with snow, and assumed the most beautiful hues in the changing light of the setting sun.

Our travellers lingered on the hill until the sun had set, and then hastened back to their hotel, where they partook of a hurried supper, and at half-past seven left Turin for Genoa, which was reached at half-past eleven. They went to the Hôtel de la Ville, situated in the Via Carlo Alberto, and obtained rooms overlooking the harbor. They lingered long at their windows watching the lights in the harbor, high over all which shone the steady glare of the tall light-house.

Genoa is a city of very ancient origin, and from a very early period has been famous as a seaport. In the time of the Romans it was the outlet for the products of the extensive Ligurian coast. After the fall of the Roman empire it endured many vicissitudes, and at length, in the eleventh century, became the capital of an independent republic, having an extensive commerce with all parts of the Mediterranean and the East, and ruling over a number of dependencies in the Mediterranean and the Black Seas. Its great rivals were Pisa and Venice, with each of which it waged long wars. The Pisans were finally conquered in the terrible naval battle of Meloria, in 1284. The Pisan fleet was annihilated, and Genoa became supreme in the Mediterranean. The struggle between Genoa and Venice was carried on for nearly two centuries, but was brought to a close by a decisive victory of the Venetians, in 1380. The internal troubles of Genoa were as numerous as its foreign wars. For a long time the government was in a revolutionary state, and contests were constantly arising between the nobility and the citizens. The defeated party frequently invoked the aid of some foreign power at the cost of their own independence, and after the fourteenth century the city was alternately subject to the kings of France and Naples, the counts of Montferrat, and the dukes of Milan. In 1339 a revolution occurred, by which the exclusive sway of the nobility was overthrown, and a doge invested with the supreme power. This did not produce a much better state of affairs, however, and the internal disturbances continued until 1756. In 1797 the city was captured by the French, and was annexed to France by Napoleon after he became emperor. At his downfall the Congress assigned the city and the adjacent territory to the king of Sardinia. It is now the chief seaport of the kingdom of

Italy, and contains a population of one hundred and thirty-one thousand one hundred.

The land on which Genoa is built sweeps around the harbor in a half-circle, and rises from the water to a height of five hundred feet. This gives to the city an imposing appearance when viewed from the sea, and won for it its an-

THE VIA NUOVA IN GENOA.

cient title of the "Superb." In the background rise the Apennines, which are covered with snow during a portion of the year, and the heights overlooking the city and the water are crowned with powerful detached forts, which form prominent features in any view.

The older portion of the city is massively built, the streets are narrow,

dark, and crooked,—so narrow indeed that horses cannot pass through them. There are but four streets in the city in which vehicles are used. The new streets are wide and handsome. Many of the streets in both sections of the town are exceedingly steep, and some are little more than long stairways connecting the various elevations of the city. The older houses have their fronts handsomely frescoed, and this gives a picturesque appearance to the streets unrivalled in other parts of Europe. The city contains many palaces, some of which are still occupied by their noble owners, while others are used for municipal offices, or for purposes of trade. They are, as a rule, grand structures, and, considering their great age, are in an excellent state of preservation. The entrances to the court-yards of some of them are fully forty feet high, and are surmounted by the arms of the families to which they belonged.

On Monday morning our travellers were up early. A glorious view greeted them as they gazed from their windows, embracing the crowded harbor, with its powerful fortifications, the tall light-house on its western side, and the bright blue waters of the Gulf of Genoa, bounded on the east and west by towering mountains as far as the eye could reach.

"I have always wanted to see Genoa," said George, as the party sat at breakfast. "As it was the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, all Americans ought to be interested in it."

"True enough," said Walter; "but the city gave him no aid in his efforts to find a new world. It couldn't help his being born here, and it got rid of him as soon as it could."

Our travellers spent two delightful days in Genoa. They visited all the places of interest in it, and every hour became more and more pleased with the superb city. The beauty and splendor of its churches, as well as their number, surprised them, and Walter declared that he was of the opinion that the old-time Genoese must either have been a singularly pious people, or were deceiving themselves with the hope that they could buy their way to heaven.

The cathedral, erected in 1100 on the site of an earlier edifice, held them long. It is constructed of alternate blocks of black and white marble, and is dedicated to Saint Lorenzo, or Saint Lawrence the martyr. The interior is very imposing, being also of black and white marble, and its venerable air is deeply impressive. Its side-chapels are very beautiful, the richest and rarest marbles being used in their construction. One of them is said to contain in a stone coffin, set in the altar, the bones of Saint John the Baptist, brought from Palestine during the Crusades. In the sacristy they saw the dish out of which the Saviour and His disciples are said to have eaten the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught a few drops of the blood of the Crucified. They took little interest in these relics, however, for the beauty of the venerable edifice was the chief charm of the place to them. The

Jesuit church of St. Ambrogio, with its splendid decorations and rare paintings by Guido Reni and Rubens, was also visited, and they paused for a while

STREET IN GENOA—THE OLD TOWN.

on the steps to admire the grand old Ducal Palace, on the opposite side of the square, which spoke so eloquently of the past glory of Genoa. The magnifi-

cent Capuchin church of the Annunziata, or the Annunciation, was visited. They admitted it to be unquestionably the most gorgeous interior in the city; but it lacked the solemnity and charm of the cathedral. They visited several of the palaces, and saw the rare works of art with which they are filled, and strolled through the Via Nuova, which is lined with palaces. The narrow streets, with their lofty frescoed houses and their innumerable windings, were a great attraction to them.

"It is just like walking through the Italian opera," said Annie. "The whole town looks like a scene upon the stage, and I really should not be surprised to see Don Giovanni, or any of the other characters, come around one of these corners at any moment."

In front of the railway station they saw the superb monument to Columbus, erected to the memory of the great explorer by his native city. It is a magnificent tribute. A visit was also paid to the palace on the shore of the harbor, presented to the great doge Andrea Doria, by his countrymen, in 1522.

The doctor proved an excellent guide, and told them many interesting incidents connected with the places they visited. All agreed that their visit to Genoa was one of the pleasantest portions of their travels, and when the time came to leave the city they turned their backs upon it with genuine regret.

THE HOTEL REGISTER.

CHAPTER X.

A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

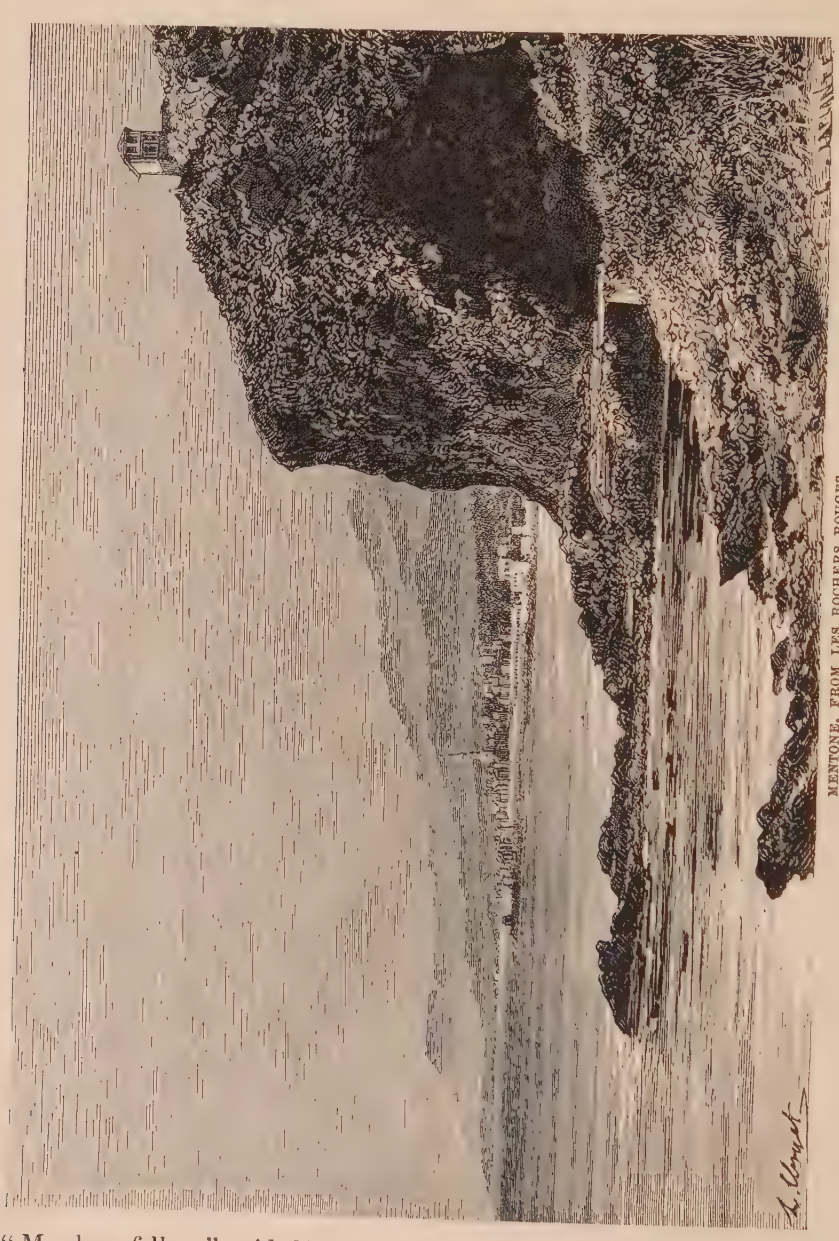
IT had been the intention of Dr. Lawrence from the commencement of the journey to proceed with his companions by the ordinary methods of travel as far as Genoa. There he meant to hire a small sailing-vessel for a cruise in the Mediterranean, which should embrace the Riviera, the Italian coast, Sicily and Greece, and end at Constantinople. This would give them several weeks of pleasant sailing in the Mediterranean in the most delightful season of the year, and would enable them to visit the chief places of interest on the western coast of Italy and in Sicily. Immediately upon reaching Genoa he set about making his inquiries, and at the very outset stumbled upon a piece of good fortune such as he had never dreamed of.

Descending the stairway of the hotel from the office to the street, on the morning of his arrival, he heard his name pronounced by a bluff, hearty voice, and turning, found himself face to face with an old and valued friend. This was Sir George Ashford, an English gentleman of fortune, who had spent considerable time in the United States, and had upon several occasions been a guest at Dr. Lawrence's home. The meeting was a pleasant surprise to both parties, and a long conversation followed. Sir George told the doctor that he had been cruising in the Mediterranean in his yacht for several weeks, and had put into Genoa but two days before. He was now on his way to Constantinople, where business of great importance demanded his immediate presence. When he learned that the doctor was looking out for a vessel his face fairly shone with pleasure.

"Nothing could be more fortunate than our meeting here," he exclaimed, "for we can settle the matter of a vessel on the spot. I must get to Constantinople much quicker than my yacht can take me there, and I leave this city for Brindisi to-morrow, to proceed from there by steamer. I intended that the yacht should follow me. Now what prevents your taking the vessel, making your cruise in it, and joining me at Constantinople?"

"I should ask nothing better," replied the doctor; "but you will be in

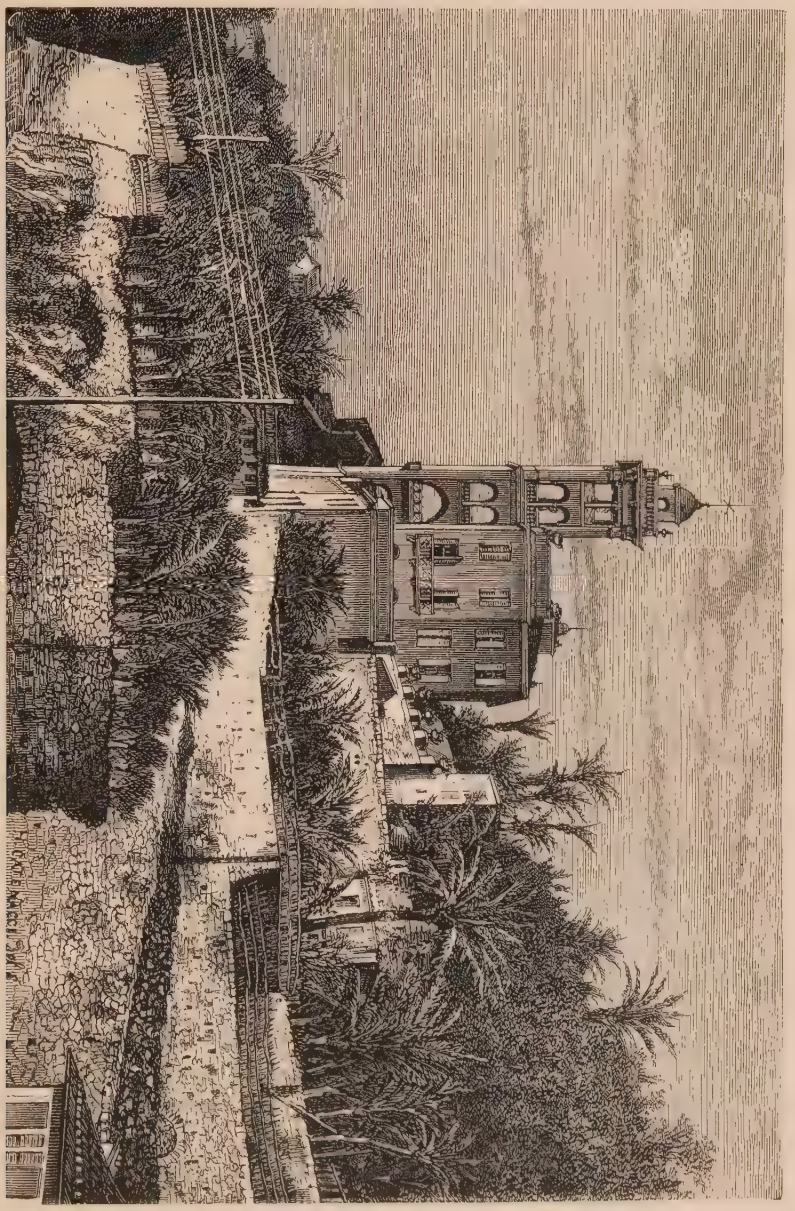
Constantinople in a few days, while we shall not reach there, according to our programme, for a month at least."



MENTONE, FROM LES ROCHERS ROUGES.

"My dear fellow," said Sir George, "my business will keep me at Constantinople for all of two months, if not longer, and in the mean time I

shall not need the vessel, and you can carry out your arrangements at your leisure."



THE VILLA GARNIER, MENTONE.

It was agreed after some further conversation that the doctor should take the yacht. Sir George would accept nothing for the use of the vessel. It was

going to Constantinople anyhow, he said, and his friend's cruise would add nothing to his expenses. The only expense the doctor would be at would be for provisioning the yacht with such supplies as would be needed on the voyage, which could be purchased at any port they might visit, and such gratuities as he might see fit to give the crew at the end of the cruise. Sir George was going on board the yacht at once, and would give the necessary orders to the sailing-master, and the doctor and his party could leave on Wednesday. In the evening, after our travellers came in from their rambles through the city, Sir George called on the ladies and spent a pleasant hour with them. He also brought with him the captain, or sailing-master, of the yacht, whom he introduced to the doctor and his companions. Captain Thompson was decidedly pleased with the arrangement. He declared that it would be much more agreeable to him to have a pleasant party on board than to make a solitary voyage to Constantinople, as he had at first expected.

Sir George Ashford left Genoa on Tuesday, and on Wednesday the doctor and his companions took their departure also. They walked over to the pier immediately opposite their hotel, and there found the boat of the "Fleetwing," with Captain Thompson and two sailors. Their baggage was soon in the boat, and they were comfortably seated in the stern-sheets, and then the sailors gave way with a will and were soon alongside the yacht, which was anchored rather low down in the harbor.

They were delighted with the "Fleetwing." She was a handsome two-masted vessel, as bright and neat as could be desired, and perfect in all her appointments. Her crew consisted of the captain, three sailors, a steward, and a cook. Her decks were as white as snow, and her brasses shone like gold. She was provided with a cosey saloon, handsomely fitted up, and with four of the neatest and snuggest little state-rooms in the world. One was occupied by the captain, the doctor and Mrs. Lawrence were given Sir George's own room, and the others were assigned to the girls and the two boys. They lost no time in making themselves comfortable in their pleasant quarters, and then went on deck to watch the yacht get under way. There they noticed that the captain, in compliment to them, had set the American flag at the fore, while the red cross of England floated astern.

It was one o'clock when they came on board, and they hoped to be off at once, but they were obliged to wait a couple of hours for some provisions which had been ordered to be sent on board. From the deck they had a noble view of Genoa, the town presenting a magnificent appearance in the rich light of the afternoon.

The provisions were received at last, and at three o'clock the anchor was weighed, the sails hoisted, and the "Fleetwing" moved slowly out of the harbor, past the forts and the long mole, and out into the open sea. The afternoon

MENTONE.

was fair and the breeze was favorable, and when they had set all sail after clearing the harbor the handsome little vessel went bowling along at a lively rate. The ladies were a little timid at first, as they feared sea-sickness, but fortunately none of the party suffered from this ill during the entire cruise.

All the afternoon they ran before the breeze across the Gulf of Genoa, with the coast and the lofty Alps beyond it full in sight. Sea and sky were both of an exquisite blue, and were at times so perfectly blended that it was hard to tell where one began and the other ended. Towns and villages and rich slopes of woodland were seen beyond the broad white beach, and once they caught a glimpse of a long train of cars whirling along the railway from Genoa to Nice. The sunset was magnificent, and reminded them very much of the sunsets of the American coast. At night the lights twinkled brightly on the bold headlands of the shore. They sat long on the deck after the darkness had settled down, enjoying the beauty of the night and the soft balmy breeze which came off the shore. When they went to bed at ten o'clock, the captain told them they were off the little island of Gallinara, and would be in the harbor of Mentone by breakfast.

All were up early on Thursday morning, and, to their satisfaction, found the day fair. The coast was nearer than it had been during the night, and the "Fleetwing" was standing in under easy canvas towards a bold promontory, back of which lay a pretty town, whose white walls and towers stood out clearly from its thick groves of trees. This was Mentone, the captain said; the coast before them was France, and to the eastward he pointed out the frontier of Italy. An hour later the "Fleetwing" dropped her anchor in the little harbor. After breakfast the party went ashore, and spent a pleasant day in rambling through the town.

Mentone is a small town of five thousand six hundred inhabitants, and formerly belonged to the principality of Monaco, and afterwards to Sardinia. In 1860 it was annexed to France with Nice. It is now one of the most popular winter-resorts of the Mediterranean, its visitors representing every nation on the globe. It lies at the foot of the Alps, which shelter it from the cold winds, and possesses a charming climate. The town lies amid groves of lemon- and olive-trees, and is very picturesque. It is divided into an old and new town, the latter being of very ancient origin. The new town is made up of modern houses, occupied chiefly by visitors and invalids; it is built along the sea and up into the valleys. The old town is perched high up on a hill, at the foot of its fortified castle, and was once surrounded by walls built to protect its inhabitants from the incursions of the Mediterranean pirates.

Our travellers found the ascent to the old town steep and fatiguing, but were amply repaid for their exertion by the strange scene in the midst of which they found themselves. It was like passing into another world, and every-

SCENE ON THE SHORE NEAR MENTONE.

where they seemed carried back into the Middle Ages. The steep, narrow, dark, and silent streets are merely winding stairways, and at many points massive arches are thrown across them, connecting the houses. The lower parts of the prison-like houses seem damp and cold; but the upper portions are bathed in the sunlight, and command fine views of the sea. Peasant women were toiling up the steeps with baskets or jars of water on their heads, and the streets were filled with a multitude of children, whose beauty was conspicuous even through their dirt and rags.

The party climbed up to the old castle, now a burial-ground, and from their lofty perch enjoyed a noble view. Below them lay the old and new towns, dazzlingly white in the glare of the sun, and embowered in groves of lemon- and olive-trees, and beyond stretched the soft blue expanse of the Mediterranean, broken only at the very horizon by a dark, dreamy-looking mass, which, the doctor told them, was the island of Corsica, the birthplace of the great Napoleon. To the eastward was the long line of the coast, with the picturesque Red Rocks and the rocky ravine which forms the border between France and Italy. Farther still was the Cape of Murtola, beyond which the doctor pointed out the sites of Ventimiglia, Bordighera, and the quaint old town of Dolceacqua. Westward the coast of France stretched away until Cape Martino hid the view with its lofty head. Northward was the encircling wall of the Alps, from which the breeze came down pure and cool. In every direction masses of the richest foliage greeted the eye, and towers, ruins, and graceful villas sprinkled the landscape.

"It is like looking on a picture of Paradise," said Mary.

"Yes," replied the doctor; "it is lovely indeed. The place is called the 'Tourist's Paradise,' and well deserves the name. I read some years ago a legend connected with this place and with its great production of lemons which will interest you. When Adam and Eve were driven from Paradise they fled in dismay, without attempting to carry with them any memento of their happy home in Eden. Adam, sore-hearted and deeply repentant of his sin, took nothing, but Eve, as she went out, could not help glancing regretfully at their lost home, and plucked a magnificent lemon, which was hanging temptingly near, and concealed it under her apron of fig-leaves. When they had passed the gates of Paradise, and were journeying on through the outer world, Eve showed the lemon to Adam, and said, 'I will give this fruit to the most beautiful country I may see on earth.' They wandered in many lands, and at last came to this spot where Mentone now stands, and were enchanted with the beauty of the region, which called up to them their lost Eden. In delight Eve threw the lemon into a neighboring field, saying, 'Go, prosper and multiply. Make of this place a paradise in which the mortals who inhabit it may find from age to age something of the sweetness and blessings of Eden.'

And so the lemon grew and prospered, and vast groves of it overspread the country, until now Mentone annually exports forty million lemons."

Dr. Lawrence had arranged with Captain Thompson that the yacht should go on to Nice, where they would join her the next day, and while they sat in the little cemetery enjoying the lovely prospect they saw the "Fleetwing" weigh anchor, spread her snowy wings, and stand gracefully out of the harbor towards the open sea. When they went down into the town they could still see her sails glittering far away in the sunlight. After a lunch at one of the hotels of the town, the party took a carriage for a drive over the famous Corniche Road to Nice, intending to spend the night at Monaco and go on to Nice in the morning.

HARBOR OF MONACO.

They passed out of Mentone through the most luxuriant vegetation, and climbed the steep hill which lay beyond. Here they stopped the carriage to enjoy the magnificent view. Below them lay Mentone, the view extending up the coast as far as Bordighera, and in the opposite direction was Monaco, with its bold promontory, crowned with noble edifices, jutting out into the blue sea. They left the main road now, and turning to the left, rattled down the steep highway to Monaco, which was reached in a little more than two hours from Mentone. They went to the Hôtel de Paris,

the finest establishment in the place, and, as their carriage drew up at the handsome entrance, they were received by an official, who eyed them rather suspiciously, as he saw that they were without luggage. The doctor told him they had come for the night only, and were to go on to Nice to join their yacht, which was awaiting them there. The manner of the official instantly changed, and at the mention of the yacht he became as polite and attentive as he had before been indifferent, a politeness which was doubtless remembered in the bill the doctor had to settle the next morning.

The hotel was situated next to the famous Casino, on the promontory of Monte Carlo, about one mile from the town of Monaco. As it was only a little after four o'clock they strolled over to the town, passing through the settlement of Condamire, which lies in the flat between the two promontories. They toiled up the steep road leading to Monaco and entered the town, which lies on the level summit of a rock about half a mile long, and one hundred and sixty feet high, projecting into the sea, and precipitous on all sides. In the centre of the town rises the picturesque castle, built in 1542, on the site of a much more ancient edifice. It is still fortified, and is a place of considerable strength. As the castle is only shown on Tuesday afternoon, our travellers did not see the interior, but walked on the batteries, which are furnished with a few old-fashioned cannon and command a lovely view, and strolled through the pretty garden. They visited the old church and the Benedictine abbey, and walked through the picturesque streets, and then returned to the hotel with appetites well sharpened for dinner. On the walk back the doctor told them the history of Monaco.

"The principality of Monaco is the smallest independent monarchy in Europe," he said. "It formerly embraced the towns and territory of Roccabonna and Mentone. It is now limited to the town of Monaco and Monte Carlo and the immediate vicinity, the rest of its territory having passed into the hands of France. Even in the town the custom-house and post-office are under French control. The population is about two thousand, so you see the Prince of Monaco cannot be a very powerful potentate. The origin of the town is uncertain; some writers attribute it to the Greeks, and there is a tradition that it was founded by Hercules. In 1162 the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa granted it to Genoa as a reward for expelling the Saracens from this part of Liguria. The Genoese erected a fortress here, which became the refuge of the nobles who were worsted in their efforts to secure the control of the republic. At the commencement of the fourteenth century Monaco passed into the hands of the Grimaldi family, and the place became the resort of buccaneers, who were openly encouraged by the prince. It continued in the possession of the Grimaldis until 1731, when the male line of that house became extinct, and the succession passed to the descendants of the eldest daughter,

who had married a Frenchman named Thorigny. From her His Highness Charles Honoré III., the present prince, is descended. The rule of these petty princes was so despotic that the people were ground to the earth. They were even prohibited to eat any bread save that made from flour ground and sold by the representatives of the prince, who furnished a poor quality at an enormous price. Even foreigners, who might be passing through the territory, were deprived of their provisions at the frontier, and compelled to buy 'official bread,' as it was called. Every family was compelled to buy a certain quantity of 'official flour' weekly, and a failure to do so was punished. These exactions are but a sample of the numerous acts of despotism practised upon the people. At length they rose in revolt in 1848, drove out the prince, and declared themselves annexed to the kingdom of Sardinia. Their action was approved by Charles

CASTLE OF MONACO.

Albert, the king, who placed Sardinian garrisons in Mentone and Monaco. In 1854 the prince endeavored to re-establish his authority, but was finally expelled. In 1860 France acquired the principality, together with Nice. The claims of the prince were bought out for four million francs, and he was allowed to retain his authority over Monaco and the castle. He now lives in Paris, and supports himself entirely upon the sums paid him by the proprietors of the gaming-saloon at Monte Carlo for the privilege of keeping up that infamous place."

After dinner our travellers paid a visit to the Casino, as the great gaming-house is called. It was a blaze of light, and a fine band was discoursing exquisite music in the dancing-hall. They ascended the broad flight of steps which lead to the stately building, and soon found themselves in a handsome vestibule, where liveried servants received them. They strolled through the

assembly-room, where the band was playing, into the reading-room, both of which were well filled with guests, for, though the season was nearly at an end, a great many persons still lingered at the place. Leaving the ladies and the boys in the reading-room, the doctor went to the office to obtain tickets of admission to the gambling-hall. Two grave-looking secretaries asked for his card, and demanded his name, nationality, and profession, and gave him in return a card admitting himself and party to the hall. Armed with this, he returned to his companions and passed into the gaming-room. This was a large and lofty hall, brilliantly lighted, and containing a number of tables, at which gaming was going on. The most perfect silence was preserved, broken only by the calls of the managers of the game. It was impossible to tell whether the players were winning or losing, so quiet and expressionless were they. Once they saw a handsome young woman, seated at one of the tables, hastily gather up a handful of coin and notes, rise, bow to the company, gaze around with a half-frightened air, and hurriedly leave the hall. No one noticed her departure, and her place at the board was instantly filled. The doctor said she had won, and had evidently carried away a considerable sum; but added that, unless she possessed the rare courage to stay away, she would certainly lose it all, and perhaps more, on her next play. They did not remain long in the hall, as the doctor noticed that the boys were becoming excited by the game; so they strolled out into the gardens, and, finding seats on the pretty terrace overlooking the sea, listened to the music, which came floating out to them mingled with the dash of the waves on the beach below.

They were on the road again by eight o'clock the next morning, and climbed slowly back to the point where they had left the Corniche road on the previous afternoon to visit Monaco. They passed through Roccabruna and climbed the mountain-side, from which they had glorious views of the coast and the broad blue expanse of the sea, and about ten o'clock reached Turbia, a quaint village with a massive ruined Gothic fortress, standing nineteen hundred feet above the sea, and forming one of the most remarkable objects in the landscape. This place, the doctor told them, was once a Roman station on the Via Julia, and was called Trophæa. Augustus built a fortress here, on the site of which the Gothic tower now stands, and the place is believed to mark the ancient frontier between Gaul and Italy. From Turbia the road again ascended, and reached its highest point, two thousand one hundred feet above the sea, about two miles from the village. Along this portion the view was enchanting, embracing the mountains on the right and the long stretch of the sea, on the shore of which they saw the towns and the lovely bays of Villafranca, St. Jean, and Beaulieu, and the bold promontory of St. Ospizio. Nearer still were the village and castle of Esa, on a high peak, with the sea at their feet.

From the summit to Nice the way is almost altogether down-hill. The

THE COAST NEAR NICE.

doctor promised the driver a handsome *pourboire* if he would get them to Nice by twelve o'clock, and as soon as they had commenced the descent the lad whipped up his horses, and carried them forward at a pace which sometimes made them hold their breath. At last Nice came in sight; the pace was increased, and the carriage whirled down the mountain-side, through the long alley of plane-trees, into the town, and stopped in the Place Garibaldi, where it was dismissed and the driver rewarded with the promised gratuity. Having but a few hours to give to the city, the party at once began their sight-seeing.

Nice is a city of fifty-two thousand three hundred inhabitants, and is the capital of the French Department of the Maritime Alps. It is said to have been founded in the fifth century before Christ by the Phocian inhabitants of Marseilles, and named Nicea. Down to 1388 it belonged to the counts of Provence; it then passed to Savoy, which held it until 1792, when it was annexed to France; in 1814 it was restored to Sardinia, and in 1860 was again annexed to France. The great attraction of the place is the mildness of the climate during the winter. It is then thronged with visitors who seek to escape the severity of a northern winter. The old town is a mass of narrow dirty streets lying on the west side of the Paillon, the rocky bed of which is often dry in the summer. On the opposite bank is the new town, or Strangers' Quarter, which has broad streets, handsome buildings, and is rapidly surpassing the old city in size.

Our travellers spent four delightful hours in Nice. They went at once to the summit of the Castle Hill, once crowned with a strong castle, destroyed after its capture by the French under the Duke of Berwick, a general of Louis XIV., and now laid off as a public garden, where palms, oranges, cypresses, and aloes flourish in profusion. The view from this lofty point is very fine, embracing the sea as far to the southward as the dim outline of Corsica, which can be seen faintly on the horizon. To the westward the French coast in sight as far as the promontory of Antibes and the two Isles de Lérins; below is the town of Nice; to the northward are the valley of the Paillon, the fortress-like monasteries of Cimiés and St. Pons, the castle of St. André, Mount Chauve, the Apremont, and, high above all, the Alps; and to the eastward the mountains, the fort of Montalban, and the promontory of Montboron. From the Castle Hill the party passed over to the new town. They saw the fine statue of Marshal Masséna, who was born here, and this led the doctor to remind his companions that the great Italian patriot, Garibaldi, was also a native of Nice. They saw the handsome marble cross in the Rue de France, which marks the place where Pope Paul III., in 1538, effected a reconciliation between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V.; visited the Library, in which they saw some interesting Roman remains; and enjoyed a delightful drive on the beau-

tiful English promenade, which skirts the sea for a mile and a half, and is bordered by handsome hotels, villas, and gardens.

Then they drove down to the little harbor, which lies under the eastern slope of the Castle Hill, and signalled the "Fleetwing" to take them on board. This was soon accomplished, and preparations for immediate departure were begun. The harbor is accessible only to vessels of light draught, and is difficult to enter or leave. The captain was therefore anxious to get away in broad daylight, and be well off the coast by sunset. They sailed a little before five, and working their way out slowly, passed the light-house and gained the open water, then all sail was made, and with a fair breeze they sped along out to sea, and by sunset had left the land far behind. At night the lights on the French coast were faintly seen, and every hour the "Fleetwing" bounded farther on into the open sea.

They enjoyed a pleasant night, rocked gently on the heaving bosom of the Mediterranean, and as the wind held fair all night, the "Fleetwing" was able to keep all sail set, and fully maintained her reputation as a swift sailer. When the boys, who were the first to make an appearance, came on deck on Saturday morning, they found the yacht bowling along merrily, with a smooth sea and a delicious breeze. They were soon joined by their companions, and at length Captain Thompson came on deck. He greeted them heartily, and pointed out the lofty outline of Corsica, which was now plainly in sight to the southward, and which they kept in view all the rest of the morning. He told them that if the wind held fair during the day they would reach Leghorn, the port to which they were bound, late in the afternoon, in time for them to take one of the afternoon or early evening trains for Florence. All day they ran along without once shortening sail, finding a most agreeable companion in the captain, who had been a sailor in many seas, and who told them many interesting incidents connected with his voyages. It was delightful to lie on the deck and watch the graceful vessel skim over the blue water. The sky was cloudless and the day warm, but the breeze tempered the heat and made the weather positively delicious. Towards mid-day the dark line of the Apennines came into view, and in the afternoon the captain pointed out the island of Gregona, straight ahead, and Capraja and Elba to the southward. Later in the afternoon they passed a few miles to the northward of Gregona, and then the tall light-house at Leghorn came in sight, with the town lying back of it. By six o'clock they had passed through the outer harbor and had dropped their anchor in the busy inner port. The "Fleetwing's" boat set them ashore, and they drove at once to the railway station. Leghorn was left at a quarter to eight, and at ten o'clock they reached Florence. They found the omnibus of the Grand Hôtel Royal de la Paix in waiting, and were soon in their comfortable quarters in that handsome house.

Florence, the capital of the former grand duchy of Tuscany, was founded by the Romans in the first century before Christ, and, owing to its favorable situation, soon became a place of considerable importance. It suffered severely by the inroads of the barbarians during the Dark Ages, but revived about the eleventh century. In 1010 the Florentines conquered the ancient town of Fiesole, and aided the Pisans in their contests with Lucca and Genoa. They also took an active contest in the quarrel that sprang up about this time between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the town generally supporting the cause of the Pope against the Imperial party. These conflicts proved very detrimental to the interests of the city, as the powerful nobles were constantly bidding for the favor of the rival parties as a means of perpetuating their own authority. In 1250 the people took matters into their own hands, and organized a national guard under a "Captain of the People," and from this time matters began to improve, and the city advanced rapidly in wealth and prosperity. In 1552 was coined the first golden florin, which soon became the standard of commercial value throughout Europe, and marks the important position attained by the city in the commerce of those times. Previous to this, however, the workmen's guilds of the city, among which the Wool-weavers, the Cloth-dealers, Silk-workers, and Money-changers were the most important, began to assert their right to a share in the government, and in 1282 the chief executive authority was entrusted to their presidents. The nobles were held in check by strict laws, the execution of which was committed to the Gonfaloniere della Giustizia, who after 1300 became the President of the Signoria, or the Board of Presidents above referred to. A new struggle now burst out between the Whites and the Blacks, and the Blacks, who were really the old Guelphic party, obtained possession of the city. They banished a large number of the Whites, among whom was the poet Dante Alighieri. A long period of lawlessness followed, and was closed by Giovanni de' Medici, the founder of the celebrated family of that name, who seized the supreme power as the representative of the popular party. He died in 1429, and was succeeded by his son Cosimo, who was overthrown by the Albizzi in 1433, but returned after an exile of a year and resumed the reins of government with almost princely magnificence. He employed his wealth liberally in the advancement of art and science, and was called by the grateful Florentines the "Father of his Country." He was succeeded by his son Pietro, in 1464, and in 1469 by his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, under whom Florence reached the height of its glory and power. Lorenzo was a poet, a statesman, and a noble patron of art and science. His court was one of the most brilliant in Europe, and he made Florence the centre of the Renaissance, which had for its object the revival of the poetry, the art, the eloquence, and the science of antiquity. The most gifted men of Italy and other countries were attracted to Florence, and liberally encouraged. Lorenzo's

rule was not without opposition on the part of some of the nobles, and several attempts—the most formidable of which was the conspiracy of the Pazzi, in 1478—were made to overthrow him. He maintained his authority firmly, however, punishing his opponents, and preserving the independence of the

FLORENCE.

republic by prudent alliances with Venice and Milan. He died in 1492, at the early age of forty-three, an absolute sovereign in all but the name. His son, Pietro, succeeded him, but was expelled nine months later by the people. Then followed a troubled period of about forty years, during which the city

submitted to Charles VIII. of France, and was captured by the Emperor Charles V., who re-established the rule of the Medici under his powerful protection. During the period of disorder, Savonarola had attempted to set up a theocratic republic, but his death at the stake, in 1498, put an end to the effort. In 1536, Cosimo I. came to the throne as hereditary sovereign. He partly revived the fame of the Medici by his patronage of literature and art, but destroyed every vestige of civil liberty. In 1737 the line of the Medici became extinct, and the emperor conferred the duchy of Tuscany on Francis of Lorraine, the husband of his daughter Maria Theresa, who, becoming emperor in his turn, established the duchy as an appanage of the second sons of the emperors. Except during the period of the French Revolution and the rule of Napoleon I., Tuscany remained in the possession of the house of Austria. In 1859 the grand duke was driven out by a popular revolution, and in 1860 the duchy became a part of the kingdom of Italy. From 1864 to 1870 Florence was the capital of the Italian kingdom.

The city lies on both sides of the Arno, in a lovely valley enclosed by spurs of the Apennines. It is handsomely built, and contains a population, including the suburbs, of nearly one hundred and seventy thousand.

On the morning after their arrival, our travellers strolled along the Lung' Arno, as the street which borders the river is called. Here are the shops of the principal jewellers and the dealers in the famous Florentine mosaics. The shops are generally small, but the display in the windows is rich in beauty and value. They crossed and recrossed the Ponte Vecchio, or Old Bridge, a two-story structure, and one of the most interesting spots in the city. The upper part is enclosed, and forms a portion of the passage-way by which the palaces of the Signoria and the Uffizi are connected with the Pitti Palace. The lower portion consists of a broad roadway lined with shops which have belonged to the jewellers since 1593. The young people found much to interest them on the bridge, and would have lingered longer had time permitted. From the bridge they passed through the broad Via Calzajoli, and turned off to see the markets, which constitute one of the most curious sights of Florence. The display of meats, fruits, and vegetables was the most tempting they had seen in Europe, but the place was dirty beyond description, and they were glad to turn off from it into the Piazza de Mercato. This, the doctor told them, is the most ancient square in Florence, and was called by the Lombards the Forum of the King. The column in the middle marks the centre of the city. Continuing their walk they soon reached the square of the Duomo, in which stand the beautiful cathedral and the baptistery. They went first into the latter building, which is a superb octagonal structure of colored marble erected on the site of the temple of Mars. Previous to 1128 it was the principal church of the Florentines. It is now used, as its name indicates, for baptisms. Here

they saw the famous bronze doors which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. They were familiar with them from having seen the plaster cast in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, but the beauty of the original far surpassed their expectations. Returning to the square, they walked around the cathedral admiring the grandeur and beauty of the noble structure, at the side of which the lofty campanile, or bell tower, rises to a height of two hundred and ninety-two feet, or fifty feet less than the dome of the church. Both edifices are built of alternate layers of black and white marble, and are richly ornamented with sculptures. The interior of the cathedral greatly disappointed them. It is grand in its vastness, but is bare and has an empty look. As it was Sunday, mass was being celebrated as they entered, and they heard some fine music.

THE PLAINS OF TUSCANY.

From the cathedral they passed through a number of old streets, very interesting in appearance, and came out into the Piazza della Signoria, once the forum of the republic, and the scene of its popular assemblies and tumults. On one side of the square rises the massive Palazzo Vecchio, once the seat of the government of the republic, subsequently the residence of Cosimo I., and now used as the town hall. It was erected in 1298, and above it rises a tower three hundred and eight feet high, from which the old-time rulers kept a watch upon the city. At the north end of the palace is the Great Fountain, which marks the site where Savonarola was burned, in 1498. Opposite the palace is the Loggia dei Lanza, an open hall, filled with statuary, among which the party spent some time. Then they turned into the beautiful portico

of the Uffizi Palace, which leads from the square down to the river, and is ornamented with statues of the great men of Tuscany. In the Palazzo Vecchio they saw the beautiful court-yard and the state apartments of the old Medici Palace. The Great Hall was used for the sittings of the Italian Chamber when Florence became the capital of Italy. In the Uffizi Palace the party spent several hours, viewing with delight the grand collection of paintings and statuary which it contains. Here they saw the famous statue known as the Venus de' Medici, found in the sixteenth century in the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, and perhaps the most beautiful work of any time. They visited also the galleries of the Pitti Palace, reaching it by following the long, covered passage-way which extends over the tops of the houses of the city, and crosses the river on the Ponte Vecchio. In the National Academy, once the Palace of the Podesta, the chief magistrate of Florence, they found another rare collection of works of art, and in the academy they saw Michael Angelo's famous statue of David. Indeed, they saw so many pictures and statues during their two days in Florence that Mary declared she would never be able to remember them at all, and as for the boys, they made no effort to do so.

During their stay in Florence they visited the principal churches of the city, some of which are very beautiful and interesting. In the church of Santa Croce they saw the tombs of Michael Angelo, Macchiavelli, Alfieri, and other eminent Florentines. In the venerable church of San Lorenzo, the magnificent monuments of the Medici family aroused their admiration. The splendid frescoes of the church of Santa Maria Novella also greatly interested them, and a visit was paid to the Museum of St. Mark, once the Dominican monastery of which Savonarola was an inmate, and here they lingered long before the beautiful frescoes of Fra Angelico.

Two delightful days were passed in Florence, our travellers seeing and enjoying much more than has been recorded here. They were sorry when, on Monday night at half-past eight, they took the train for Pisa. Their visit had been a hurried one, but they had made the most of their time, and had brought away with them a vivid impression of the scenes they had witnessed in the fairest city of Italy. Pisa was reached at half-past ten, and they went directly to their hotel.

On Tuesday morning the doctor and his party made an early breakfast, and started out to see the town. There is very little of importance to the traveller in Pisa, almost nothing after the cathedral and the adjacent buildings have been visited. A Roman colony in 180 B.C., the capital of a powerful republic during the Middle Ages, it is now a dull and sleepy town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, situated on both banks of the Arno, ten miles from Leghorn. As they were to leave Pisa at two o'clock, they set off immediately after breakfast for the cathedral. This beautiful building stands in a large open

square at the extreme northwest corner of the city, and in the same square are its baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo, all of which were

PISA.

commenced between the years 1000 and 1100, when Pisa was at the height of its power. The cathedral is a noble building of white marble, with black and colored ornamentation. It is three hundred and twelve feet in length and one

hundred and six feet in breadth, with nave and double aisles, intercepted by a transept with aisles, and surrounded by an elliptical dome over the centre. The exterior is richly decorated with columns of colored marble and with statues. The interior is exquisitely beautiful, and our travellers declared it the most gorgeous they had yet seen. The roof is supported by sixty-eight columns of marble, captured by the Pisans in war. Many of them are fragments of ancient Greek and Roman temples. The church contains twelve magnificent altars and a number of fine paintings. All that art and wealth could do to adorn it have been lavished upon it. The baptistery is a beautiful circular structure, built of the same material as the cathedral, and stands a hundred yards or more distant from it. The interior is simple, but elegant. While the party stood under the dome the guide began to sing in a low, sweet tone, and suddenly paused. Instantly the echo repeated the strains, but in tones so wondrously sweet and pure that they seemed to have lost all the humanity of the voice below. This was repeated several times, and each time the wonderful echo came back softly and sweetly, and died away in a solemn whisper.

From the baptistery they walked over to the famous Leaning Tower, which stands at the opposite end of the cathedral, and is simply the bell tower of the church. It is built in eight different stories, which are surrounded with half-columns and six colonnades. It is of white marble, is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and leans thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. Our travellers ascended to the gallery at the top, and enjoyed a beautiful view of the city, the valley of the Arno, the Apennines, and the distant Mediterranean. The tower is seven hundred years old, and its leaning position is believed to have been caused by the settling of the foundations on one side.

Descending the tower, they passed over to the Campo Santo, or burial-ground of the rich Pisans. This is simply a Gothic gallery or corridor surrounding an open court-yard. The outer sides are closed, but numerous arcades open on the court-yard. After the loss of the Holy Land, Archbishop Ubaldo of Pisa, in the latter part of the twelfth century, had fifty-three shiploads of earth brought from Mount Calvary at Jerusalem and deposited here, that the faithful Pisans might rest in holy ground. The walls of the corridors are beautifully frescoed, and the tombstones of those who are buried here form the pavement. The galleries contain a large number of superb monuments, and a collection of Roman, Etruscan, and mediæval sculptures.

Having seen the wonders of Pisa, our travellers drove through various parts of the city, and by two o'clock were comfortably seated in the carriage that was to convey them to Leghorn. The train started immediately, and in half an hour they were at the station in Leghorn. There being nothing to see in that city they went on board the "Fleetwing" at once, and an hour later the

yacht glided swiftly out of the harbor, and they were once more upon the Mediterranean. By sunset they were off the island of Elba, a lofty mountain mass, famous as the place to which Napoleon was exiled, in 1814, and from which he escaped to enter upon the futile effort to recover his power in Europe.

ISLAND OF ELBA.

During the night they passed between Elba and the mainland, and the next day skirted the coast, passing several small islands, and enjoying magnificent views of the sea, the islands, and the distant mountains of Italy. It was after nightfall when they entered the harbor of Civita Vecchia and dropped anchor under the guns of the fort.

CHAPTER XI.

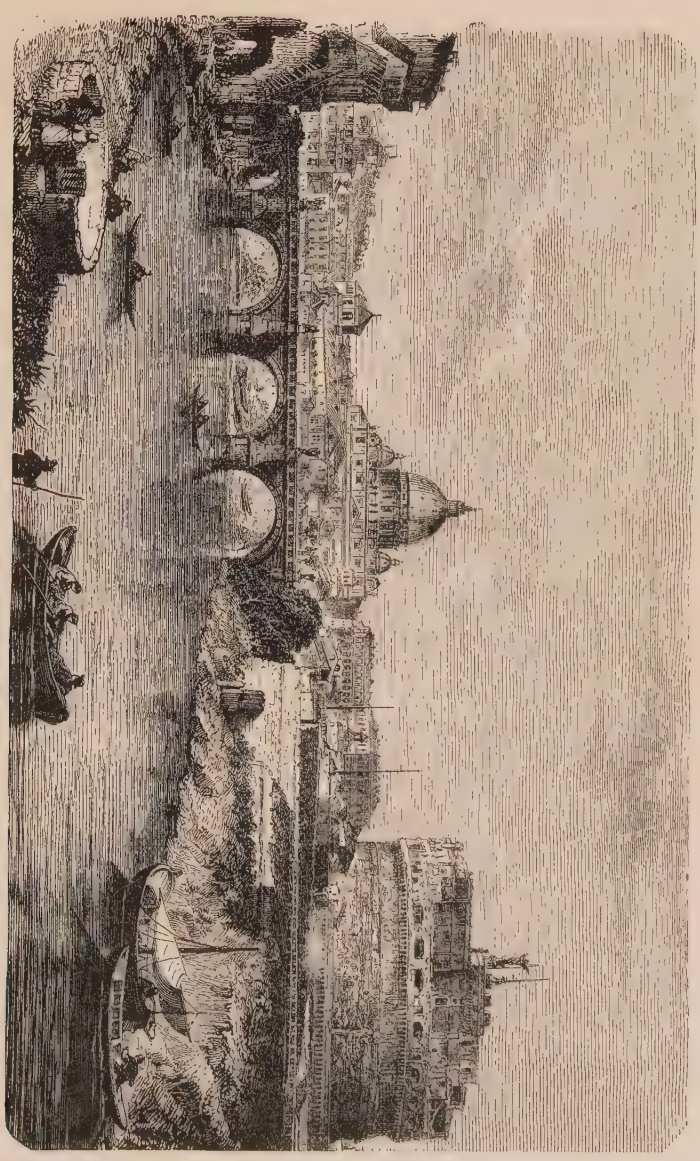
ROME AND NAPLES.

DR. LAWRENCE and his companions went ashore early on Thursday morning, May 19, and proceeding at once to the railway station, took the quarter to seven train for Rome, which was reached at a quarter to ten. The route was uninteresting until the magnificent panorama of the Eternal City came in view, and then all crowded to the window, and watched the city, with its walls, towers, and churches, as the train rapidly swept around it. Scarcely a word was spoken by any of the party, and even the boys were made silent by their first sight of Rome. In a little while the train passed in through the city walls, and stopped in the handsome station which now occupies the site of the Baths of Diocletian.

Our travellers spent five days in Rome. It was so late in the spring that Dr. Lawrence was afraid to linger longer. I cannot hope to describe here all they saw, or even to mention all the places they visited, for that would require a volume in itself. Neither can I present their adventures in strict chronological order, as I have done in smaller places. I must content myself with presenting only the leading features of their visit.

Their first visit was to St. Peter's and the Vatican. They greatly enjoyed the drive from their hotel, but were somewhat surprised to find the streets through which they passed looking so bright and business-like. They crossed the venerable bridge of St. Angelo, and had a fine view of the old castle, once a stronghold of the popes, and now a fortress of the Italian government. It looked so venerable and majestic that it fully realized their expectations, but they experienced the feeling of profound disappointment, which all travellers share, when they came into the square in front of St. Peter's. The square, the colonnades, the portico of the church, were all grand, but the dome seemed insignificant. It was not until they had ascended the steps, passed in through the portico and the great doorway, and had advanced some distance into the church, that they realized the vastness of the structure. Everything around

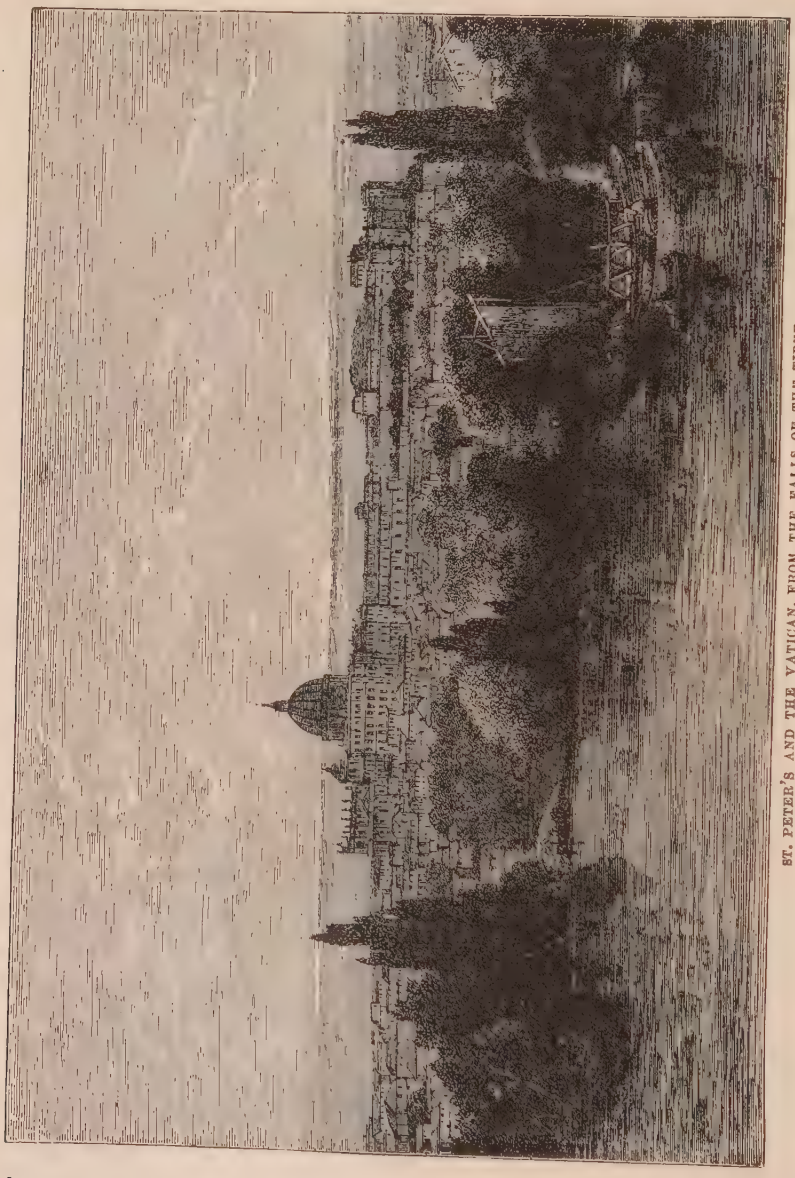
them was on so gigantic a scale that they seemed but pigmies in the great church.



ROME.

The cathedral of St. Peter is said to have been founded by Constantine, at the request of Pope Sylvester I., more than fifteen centuries ago. The present edifice, built on the site of the older church, was begun in 1450 by Pope Nicholas V., and completed in 1626, the greatest Italian architects, among whom

was Michael Angelo, having been employed in its construction. It cost nearly fifty million dollars, and the annual expense of keeping it in order is nearly



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN, FROM THE FALLS OF THE TIBER.

fifty thousand dollars. The length of the church including the portico is six hundred and ninety-six feet; the height of the nave is one hundred and fifty feet; the breadth of the nave, twenty-nine yards; the length of the transept

inside, four hundred and fifty feet; the height of the dome from the pavement is four-hundred and three feet,—to the summit of the cross, four hundred and thirty-five feet. There are twenty-nine altars in addition to the high altar.

Our travellers remained several hours in the church on their first visit, and frequently returned to it. They went down to the shrine which is said to stand immediately over the tomb of St. Peter, and which lies below the high altar or tribune, under the dome. They explored every part of the vast church, never losing their feeling of awe at its grandeur, and enjoying the sublime beauty of the noble interior. During their stay in Rome they ascended to the ball of the cross on the dome, and from several points in the dome obtained magnificent views of the city, the Campagna, and the distant mountains.

Their visit to the Vatican was in every way enjoyable. This is the largest palace in the world, and was begun about the end of the fifth century by Pope

ISLAND OF THE TIBER.

Symmachus. Additions were made to it by succeeding popes, and it can hardly be said to have been completed until the last century. It contains twenty courts, and eleven thousand halls, chapels, saloons, and private apartments. Only a small portion of the palace is open to the public. By a law of the Italian kingdom the Vatican and the Lateran, and their dependent buildings, are not subject to the authority of the King of Italy.

Our travellers passed in at the entrance opening upon the great square of St. Peter's, which is guarded by a detachment of the Swiss guard, whose magnificent uniforms were one of the sights of the place, and ascending the noble stairway, called the Scala Regia, passed into the Sistine Chapel, erected by Pope

Sixtus IV. in 1473. Here they saw Michael Angelo's great fresco of the Last Judgment, which covers the wall back of the altar. The ceiling was also painted by him, and the other walls are adorned with frescoes by the great Florentine masters of the fifteenth century. Apart from its paintings the chapel was very bare, and this surprised the visitors, who expected to find it one of the most elaborate in Europe. They visited the beautiful halls which are ornamented with the frescoes of Raphael, and lingered long before these master-works of the great artist. Then they passed around to the western side of the palace, and visited the Museum of Sculpture, which occupies a number of superb galleries. Here they spent a delightful morning, seeing among the other great works with which the galleries are filled the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, the Mercury of the Belvedere, and the famous Torso, which have excited the admiration of centuries.

The young people were anxious to see the pope, but the doctor told them that His Holiness lived a very retired life, seeing but few persons, and that it would be simply impossible to procure the honor of an audience in the limited time they were to spend in Rome.

As they came back through the square before St. Peter's, the doctor told his companions that the church marks two memorable sites: the spot where the body of St. Peter is said to have been interred after his crucifixion on the Janiculum, and the Circus of Nero,—the foundation of the seats of which support the southern wall of the church,—wherein occurred those fearful martyrdoms of the Christians described by Tacitus.

During their stay in Rome they visited many of the churches, which are among the chief objects of interest in the modern city. One of these visits was paid to the beautiful church of the Gesu, or the Jesuit Church, which is attached to the enormous convent in which that order has its headquarters. They were fortunate in the time of their visit here, and heard one of the exquisite musical services for which the church is famous. Upon no religious edifice in Rome has so much wealth been lavished, in proportion to the size of the interior. It is a mass of the rarest and most costly marbles, bronze, gold, and *lapis-lazuli*.

In the great square of St. John Lateran they saw the famous obelisk, erected before the great temple of Thebes seventeen hundred and forty years before the Christian era, and brought to Rome by Constantine the Great and his son Constantinus. Opposite this are the Lateran Palace and the basilica of St. John Lateran. The latter is the cathedral of Rome, and mother and head of all the Roman Catholic churches throughout the world. In this church the pope is crowned, and here he performs his first act as supreme pontiff,—that of taking possession of the Lateran Basilica. It was consecrated in 319 by Saint Sylvester, and has been several times restored. The original

church was destroyed by fire in 1308, and the present edifice dates from a few years later. It is one of the largest and grandest churches in Rome, and our travellers found it also one of the most interesting. It contains the tomb of Pope Sylvester II., whose great scientific knowledge caused him to be regarded as a magician, and there is a legend that his bones rattle in their coffin when a

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN LATERAN.

pope is about to die. Adjoining the church is the baptistery, in which the party saw the font in which Constantine the Great was baptized, and in which Rienzi bathed on the night previous to his coronation in the church. The Lateran Palace, the ancient residence of the popes, stands next to the church, and contains a valuable and interesting museum of Pagan and Christian antiquities.

Across the square is the building which contains the Holy Stairs. This is a flight of white marble steps, said to have belonged to the Palace of Pilate at Jerusalem, and the legend states that the Saviour was conducted up these on His way to judgment. They are so much worn that they are now covered with planks to preserve them. Our travellers found a throng of monks and pilgrims ascending them on their knees, pausing on each to recite an appropriate prayer.

They visited also the church of the Ara Cœli, built, it is believed, on the site of the famous temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and in which Gibbon tells us he conceived the idea of writing "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; the church of St. Pietro in Vinculi, so called because in it are preserved the chains with which it is said St. Peter was bound when he was imprisoned in Jerusalem by order of Herod, and in which they saw Michael Angelo's great statue of Moses, which was intended to form a part of the tomb of Pope Julius II. in St. Peter's; the basilica Santa Maria Maggiore, the chief church dedicated to the worship of the Blessed Virgin in Rome, in which is preserved what is said to be the manger in which our Lord was laid after His birth; and the church of Santa Maria in Via Lata, built upon the remains of "his own hired house," in which "Saint Paul dwelt two whole years," and in which Saint Luke is said to have written the Acts of the Apostles. Merely to enumerate the churches visited would fill a chapter.

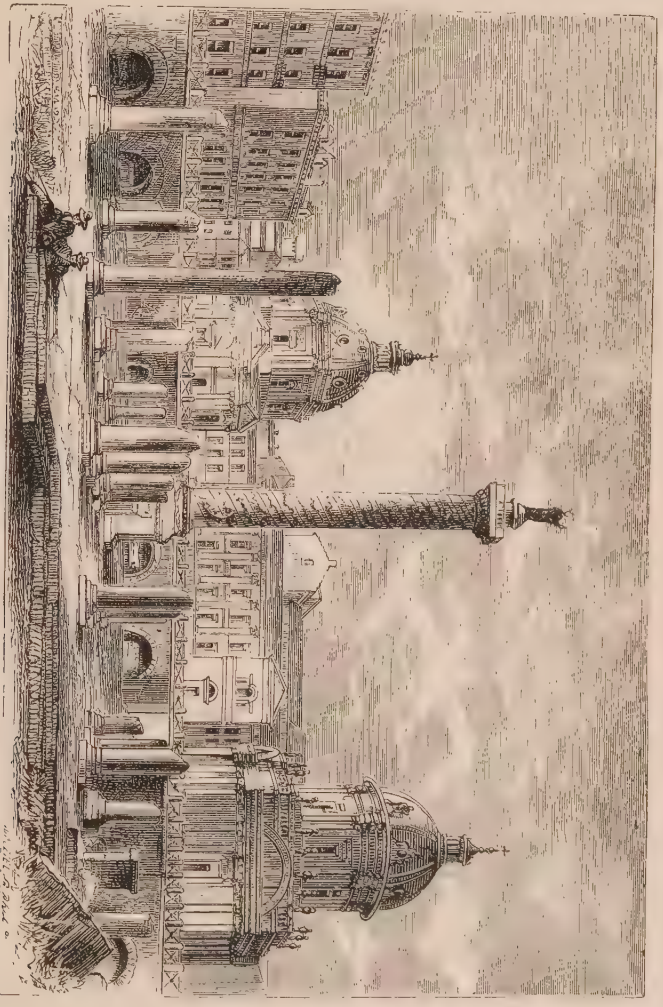
The Pantheon, one of the few buildings spared by the Goths and Vandals, was also visited. It was built by Marcus Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, twenty-seven years before the Christian era, and, with the exception of the external and internal decorations of the walls, it stands entire as it came from the hands of the builders. It was dedicated to Jupiter the Avenger and all the gods, and is circular in form, with a magnificent portico at the principal entrance. The great painter Raphael is buried in it.

A visit was also paid the basilica of St. Paul Without the Walls. This grand church stands beyond the city walls, and on the site of one of even greater magnificence, erected in 324, by Constantine, on the spot where the body of Saint Paul was buried immediately after his martyrdom. The ancient church was destroyed by fire in 1823, and the present edifice, which was begun soon after, and which is regarded as the most magnificent of the Roman churches, is still unfinished.

As their stay in Rome was to be so short, the doctor wisely decided to give the time to seeing the city, its churches, and antiquities, and so less time was devoted to the beautiful art collections in the palaces of the Roman nobles than they could have wished. They confined their visits, therefore, to the Borghese, Doria, and Colonna Palaces, and greatly enjoyed the rare and beautiful works with which they are filled.

One of the earliest visits of the doctor and his party was made to the Cap-

itol. On the way they passed the Forum of Trajan, which has been excavated and exposed to view during the present century. The old pavement lies a considerable distance below the modern street, but the place has been so thoroughly uncovered that its entire outline is exposed. It was the most magnificent of all the structures of its kind in ancient Rome. At the north side rises



FORUM OF TRAJAN.

the Column of Trajan, erected to commemorate the emperor's victories over the Dacians.

Our travellers ascended the stairs leading to the Capitol, and paused to admire the handsome edifice, and the statues of Marcus Aurelius and the "great twin brothers," Castor and Pollux.

"Here," said the doctor, "stood the ancient Capitol, the citadel of Rome. Here Romulus founded his asylum; here the popular assemblies were afterwards held; here the Romans held out against the Gauls, when the city was destroyed; and here the first blood was shed in civil strife in the suppression of the revolt of Tiberius Gracchus."

They visited the fine museums of the Capitol, and then walked around to the Tarpeian Rock, once the precipice from which traitors were hurled, but now almost hidden by the houses that cluster around it.

Descending from the Capitol to the Forum, they stopped to visit the Mamertine Prison, one of the most interesting relics of ancient Rome. A little church, dedicated to Saint Joseph of the Carpenters, stands over it, and entering through this, our travellers passed into the prison. It dates from the earliest periods of the city, and is said to have been built by Ancus Martius, and enlarged by Servius Tullius. It consists of two chambers, one beneath the other. In the lower one there is a circular opening into a well, into which the condemned were thrown to die of cold and hunger. Jugurtha, Cethægus and Lentulus, accomplices of Cataline, Vercingetorix, the heroic leader of the Gauls, Simon Bar Gionas, the defender of Jerusalem, and Sejanus, suffered here. A tradition, in which there seems nothing improbable, relates that the apostles Peter and Paul were confined in the lower chamber.

Coming out from the prison, our travellers saw in front of them the magnificent Arch of Septimius Severus, built in A.D. 204, and still remaining one of the noblest monuments of Rome. Back of it are the ruins of the once splendid Temple of Concord, erected by Camillus, in B.C. 386, to commemorate the agreement between the patricians and plebeians respecting the election of consuls. The ancient Forum of Rome was now before them, almost the entire space having been laid bare. Ruined and deserted as it now is, the doctor told his companions that it was once the most magnificent portion of ancient Rome. Here and on the Capitoline Hill were the chief temples and the most superb public edifices of the city. Here the great assemblies of the Roman people were held, and here the Senate House stood. Here were enacted some of the greatest deeds and darkest crimes in the history of man. Our travellers wandered among the ruins of the ancient Tabularium, or the Great Record office; the Temple of Saturn, which was from the earliest times the public treasury; the Portico of the Twelve Great Deities; the old Rostrum; the once grand Basilica Julia, founded by Julius Cæsar, and completed by Augustus; the broken but still splendid columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, built in B.C. 484, in commemoration of the victory of Lake Regillus; and the Temple of the Deified Julius, erected by Augustus on the spot where Cæsar's body was burned. The doctor pointed out the line of the *Via Sacra*, the street in which the Romans set up the records of their great deeds. They visited the

magnificent ruins of the Basilica of Constantine, opposite the lower end of the Forum, and then crossing the valley went up the Palatine Hill, and spent a long time wandering through the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. No de-

COLOSSEUM.

scription can give an adequate idea of these great and magnificent ruins, which show even more strikingly than the Forum itself the grandeur of the ancient city. They constitute what is left of the palace of the emperors of Rome. Begun by Augustus and enlarged repeatedly by successive emperors, it re-

mained the imperial residence until the removal of the capital to Constantinople, when it fell into decay. It covered upwards of sixty acres, and was the grandest palace of the ancient or modern world.

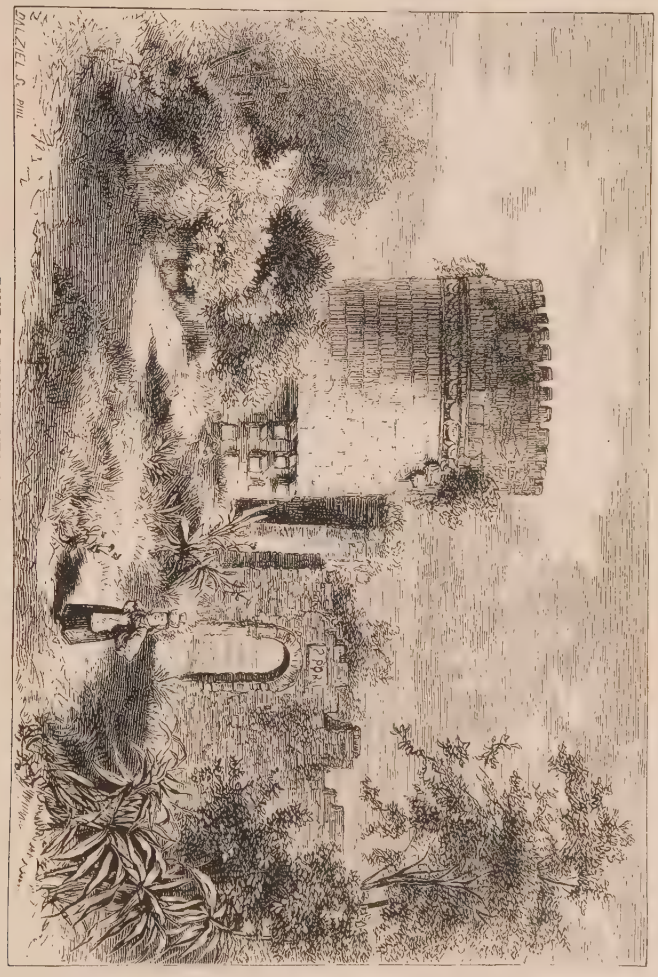
Leaving the Palace of the Cæsars, our travellers followed the remains of the *Via Sacra* to the Arch of Titus, a few yards distant. This arch was erected after the death of Titus to commemorate his conquest of Judæa and the taking of Jerusalem. It stood at the end of the *Via Sacra*, and at the point where the *Via Triumphalis* began. It is built of white Pentelic marble, and is adorned with alto-reliefs representing the triumphal entry of Titus into Rome after the war. One of these reliefs represents the soldiers bearing the chief trophies brought from Jerusalem, among which are the golden candlestick, the golden table of the shew bread, and the silver trumpets. On the left of the Arch are fragments of the ruins of the magnificent Temple of Venus and Rome, erected by Hadrian in A.D. 121. Passing through the Arch of Titus, and down the incline, once the *Via Triumphalis*, by which the victorious legions entered the city in triumph, our travellers came to the Arch of Constantine, erected by him to commemorate his great victory over Maxentius. They lingered but a short time to examine this, for just across the street rose the grand ruin of the Colosseum. This, the doctor told them, was called in ancient times the Flavian Amphitheatre, and was founded by Vespasian about the year 72, on the site of a lake in the garden of Nero's palace. In the year 80 Titus dedicated it with games which lasted one hundred days, and during which nine thousand wild animals were slain in the arena. It is in the form of an ellipse, measuring eighteen hundred and forty-eight feet in circumference, and is built in a series of three arcades, one above another, with an attic over all, the total height being one hundred and sixty-five feet. The seats, which range upwards from the area, are of massive stone, and could accommodate an audience of eighty-seven thousand persons. These were protected from the heat of the sun by an awning of canvas stretched across the building. The Amphitheatre was originally designed for exhibitions of wild beasts, which were made to fight with each other in the arena. Later on gladiatorial combats took place here, and after the persecution of the Christians began, many of them suffered martyrdom in the arena. Our travellers spent a long time here, wandering through the massive arches, and climbing from tier to tier among the ruined seats.

"How grand it must have been when the Romans had it!" said George. "I would be willing to have lived in that time to have seen one first-class old Pagan show here."

One of their pleasantest excursions was by the Via Triumphalis and the Appian Way to the Baths of Caracalla and the Catacombs. They drove at a rattling pace by the Colosseum, under the Arch of Constantine, and under the

shadow of the Palace of the Cæsars. On the hill to their left a regiment of Italian soldiers was exercising, and in a grove near the church of St. Gregory the buglers were practising. As the blare of the bugles rang out on the air, George exclaimed,—

"I can see it all over again. Here came the victorious legions, with the bugles thrilling at their head, and their eagles soaring above them, marching



TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA, IN THE APPIAN WAY.

proudly up this old street into the Via Sacra and the Forum to receive the thanks of the Senate, while all Rome crowded these hills, and cheered them to the echo."

At the end of the Palatine Hill they turned to the left, and, passing the site of the old Porta Capena, entered upon the famous Appian Way. The doctor

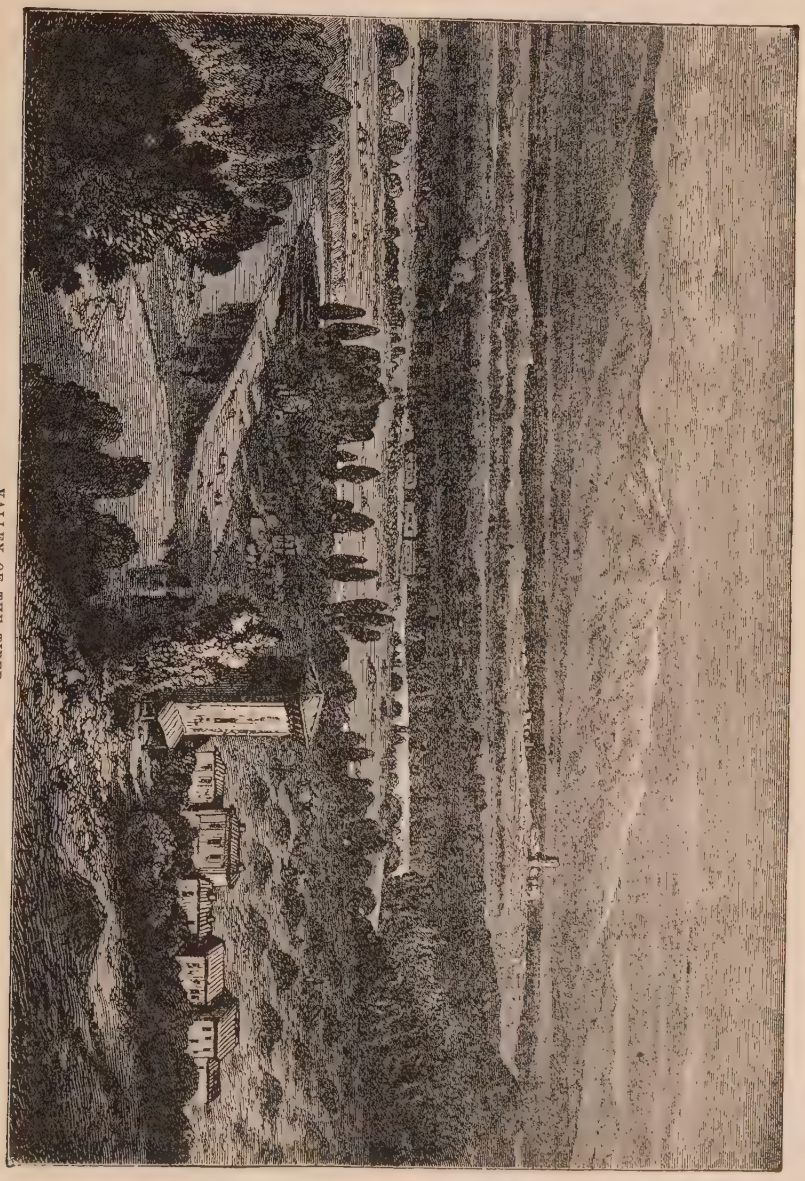
told them that in ancient times the whole of this road, from the Porta Capena to beyond the Alban Hills, was lined on each side with the splendid monuments of the great and wealthy Romans. As they drove over a little brook some distance farther on, called in classic days "The Water of Mercury," and now the Marrana, he pointed out the site of the Fountain of Egeria, where the nymph was wont to meet "Old Numa in his hallowed walks" and inspire him with wisdom. They turned up a little lane, and left the carriage to visit the Baths of Caracalla, once the grandest of all the Roman baths, and opened in A.D. 216. They were built in the most sumptuous manner of the rarest marbles, and covered an enormous extent of ground. They contained baths of all kinds, libraries, lecture-rooms, galleries of painting and sculpture, and rich gardens. The ruins rival the Colosseum in interest, and show even more strikingly the splendor and luxury to which the Roman people had attained.

Returning to the Appian Way, the stones of which are as firm as when first laid centuries ago, they soon came to the remains of a Roman house of the second century, and stopped to examine it. Traces of the frescoes with which the walls were covered still remain, and portions of the mosaic pavements of the ground and first floor. Farther on the doctor pointed out a wretched lane leading off to the left, and told them that was once the grand *Via Latina*, the rival of the *Via Appia*. They left the carriage farther on still to visit the Tomb of the Scipios, a catacomb cut in the living rock in the side of a hill. An old woman gave each of the party a small taper, and led them down a well-paved incline, far back under the hill, and showed them the last resting-places of the great Scipios, at whose name the world once trembled. Returning to their carriage, they continued on their way, and soon passed under the remains of the Arch of Drusus, the brother of the Emperor Tiberius, erected in A.D. 2. Just beyond this they passed through the Porta San Sebastiano, one of the gates of the present city wall, built by Belisarius, and saw the city wall stretching away over hill and dale for miles. The doctor pointed out the site of the Field of Mars, where the victorious generals drew up their legions and waited the permission of the Senate to enter the city, and, just beyond it, the ruins of the Tomb of Geta, the murdered brother of Caracalla. Farther on they came to a little chapel on the left of the road, called the church of Santa Maria delle Piante, and sometimes *Domine quo Vadis*.

"The legends of the church," said he, "relate that Saint Peter, knowing that martyrdom awaited him at Rome, fled from the city to avoid it. As he hurried by this spot he met the Saviour going towards the city. 'Lord, where goest thou?' asked Peter. 'I go to Rome to be crucified again,' was the reply. Peter understood the reproof, and returned meekly to the city and met his fate."

The carriage now climbed the hill, and soon stopped at the gate of the cemetery of St. Calixtus, the entrance to the oldest of the Christian catacombs,

which extend in a vast net-work under this section of ancient Rome. Leaving the carriage and following the guide, they descended a flight of stone stairs and



VALLEY OF THE TIBER.

entered the catacombs. These are simply narrow galleries, scarcely wide enough to allow two persons to pass abreast, cut through the soft rock. On the sides are niches, in which the dead were laid. In these catacombs, which

are numerous and extensive, and of which that of Saint Calixtus is one of the oldest, the Christians sought refuge from their Pagan persecutors. Here they lived in partial security, conducted their worship, and buried their dead. The lights of the party shed a feeble glimmer through the thick darkness of the passages, and the doctor cautioned his companions to keep close together, as there was danger of losing their way in the labyrinth should they separate. The guide pointed out the remains of rude fresco paintings on the walls, and showed them the recesses in which four of the martyred popes, whom the Greek inscriptions on the marble slabs describe simply as "bishop and martyr," were buried, and also the chapel, ornamented with frescoes, in which the remains of Saint Cecilia were buried, and from which they were removed in 820. The party remained in the catacombs about an hour, and left them by a stairway in a different part of the cemetery from that by which they had entered them.

The modern city proved quite as interesting as the ancient, and our travellers greatly enjoyed their walks in the Corso, and often found themselves in the handsome square known as the Piazza del Popolo. They visited also the elegant government offices on the Quirinal Hill, but could not enter the Quirinal Palace, now the royal residence, as the king was residing in it at the time of their visit to Rome. On this hill, which was a country suburb in the days of republican and imperial Rome, a new and splendid quarter of the city is springing up.

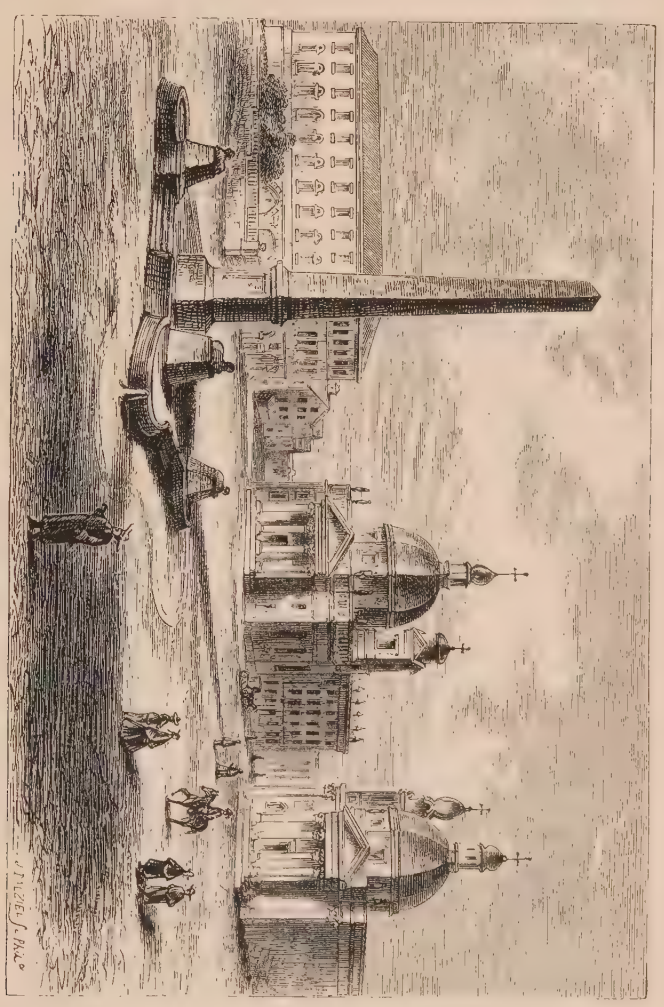
One afternoon, as they were standing in the square opposite the Quirinal Palace, a handsome open carriage, with a liveried driver and footman, drove by. Two officers in full uniform occupied the front seat, and on the back seat was a fine-looking man, in plain clothes, with a pair of keen, bright eyes, which glanced restlessly about, and a long moustache.

"It is King Humbert," said George; and immediately the boys and the doctor raised their hats. The king turned towards them, gave them a pleasant smile, and, lifting his hat, bowed in return.

"I knew him from his likeness on the postage-stamps," said George.

At last the visit, delightful as it had been, came to an end, and on the Tuesday following their arrival (May 25) our travellers left Rome. They reached Civita Vecchia by eleven o'clock, and immediately went on board the "Fleetwing." Captain Thompson was heartily glad to see them, for he had found his five days at this uninteresting port dull enough. As there was nothing to detain them they sailed at once, and were soon clear of the harbor and standing southward towards Naples. The wind again favored them, and about noon on Wednesday the blue outline of the island of Ischia rose from the sea, growing plainer as they drew near it. Late in the afternoon a thin line of smoke, rising from a dark mountain on the mainland, told them that

Mount Vesuvius was in sight, and soon after nightfall the "Fleetwing" anchored in the harbor of Naples. It was too late to go ashore, and the party remained on board all night, contenting themselves with watching the long lines of lights in the city, and listening to the summary of the history of Naples with which the doctor favored them.



PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

From the deck of the yacht the next morning they enjoyed a superb view of the city, with the castle of St. Elmo frowning above it. In the background was the long line of the mountains, and to the right, across the bay, rose Mount Vesuvius, with a thin line of smoke curling lazily from the crater. Seaward, the blue outlines of Capri and Ischia rose softly against the sky.

Both sea and sky were of the deepest blue, and a dreamy languor seemed to fill the warm air.

The health boat came alongside about eight o'clock, and, the yacht being found in good condition as regarded the health of all on board, the party received permission to land. This was soon accomplished, and as all baggage, save a single satchel, was left on board, there was no trouble with the customs officers.

Naples is a very ancient city. It lies at the head of the bay of the same name, and has a population of nearly half a million. It was founded in very ancient times by colonists from Greece, who named it Neapolis, or the New City. Long after it came under the Roman dominion it remained Greek in its language, manners, and customs. Under the empire it was famous for its hot baths, its numerous and excellent theatres, its beautiful scenery and mild climate, and the luxury and effeminacy of its inhabitants. It has changed little in the centuries that have elapsed.

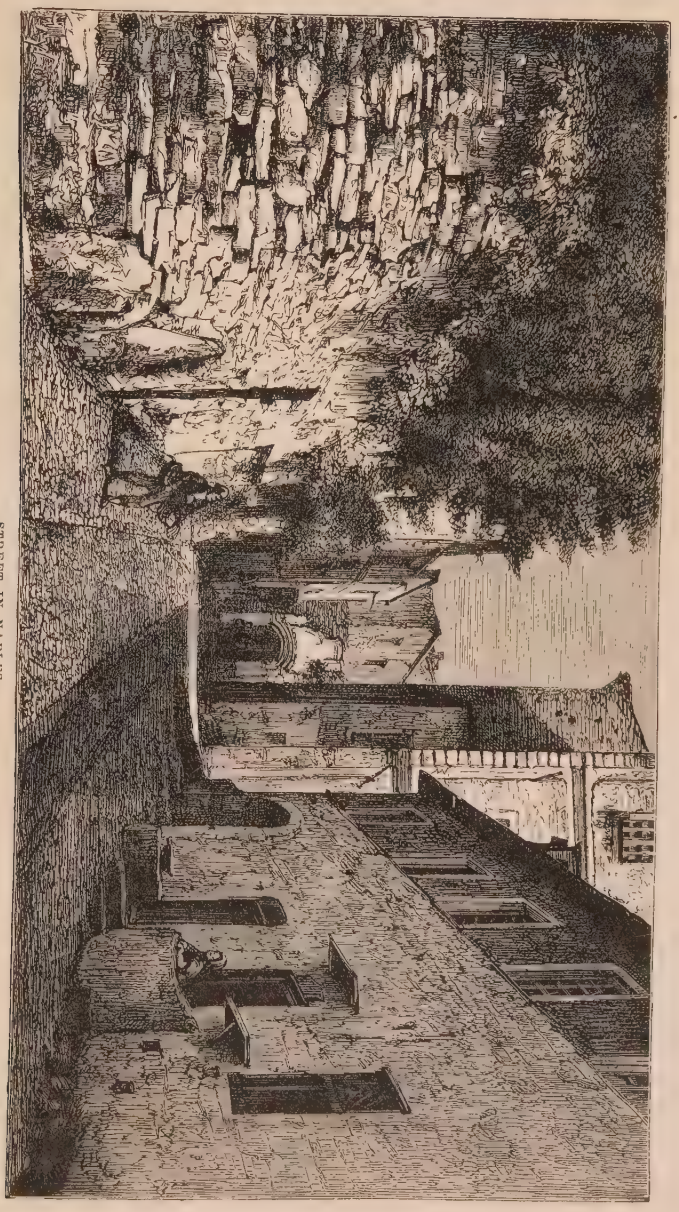
It is principally in respect to situation that Naples surpasses most other cities. The streets are straight and paved with square blocks of lava laid in mortar, and said to resemble the old Roman roads. Owing to the mildness of the climate, a great deal of business is carried on in the open streets, and in many of their walks our travellers were not a little annoyed by the importunities of the street venders to buy of their wares. Though the houses of the city are handsome, they possess but little architectural beauty, but rely for their effect upon the masses of ornament with which they are overloaded. The buildings have a general resemblance to those of Paris, except that they are larger. In most of them the whole of the ground-floor is given up to shops, while the upper portions are let out in apartments.

The fortifications of Naples constitute a prominent feature in the view of the city from the sea. The principal works are the castle of St. Elmo, which rises above the city on the northwest side, the Castello Nuovo, which adjoins the royal palace, and the Castello dell' Ovo, on a rock projecting into the sea. Between the royal palace and the sea are situated the arsenal and cannon foundry.

The city contains three hundred churches, many of which are very handsome.

Naples, though so finely situated, is the dirtiest city in Europe. On the broad quay of Santa Lucia our travellers saw some characteristic scenes of Neapolitan life. Women were working at various household occupations in the open air, performing their toilettes, and attending to their children, many of whom were running about almost naked, and all seemed totally unconscious or careless of the publicity of their acts. The ladies were much interested in the way the babies were treated. The little ones were strapped to a board,

and wound up in sheets and bandages, leaving only their heads and arms free. They were dirty enough to be repulsive, and the only attention their mothers



STREET IN NAPLES.

seemed to bestow upon them was to pick the fleas from them when their cries gave warning of their sufferings from the insects. Many of the children run-

ning about the street would have been pretty had they been cleaner, and all seemed to be healthy.

The party spent two days in Naples. They drove through the broad street of the Toledo, lined with handsome shops, and the centre of trade and life in the city. A feature of this street they found to be the "lira stores," which correspond to the dollar stores in America, at which all sorts of pretty and useless trifles were sold for a lira each, a lira being worth twenty cents in American money. They visited the cathedral, a magnificent edifice with pointed arches and lofty towers, founded in 1272 by Charles I. of Anjou, and containing a number of sumptuous tombs, among them those of Charles I. of Anjou, Charles Martel, king of Hungary, and Andrew, king of Hungary, who was murdered by his wife, Queen Joanna I. of Naples. In the church of Santa Restituta, adjoining the cathedral, and entered from it, they saw many rare works of art, and, in the chapel of St. Januarius, the tomb of the saint, who is the patron of Naples. The guide pointed out the tabernacle behind the high altar of the cathedral, which holds the most precious relic of the city,— the two phials containing the blood of St. Januarius, the *liquefaction* of which occurs three times a year. These so-called miracles are the occasions of great excitement among the people, and constitute the chief religious festivals of the city. Visits were also made to the beautiful churches St. Paul, St. Philip Neri, the "good saint" of the Romans, who affectionately style him "Padre Filippo," Spirito Santo, San Martino, and San Domenico, and many other churches.

In the church of San Martino they saw a fine collection of paintings by the greatest Neapolitan painters, and in the museum attached to it a collection of rare majolicas and crystals. But the chief charm of the place lay in the lovely view they obtained from the gardens of the old monastery. From their lofty point of observation they looked down upon the whole city of Naples, with the broad bay along which gayly-painted crafts were sailing. On the left Mounts Vesuvius and Somma towered heavenward in the distance. On the right was the majestic curve of the bay, broken by the Bays of Baiæ and Miseno, with Nisita and Pozzuoli and the distant islands standing out distinctly in the sunlight. Beyond the city rose the picturesque height of Capodimonte, and farther still the rich plains of the Neapolitan Campagna stretched away to the Apennines.

From St. Martino they went to the castle of St. Elmo, which adjoins it. This old fortress greatly interested them, though the doctor told his companions that modern science had long since put an end to its impregnability. It is now dismantled, and is used as a military prison, its battery being used only for saluting purposes.

Our travellers went through the royal palace, a handsome three-story

building, containing a number of splendid apartments, and many paintings. The boys declared that it was far inferior to the royal palace at Turin, and not half as interesting. A visit was also made to the Castel Nuovo, now the principal fortress of the city, which dates from 1283, and was subsequently the residence of the sovereigns of the houses of Anjou and Aragon, and of the Spanish viceroys

NEAR NAPLES.

A morning was spent in the National Museum, by far the most interesting place in Naples. It is not only rich in works of art of a later date, but is the receptacle for all the treasures recovered from the excavated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. These, consisting of paintings, statuary, and articles of household use, are as fresh and beautiful as though they had not lain nearly

two thousand years under the ashes of Vesuvius. In the picture-gallery the boys were much interested in the celebrated paintings representing scenes in the life of Masaniello, the fisherman and patriot leader.

Our travellers were struck with the number of beggars and idlers in the city, and also with the number of monks and priests they met on the street. The lively, and even boisterous manners of the people, when engaged in conversation, appeared in marked contrast with their listless, indolent way of attending to their work. Fruits and vegetables were hawked about the city in little carts, or in panniers strapped to the back of a donkey, the peddlers being principally women. The boys came to the conclusion that there must be as many donkeys as men in the city, for wherever they went they were sure to encounter these patient little creatures, some loaded with peddlers' wares or with babies, and some carrying men who seemed far more able to shoulder the donkey and march off with it.

AMPHITHEATRE AT POMPEII BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.

Some pleasant hours were spent in strolling along the beautiful sea-front of the city, along the broad Chiaia, the "Rotten Row" of Naples, and through the garden known as the Villa Nazionale, where they saw a number of fine views of Pompeii, similar to those in Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, and where they visited the Aquarium and saw the large octopus fed, a performance which pleased the boys as much as anything in Naples.

On Saturday morning they took the train for Pompeii, intending to spend the better part of the day in that silent city. A pleasant ride along the shore of the bay brought them in less than an hour to the station, a short distance from the entrance to the ruins. On the way the doctor told his companions the history of Pompeii, and said that it was settled by the Osci and Pelasgi, two of the most ancient races of Italy, previous to the arrival on this coast of the Greek colonists from Eubœa. It was taken by the Samnites in the year 440 B.C., and in 360 B.C. was conquered by the Romans. It revolted with the other Campanian towns during the Social War, and with them was compelled to submit in the end to Rome. From this time history is silent

concerning it until it was visited by an earthquake, in A.D. 63, which occasioned great destruction. It was rebuilt, and was one of the most magnificent and luxurious cities of Italy. In A.D. 79 it was destroyed by the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and lay buried and forgotten under ashes and other volcanic matter for about sixteen hundred and sixty-nine years. In 1748 portions of the ruins were laid bare by a party of peasants engaged in cutting a trench upon the site, and in 1755 a systematic effort to uncover the city was begun, and has been carried on ever since.

Leaving the station, our travellers went to the entrance to the ruins, where they purchased tickets and were furnished with a guide. Passing within the enclosure, a few more steps brought them into the strangest city their feet had ever trod. All around them were ruined streets, houses, and temples, and all in a sufficiently good state of preservation to give them a fair idea of the arrangement, appearance, and customs of a Roman town of two thousand years ago. They walked through long, well-paved streets, with rows of houses on each side, but all silent and deserted. The streets are paved with irregular blocks of lava fitted closely together, and are bordered by a narrow pavement, with a curb-stone, slightly raised above the level of the roadway. The houses, as a rule, are low and small, and stand closely together. In the larger houses the ground-floor was generally occupied by shops. All the houses, even the smallest, are built around an open court-yard, used as a garden or for flowers. The rooms are small, according to modern ideas, even in the largest houses, and the walls and ceilings are handsomely frescoed.

POMPEIAN FESTIVAL.

The shops are small, and when the ruins were first uncovered many of them had the names of their owners written over them in red paint, and others had signs to denote the trades carried on in them. The wine-shops appear to have been as numerous as similar establishments are in the towns of the present day. Many of these have marble counters, in which are built up large earthen jars, capable of holding a barrelful of wine. The jars stood under the counter, in which there was an opening through which the dealer dipped up the wine. Our travellers were shown a couple of restaurants, and also a barber-shop, with a block of stone in the centre, on which the Pompeians sat to be shaved.

The theatres and amphitheatres are on a most extensive scale, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. The great amphitheatre, though not equal to the Colosseum at Rome, is much older, and would seat ten thousand persons.

Our travellers visited the Forum and its surrounding temples, and were much interested in them. The temple of Isis still shows many of the details of the worship of that deity. In one end of the court is the sacred well of lustral purification, which was reached by steps. Near it is the altar, on which, when the temple was excavated, were found the burnt bones of human victims, who had just been sacrificed. In a niche in the wall was a figure of Harpocrates, with his finger on his lips, enjoining silence upon the worshippers. In another part stood a statue of Isis, now in the museum at Naples, holding a bronze sistrum and a key. The subterranean passage by which the priests reached the inside of the altar and delivered the oracles of the goddess was shown to the party. They also visited the larger and more splendid residences of the city, each of which spoke so eloquently of the luxury and magnificence of the place. In many of the shops, when opened, the articles of daily use, even food, were found just as they had stood at the moment of the catastrophe. The blow came so suddenly and swiftly that the inhabitants were powerless to flee, and the skeletons found in the ruins showed them in the positions in which they had fallen beneath the fiery shower. In the museum were shown the dead bodies incrusted with ashes, which had been recovered during the excavations. They are horrible, but interesting, as showing the instantaneous character of the general destruction.

The party spent the better portion of the day in wandering among the ruins, and returned to Naples late in the afternoon. They were so thoroughly fatigued by their walks through Pompeii that they went at once to the harbor, and, engaging a boat, were rowed out to the "Fleetwing." As time was pressing, the doctor decided not to attempt the ascent of Vesuvius, but to be content with the views of it they had enjoyed at a distance; and when the party went to their cabins that night, it was with the understanding that the "Fleetwing" would sail from Naples for Palermo, in Sicily, soon after sunrise the next morning.

CHAPTER XII.

SICILY.

ALL hands were on deck shortly after sunrise on Sunday morning, May 30, and in a little while the "Fleetwing" was gliding out of the harbor and across the bay towards the island of Capri. The city looked very beautiful in the early morning light, and the sea and sky were glowing with the softest of azure tints. The lofty mass of Ischia sank dreamily down into the waves as the yacht sped southward, and Capri came more plainly into view. The island rises abruptly from the sea, and reaches its highest point in Monte Solaro, two thousand and thirty-nine feet above the water. It is a picturesque mountain mass, and is famous as the retreat in which the Emperor Tiberius spent the last years of his life, and from which he afflicted the world with his cruelties. The yacht stood well to the westward of the island, steering for the open sea, and by noon the land had entirely faded from view, and our travellers could see nothing but the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. All through the afternoon and into the night they sailed southward, lying idly along the deck, and enjoying the sunshine and the breeze with a laziness well worthy of the region.

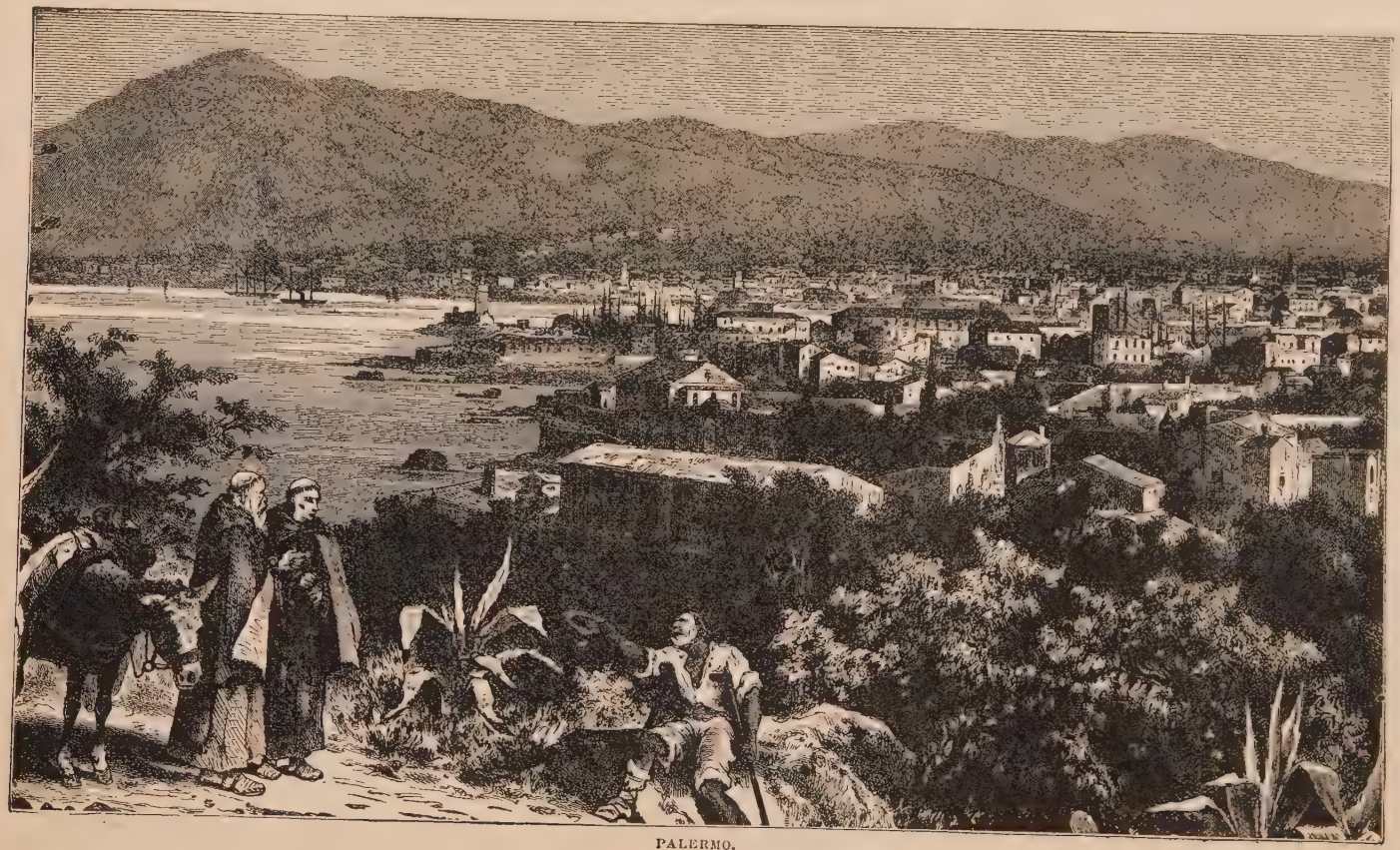
Early on Monday morning, a little before breakfast, a group of lofty islands appeared in the distance off the port bow. These, the captain told his passengers, were the Lapari Islands, a dependency of Sicily. The doctor told the boys that these islands were hotly contested by the Romans and Carthaginians, and that it was in the harbor of one of them that the Roman admiral Cneius Cornelius Scipio was surrounded and made prisoner by the Carthaginian fleet in B.C. 260. A little later the island of Ustica, also a mountain mass, rose up on the starboard bow. These islands long remained in sight, and slowly faded into the blue bosom of the ocean. About one o'clock the cry of "Land ho!" rang out again, and the lofty mountains of Sicily appeared to the southward. The captain pointed out Monte Pellegrino, on the right, and said it was nineteen hundred and fifty-eight feet high; and that the mountain on the left was Monte Catalfano, twelve hundred and thirty-three feet high. These two mountains guard the entrance to the beautiful Bay of Palermo. By three

o'clock the "Fleetwing" entered the bay, passing near the base of Monte Pellegrino, a wild and rugged promontory, rising abruptly from the sea. The city was now full in sight, with its widely extended amphitheatre of mountains, which enclose the fruitful plain of La Conca d'Oro ("The Golden Shell"), now verdant with its vast orchards of oranges and lemons. The bay was alive with picturesque boats with lateen-sails skimming swiftly over its blue waters, and as they gazed upon the lovely picture our travellers with one accord agreed that the Bay of Palermo might well contest the palm of beauty with that of Naples.

By a little after two the "Fleetwing" was securely anchored in the port. Their preparations having been made, our travellers secured one of the boats that swarmed around the yacht, and were rowed to the custom-house, from which they proceeded to their hotel.

Palermo, called by the Italians "The Happy," is beautifully situated at the head of its lovely bay. It is well built, and its streets are broad and clean. It is strongly fortified, and is still surrounded by its ancient walls. It was settled at a very ancient period by the Phœnicians, and was called by them Machanath. Subsequently it fell into the hands of the Greeks, who named it Panormus. It was wrested from them by the Carthaginians, and was their chief stronghold in Sicily until that island was conquered by the Romans. Augustus enlarged and improved the city, and it enjoyed considerable prosperity under the empire. At the disruption of the Roman empire it fell under the sway of the Eastern emperors, who held it until 831, when it was conquered by the Saracens, who made it the capital of their Sicilian possessions. In 1072 the Normans drove out the Saracens, and Palermo became the capital of the kingdom set up by them. In 1266 the French took possession of the city, but were expelled in 1280, in the uprising which is known as "The Sicilian Vespers." Subsequently it formed a part of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and was the residence of the viceroys until 1799, when Ferdinand IV., having been expelled from Naples, established his court here. After the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, the viceroys resumed their rule, which was marked by several serious insurrections, and maintained it until 1860, when the city was captured by Garibaldi, and became with Sicily a part of the kingdom of Italy. With its surrounding villages, Palermo now contains a population of over two hundred and twenty-eight thousand inhabitants.

As soon as they had secured their rooms at the hotel, the party drove to the cathedral, the chief place of interest in the city. Their route lay up the broad Corso of Victor Emmanuel, the chief business street, lined with gay shops, and thronged with bright, lively-looking people, whose appearance was in striking contrast with the dull and sleepy-looking Neapolitans. They turned off into the Piazza Pretoria to see the great fountain erected about 1550.



PALERMO.

It is said to be the largest fountain in Europe, and is adorned with a number of marble statues. The effect is very imposing. Continuing up the Corso, they passed suddenly out of the dark line of the street into the sunlight of a large square, at the opposite end of which rose the beautiful façade of the cathedral. This superb church was erected, between 1169 and 1185, upon the site of a still more ancient church which the Saracens had converted into a mosque. "The form is simple, but the dimensions are grand. . . . The walls are so covered with ornaments of interlacing arches, cornices, and arabesque slightly raised on the masonry as to produce an effect of wonderful richness. . . . Connected with the church by light arches, but separated from it by a street, stands the campanile, a mass of enormous solidity, terminating in many pinnacles, and one slender and graceful tower rising above them all. Four other lofty towers, springing from the corner of the church, give additional lightness to its elegant design."

The interior is very beautiful, but the most interesting portion to our travellers was the south aisle, which contains the tombs of the kings. Here, in sarcophagi of porphyry, surmounted by canopies, lie the bodies of Roger, king of Sicily, his daughter Constance, her husband, Henry VI., emperor of Germany, and Frederick II., grandson of Roger, one of the most illustrious characters of history. He was king of Sicily, king of Jerusalem, and emperor of Germany. In a chapel to the right of the high altar they saw the silver sarcophagus which holds the bones of St. Rosalia, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, and to whom almost divine honors are paid by the people of the city. The sarcophagus contains thirteen hundred pounds of pure silver, and the chapel is rich with marble frescoes and gildings.

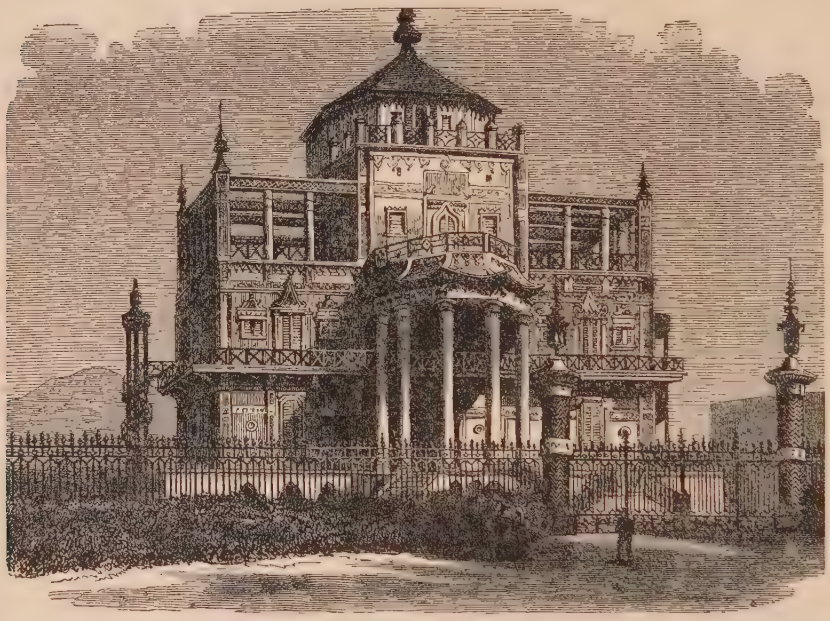
From the cathedral they drove to the Palazzo Reale, which rises on a slight eminence at the western side of the city. This interesting structure was founded by the Saracens, and has in all subsequent ages been the castle of the city, and the residence of the rulers of Sicily. The remainder of the day was passed in riding through the city, and visiting various churches and other places of interest.

Tuesday, June 1, was a busy day with our travellers. At seven o'clock they started on an excursion to Monreale. Leaving the city by the southern gate, a brisk drive of five miles across a plain covered with orange groves brought them to the foot of an abrupt mountain, on which stood a picturesque collection of white walls, towers, and domes, which glittered and shone in the morning sunlight. Though the place was but half a mile distant from the foot of the mountain where they left their carriages, it seemed inaccessible. This was the town of Monreale, the object of their pilgrimage. The driver directed the party to a narrow, zigzag path up the mountain-side, and up this they toiled for half an hour, and finally came to the gate in the town wall.

CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.

The doctor told his companions that William II., king of Sicily, founded a Benedictine monastery on this mountain, to which was given the name of Monreale, or "The Royal Mountain," in 1174, that since then a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants has grown up around the monastery, and that Monreale is now the seat of the second archbishopric of Sicily.

Passing through the gateway of the town, the party climbed the steep street, which is thoroughly characteristic of these southern towns, being dirty and filthy below and festooned above with strings of macaroni hung out to dry. Before the door of every house a man sat plying his trade, and the street was filled with the dark-hued people, mostly in rags, and with a half-brigandish

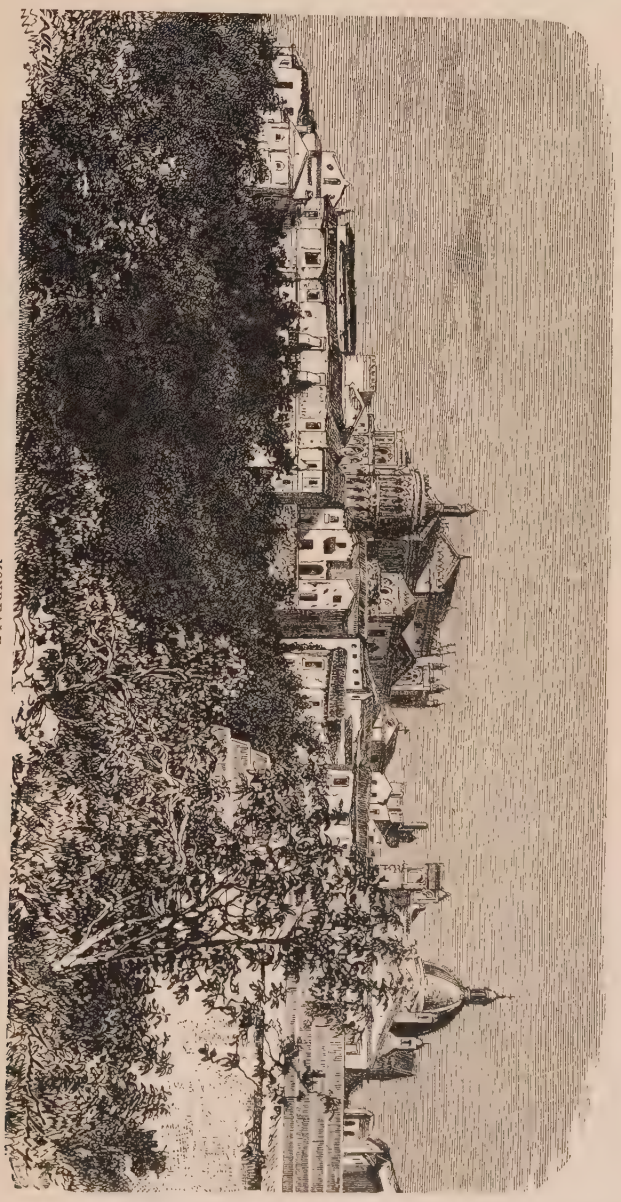


PALACE OF LA FAVORITA, NEAR PALERMO.

look. Heavily-laden donkeys toiled up and down the steep streets, driven by as rascally looking a set of muleteers as were ever held in check by the strong arm of military law. A tiresome walk brought the doctor and his companions at length into a broad, well-paved open square, at the opposite end of which stands the cathedral, a noble edifice, built between the years 1170 and 1176. The magnificent portal possesses three bronze doors adorned with reliefs from sacred history, and worthy to be placed beside those of the famous baptistery at Florence.

Passing into the church, our travellers were delighted with the beauty of the interior, the walls and roof of which are covered with grand mosaics of

sacred scenes set on a background of bright gold. The gem of the church is the wonderful face of Christ in the picture which adorns the vaulting of the



MONREALE.

apse. It is colossal in size, and looks down through the whole church with an expression of awful sadness that fascinates the gazer. All the mosaics are

executed in the quaint Byzantine style, and are equal if not superior to those that adorn the interior of St. Mark's at Venice. Over the royal throne, which forms a conspicuous object near the altar, is a picture representing King William receiving his crown direct from Christ and not from the pope. The doctor called the attention of his party to this, and said it was a strong proof of the independence of the old Norman kings of Sicily, who, while they were stout champions of the pope, were never his slaves.

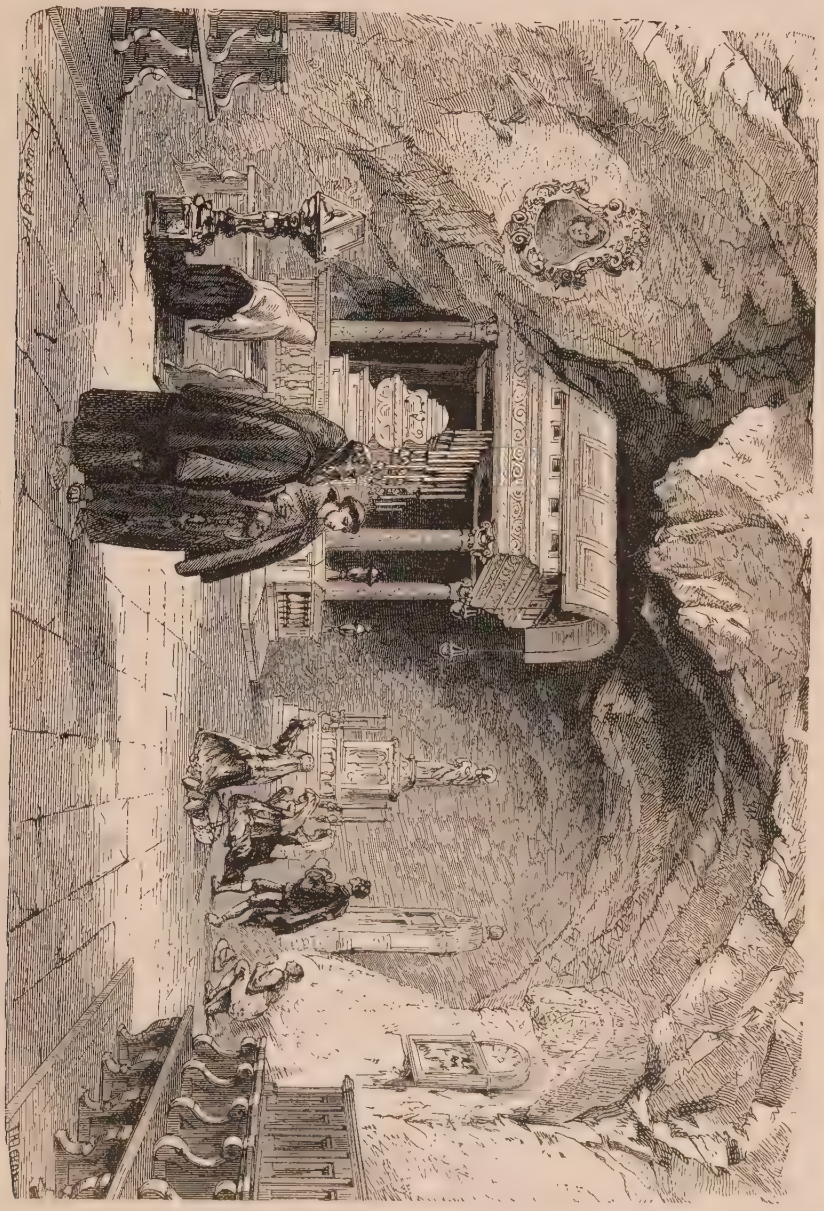
Our travellers also saw the tombs of the kings of Sicily, in which lie buried William I. and his three sons, Roger, Henry, and William II., the founder of the church.

A visit was also paid to the monastery, which was one of those suppressed by the Italian government. With the exception of its beautiful cloisters it contains little of interest. From the terrace a charming view was obtained of the beautiful plain, with its groves of oranges and lemons, and beyond it the city, the mountains, and the sea. The doctor pointed out the site of the famous monastery of San Martino, founded by Pope Gregory the Great, but said they would make no attempt to visit it, as the road was not considered safe.

On the way back to Palermo a detour was made to visit the Saracenic villa of La Ziza, near which is a Capuchin monastery, noted for the mummies of the monks contained in its vaults. Our travellers did not care to see these horrible objects, and so confined their attentions to La Ziza. This is the only Saracenic house standing near Palermo, and is a very beautiful specimen of that school of architecture. The lofty hallway, arched above with a kind of honeycombed vaulting, and cooled by a little cascade of pure water rushing through it, seems like a hall of the Alhambra, and excited the admiration of the visitors. The palace was built as a country residence by one of the Saracenic princes of Palermo, and is not less than a thousand years old.

The party returned to Palermo by noon, and after a light lunch left the city by the Gate of St. George for a visit to the Grotto of St. Rosalia. A pleasant drive of a little less than an hour brought them to the foot of Monte Pellegrino. The route from the city lay along the shore of the bay, and afforded them a succession of the loveliest views. At the foot of the mountain the carriages were changed for mules, and an hour more was spent in climbing the zigzag path leading to the grotto. Here under an overhanging rock of the summit of the mountain is a natural cave, in which St. Rosalia is said to have taken refuge after the wickedness of Palermo had driven her from that city, and in which her bones are said to have been discovered in 1624. Before the opening of the grotto a handsome portico has been erected, adorned with twisted columns of alabaster. Entering through this they saw a small cave, lighted with lamps and candles burning before a shrine. At one end stands the high altar, the magnificence of which is in striking contrast with the bare,

natural walls of the cave. Below the altar lies the marble statue of the saint overlaid with a robe of gold, while about the recumbent figure are placed a



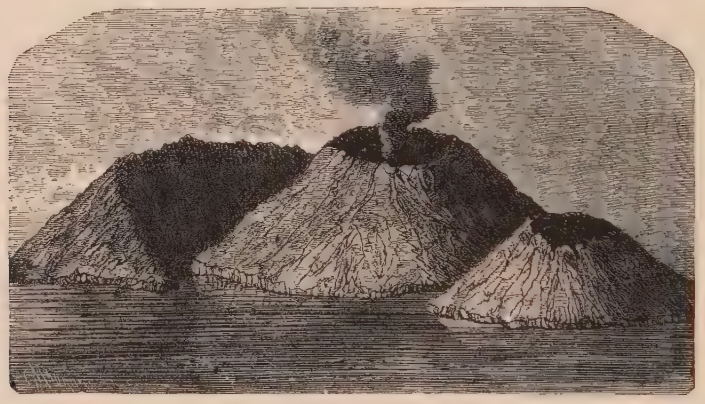
GROTTO OF SANTA ROSALIA.

book, a skull, and other objects of pure gold. The statue represents a fair young girl dying, with her head upon one hand. It is the work of an almost

unknown artist, yet it has drawn praise from so keen a judge of art as Goethe, who says of it, "The head and hands of white marble are, if not faultless in style, at least so pleasing and natural that one cannot help expecting to see them move."

Every summer a festival of three days is held here in honor of the saint, and again in September a day is kept to commemorate her death. At such times thousands of pilgrims come out from the city and climb the rocky height to the chapel to offer their devotions to their protecting saint.

The party returned to Palermo by a little after four, and drove at once to the harbor. The "Fleetwing's" boat was waiting for them, in accordance with an arrangement with the captain, and they were soon on board. Everything was in readiness for an immediate departure, and by five o'clock the "Fleetwing" was skimming swiftly out of the harbor and into the beautiful



ISLAND OF VULCANO.

bay. When the sun set, tingeing the waves and the distant Sicilian mountains with a golden glow, the city had disappeared, and the yacht had laid her course to the northeast, bound for the Straits of Messina.

About breakfast-time on Wednesday morning our travellers' attention was attracted by a thin line of smoke to the northward, and soon an island mass rose up against the horizon. The captain said this was Vulcano, the most southern of the Lipari Islands.

"Come, doctor," he added, "you are better informed than I in the history of the island. Tell us what you know of it. I know it was a famous place in classic times, but for what reason I cannot now remember."

Thus appealed to, the doctor began: "The Lipari Islands consist of seven islands and ten islets, and are all of volcanic origin. One of them is the famous volcano of Stromboli, which is in constant activity, emitting at regular intervals flames and smoke and showers of stones. It is the most northern

-land of the group, as the captain knows. It was believed in the Middle Ages that Charles Martel, the great leader of the Franks, was banished to Stromboli. People in those days believed the island to be the entrance to Purgatory, and Crusaders, returning from the Holy Land, declared they could hear, as they sailed by it, the lamentations of the tortured souls imploring the intercession of the monks of Clugny for their deliverance. This induced Odilo, Abbot of Clugny, in the tenth century to institute the festival of All-Souls' Day. The island of Vulcano contains a volcano that constantly emits smoke, but is rarely in a state of eruption. The Greeks believed the Lipari Islands to be the home of Æolus, and Homer tells us that Ulysses visited him in the course of his wanderings. The Romans regarded these islands as the abode of

STROMBOLI.

Vulcan, the god of fire, from their emitting flames and smoke. In modern times the islands constitute the great mine from which Europe and America derive all the pumice-stone used by them. The entire island of Lipari, the largest of the group, is composed of this substance."

The "Fleetwing" sped onward before the fair westerly wind, and by noon was abreast of Cape Faro. An hour later she rounded the cape and entered the Strait of Messina, a narrow channel lying between Sicily and the mainland of Italy. The swift current which runs through the strait made a perceptible improvement in the speed of the vessel. Captain Thompson pointed out the sharp rocks of Scylla, and told his passengers that they were now sailing through the current of Charybdis, the terror of the mariners of classic times.

"Now I am repaid for all the hard lessons I had in Homer at school," said George. "This is the place where Odysseus met with the great storm after his men had slain the cattle of Helios, in the Thrinakian Land. Zeus sent the storm to punish the men who had slain the cattle, and they were all swept overboard by the waves. The mast was snapped asunder by the gale and killed the helmsman. The west wind carried the battered wreck at random over the waters, and when its fury was stilled the south wind came and drove Odysseus, as he clung to the mast, near to the whirlpool of Charybdis and the rock of the terrible Scylla. For nine days and nights he lay tossed on the stormy water, till he was numb with the cold and seemed about to die. But on the tenth day he was cast ashore, and so he reached the island of Calypso. What was the name of the island, father?"

"Ogygia," replied the doctor. "Some writers believe that Homer meant the island now called Gozo, near Malta."

Reggio, on the Italian mainland, was pointed out by the captain, far to the southward, and Messina was now full in sight, and at three o'clock the "Fleet-wing" anchored in the middle of the harbor.

Messina is the second city of Sicily, and, though smaller than Palermo, is superior to it in commercial importance. It is magnificently situated on the strait to which it gives its name, and lies between lofty mountains. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world and the busiest in Italy. It is well built, and has a bright, bustling air, in keeping with its great commercial activity.

Messina, known to the ancients as Zancle, was settled by the Cumæans, in 732 B.C. Sixty-five years later the Messinian fugitives occupied it and called it Messana. Two centuries later still it was taken by the Mamertines, and became the resort of brigands. It played a prominent part in the Carthaginian wars in Sicily. In B.C. 270, Hannibal seized the castle of Messana, and the Mamertines invoked the aid of the Romans against him. Thus began the first Punic War, which made it a Roman town. In 842 the Saracens conquered it, and it was the first place wrested from them by the Normans, who subsequently became masters of all Sicily. In 1282 it sustained a long and unsuccessful siege by Charles of Anjou, after the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers. The town has sustained several sieges since then, the last of which was in 1860 and 1861, when it was captured by Garibaldi, who wrested it from the Neapolitan forces.

Our travellers remained at Messina during Wednesday afternoon. A visit was made to the cathedral, which is of Norman origin, and was begun in 1098. The exterior is heavy and gloomy, but the interior is beautifully decorated with mosaics, paintings, and statuary. The chief treasure of the church is contained in a receptacle in the interior of the high altar. This is nothing less than an *autographic* letter written by the Virgin Mary to the Messinians, in which she assures them that she has taken them under her own protection. The Messinians

STRAIT OF MESSINA.

claim that she has kept her promise on several occasions, and has delivered them from sore distress. They are somewhat at a loss to reconcile this promise with the terrible catastrophe which befell them in 1783, when the city was laid in ruins by an earthquake; but are, nevertheless, firm believers in the genuineness of the letter.

A couple of hours were spent in driving through the streets of the city, for the visit had not been set down on the doctor's programme, and they were unable to devote more time to the place. Messina presents a very fine appearance from the streets. It is built in the form of a crescent. In front is the Pala-

MOUNT ETNA.

zzetta, or quay, which extends for over two miles along the harbor, and at which lie the long lines of shipping. From the harbor the city rises like an amphitheatre, its white stone houses contrasting beautifully with the dark, luxuriant, cone-like hills in the background. The principal street, running parallel with the quay, is bordered with fine houses, is well paved with square blocks of lava, and is ornamented with numerous churches, statues, and fountains. The fortifications of the harbor and the tall light-house form striking features of the picture.

Six o'clock saw the party back on board the "Fleetwing," and the yacht at once got under way. The harbor was soon cleared, and the little vessel

RUINS OF THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT SYRACUSE.

stood out once more into the Strait of Messina. By sunset she was off the town of Reggio, on the mainland, and speeding southward with a fair wind. As the darkness came on the lights on the Italian and Sicilian coasts began to twinkle cheerily over the water, and a soft breeze came off from the shore laden with the breath of flowers. As this portion of the voyage was made during the night, our travellers saw nothing of the great volcano of Mount Etna, which can be plainly seen during the day, towering to a height of ten thousand five hundred and sixty feet above the sea.

When they awoke on Thursday morning, the "Fleetwing" was lying at anchor in the harbor of Syracuse. The view that greeted them from the deck was very beautiful. Around them was the great harbor of Syracuse, the scene of so many historical events. To the north, south, and west was a fine rolling country, and forty miles to the north rose the snow-clad heights of Mount Etna, glittering brightly in the sunlight. To the eastward, across the bay, and dividing it from the open sea, was the island of Ortygia covered with the houses of modern Syracuse, the buildings rising from the water, and giving to the city a singularly graceful appearance when viewed from the bay.

Syracuse, the largest of the Greek cities, was founded by the Corinthians in 735 B.C., and in its prime contained a population of five hundred thousand. Some writers claim for it a million of inhabitants. It has now dwindled to twenty-one thousand. Originally confined to the island of Ortygia, it spread to the mainland, and covered an extensive area in that quarter. The modern city is restricted to the island, but the mainland abounds in imposing monuments of antiquity. The city prospered from its foundation, and soon became the most important place in Sicily, and governed almost the whole island. In B.C. 416 the Athenians sent a powerful expedition into Sicily to capture Syracuse, and a long and memorable siege ensued, which resulted, in B.C. 413, in the total destruction of the Athenian fleet and the surrender of their army. Over seven thousand men were made prisoners, and these were subjected to a long and cruel confinement in the quarries near the city. Those who survived this imprisonment were sold into slavery. A few years after the defeat of the Athenians, the Carthaginians overran the island, and laid siege to Syracuse, but it was saved by Dionysius I., who soon usurped the sovereign power, and transmitted it to his son, Dionysius II., whose vices caused him to be banished by the people. A frightful anarchy followed his expulsion. Dion, Timoleon, Agathocles, and Hieron in their turn held the power, and Syracuse became the mistress of the eastern portion of Sicily, while Carthage held the rest. The city at length became involved in the quarrel between Rome and Carthage, and in B.C. 214 was besieged by a powerful force under Marcellus. This siege lasted two years, and was one of the most memorable in history. The city was defended on the north side, and from the sea by the celebrated engineer

LATOMIA DEL PARADISO, NEAR SYRACUSE.

Archimedes, and never could have been taken had not a traitor introduced a Roman force by a secret passage. In the final conflict Archimedes was slain. The Romans greatly reduced the strength of the city, and so terminated the glory of Syracuse, the greatest and most powerful of the Hellenic cities. From this time it was simply a Roman provincial town. In 878 it was captured and almost destroyed by the Saracens, and in 1085 was taken by the Normans. In 1694 and 1758 it was visited by terrible earthquakes, which completed its ruin. Under the Italian kingdom it seems entering upon a new career of prosperity.

Our travellers spent two pleasant days at Syracuse. They visited the cathedral, which is interesting only as having been in ancient times the Temple of Minerva, and the museum, in which they saw a valuable collection of antiquities, the principal of which is the famous statue of Venus.

From the square of the cathedral they made a visit to the celebrated Fountain of Arethusa, sung by Virgil, and made by Shelley the subject of one of his most beautiful poems. It stands near the southern end of the Marina, a beautiful sea-shore drive which runs for half the length of the island between the city wall and the harbor, and near the verge of the water. The custodian threw open an iron gate, and they descended to the edge of the fountain, a clear semicircular space facing the bay, and bounded on its curve by a wall of massive masonry. The water gushes out in a strong stream from many openings under the rock, and flowing across the pool, empties into the bay in a strong, swift stream.

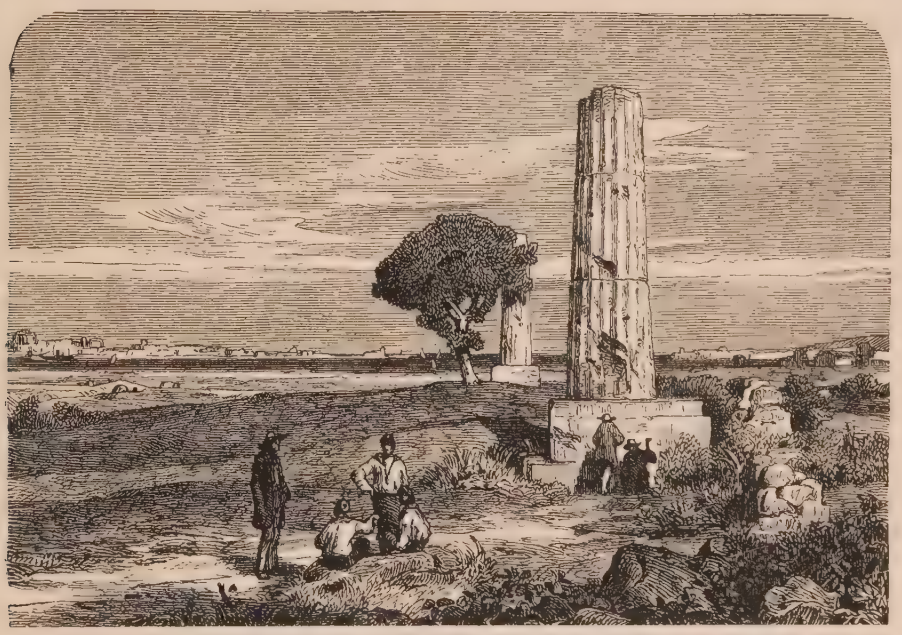
Around the fountain is a border of papyrus brought from the marshes beyond the bay, and planted here. The water is brought by one of the ancient aqueducts which commences among the hills at a considerable distance to the northwest of the city, and is carried for several miles under the plateau occupied by the district of Syracuse called Epipolæ; thence it passes under the small harbor, and finds its outlet in the island.

"This is the fountain which Virgil identifies with the nymph Arethusa," said the doctor. "Pursued by the river-god Alpheus in Greece, she implored aid of Diana, and was changed by her into a fountain, which sank into the earth, and flowing a hundred leagues under the sea, rose to light again in this pool. In his despair the river-god mingled his waters with the fountain, and now they flow together 'like spirits that love and live no more.'"

The chief interest of Syracuse centres in the ancient city, which lies upon the mainland north of the harbor. Here are the ruins of the Greek and Roman city, extending back over a period of twenty-five centuries, and among these the doctor and his companions passed the greater part of their time. This portion of the old city was divided into four quarters, called Acradina, Tyche, Epipolæ, and Neapolis, each of which might be regarded as almost a distinct

city. These occupied a fine table-land north of the two harbors and the island, and spread into the adjoining plain.

Our travellers visited the ruins of the Roman Amphitheatre, which lie not far from the main northern highway. The structure does not compare in size with the Colosseum or any of the amphitheatres of the mainland of Italy, but it is very interesting nevertheless. The rows of seats, the arena, and many of the principal features of the ancient edifice are still preserved, and numerous blocks of marble, belonging to the ancient parapet, lie scattered in the arena, some of them bearing inscriptions recording the names of the proprietors of the seats to which they belonged.



THE OLYMPIEUM.

From the Amphitheatre they passed on to the Latomia del Paradiso, one of the old quarries from which the stones for the building of the ancient city were taken. It is hewn in the rock in the shape of the letter S, and the sides taper towards the summit. This quarry contains the cavern constructed as a prison by Dionysius, and now called *The Ear of Dionysius*. It is two hundred and thirteen feet deep, seventy-four feet high, and varies from fifteen to thirty-five feet in width. It is said to have been constructed by the tyrant with a view to its acoustic peculiarities, so that, standing at a certain point, he could detect every word spoken by the captives, even to the slightest whisper. The visitors had an interesting proof of the wonderful echo of this place. A piece

of paper was crumpled by the guide in his hand as they stood near the entrance, and the sound was repeated at the end like the crackling of a pack of fire-crackers. He also fired a pistol from the same point, and immediately there was a roar from the cave like the thunder of a battery of artillery. The boys were so delighted with this performance that they paid the guide handsomely to repeat it several times.

During their rambles a visit was made to the Latomia dei Cappuccini, the wildest and largest of all the quarries. It is a vast pit sunk in the earth between scarped cliffs, which rise around it to a height of one hundred feet, and derives its name from its proximity to the Capuchin convent. The floor of the quarry, many acres in extent, is partly covered with a grove of oranges and pomegranates, mingled with a wild growth of rose and acanthus bushes. Near the centre two towering masses of stone rise like fortified towers. It was here that the seven thousand Athenian prisoners were held in their cruel captivity more than two thousand years ago.

The Greek Theatre, erected four hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, was next visited. This was the largest of all the Greek theatres in the world but two, and is the most imposing ruin at Syracuse. It had seats for twenty-four thousand persons, and was famed for the splendor of its performances. On three sides the vast curve of seats rises in forty-six tiers, and it is believed that fifteen additional tiers once existed. No traces of the stage remain except the foundation of the *scena* at the back and a trough of masonry in front, in which the curtain rolled *down* at the commencement of the play, thus reversing the modern custom.

On the last day of their stay at Syracuse our travellers visited the ruins of the Olympieum, the celebrated temple of Zeus Olympius, once one of the most superb edifices on the globe. Only two tall Doric columns mark the spot now, and show by their wide separation the extent of the edifice.

On the banks of the Anapus, near the Olympieum, the papyrus grows luxuriantly. The doctor explained to his young companions that it was from the stem of the papyrus that the Egyptians made the material used by them for writing, and from which the word *paper* is derived. He also told them that this spot was perhaps the only place in Europe where the papyrus could be found. They plucked a few of the leaves to carry away as a souvenir, and then returned to the mouth of the Anapus, where the "Fleetwing's" boat was in waiting for them. They were on board again by a little after three, and an hour later the yacht had cleared the harbor and was standing out to sea, bound this time for the Piræus, the port of Athens. By sunset the land had been completely left behind, and the sun sank down into the placid surface of the Mediterranean, leaving a long trail of golden light on the water.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREECE.

ALL through Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the "Fleetwing" flew eastward over the quiet Mediterranean. The wind was fair and the sea smooth, and the yacht made good progress. It was delightful to lie along the deck, watching the graceful motion of the vessel, or dozing pleasantly, lulled by the soft breeze and the perfect peace of the scene. Several steamers were passed going westward, and once a large steamer sped by them, bound for Constantinople, and soon disappeared in the distance. Many quaint and curious craft were met, but apart from these meetings nothing occurred to break the monotony of the voyage.

At daybreak on Tuesday, June 8, our travellers were awakened by the steward, who told them land was in sight. Dressing hurriedly they went on deck, where they found the captain enjoying a morning cigar. Land was indeed in sight on the port bow, and apparently about twenty miles distant. The lofty headland towards which they were running, the captain told them, was Cape Matapan, the ancient Cape Tænarum, the most southerly point in Europe except Cape Tarifa in Spain, and the country that lay back of it was the Peloponnesus. The doctor told his companions that the arid and stony peninsula of which this cape is the termination is the Maina, once the home of the Mainote pirates so famous in song.

The run during the day was very delightful, and brought them in sight of many noted points in Greece. The yacht sailed across the mouth of the broad Laconian Gulf, with Cape Malea on the north, and on the south the island of Cerigo, the classic Cythera, the seat of the most ancient worship of Venus. Early in the afternoon the islands of Spezzæ and Hydra, off the coast of Argolis, were passed, and the captain pointed out several of the outlying Cyclades, mere rocky islets, far to the eastward. Later still the pyramidal peak of Mount St. Elias, the highest mountain of the island of Ægina, came in view, and at length the headlands of Attica appeared. The captain pointed out the

site of the famous silver mines of Laurium, which were a rich source of wealth to the ancient Greeks, and are still worked with profit, and the bold promontory

RUINED TEMPLE ON CAPE SUNIUM.

of Sunium, now Cape Kolonnäs. In ancient times, the doctor told his companions, an imposing temple to Minerva crowned this lofty cliff, and its white walls were the first landmark that greeted the eyes of the Athenian sailors as

they drew near home. The yacht now laid her course direct for the Piræus, and soon the coast of Salamis, with its numerous bays, was passed to the westward. Then Hymettus, with its barren, rounded summit, rose to the eastward, and far to the north they saw Parnes, the utmost boundary of the Attic plain.

BAS-RELIEF OF THE GODS (FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON).

Sailing on, a low hill stretching to the sea was seen, behind which rose a forest of masts. This, the captain said, was Piræus, and the hill a short distance inland was Munychia, the ancient citadel of that harbor. The broad gulf to the eastward was the Bay of Phalerum, the original harbor of Athens, and

beyond that he pointed out the smoothly-shaped mass of Mount Pentelicus, from which the ancient Athenians obtained their chief supply of marble. An hour later Athens appeared in sight far to the eastward, with the Acropolis towering proudly above it. Then the promontory of the Piræus was rounded, and they saw to the westward the rocky islet of Psyttaleia, and the strait in which the great battle of Salamis was fought. The doctor told his companions that the portion of the strait in view from the yacht was the scene of the severest part of the battle, and that after the victory was won the Athenian "hoplites," under Aristides, made a descent on the island of Psyttaleia, and destroyed the flower of the Persian army which had been posted there. On the shore of the mainland opposite the island, Xerxes sat on a silver throne and watched the destruction of his fleet and his hopes of conquest. While the doctor was speaking the yacht glided swiftly onward, and soon lay quietly in the harbor of Piræus, just as the setting sun began to light up the distant mountains with a glorious hue.

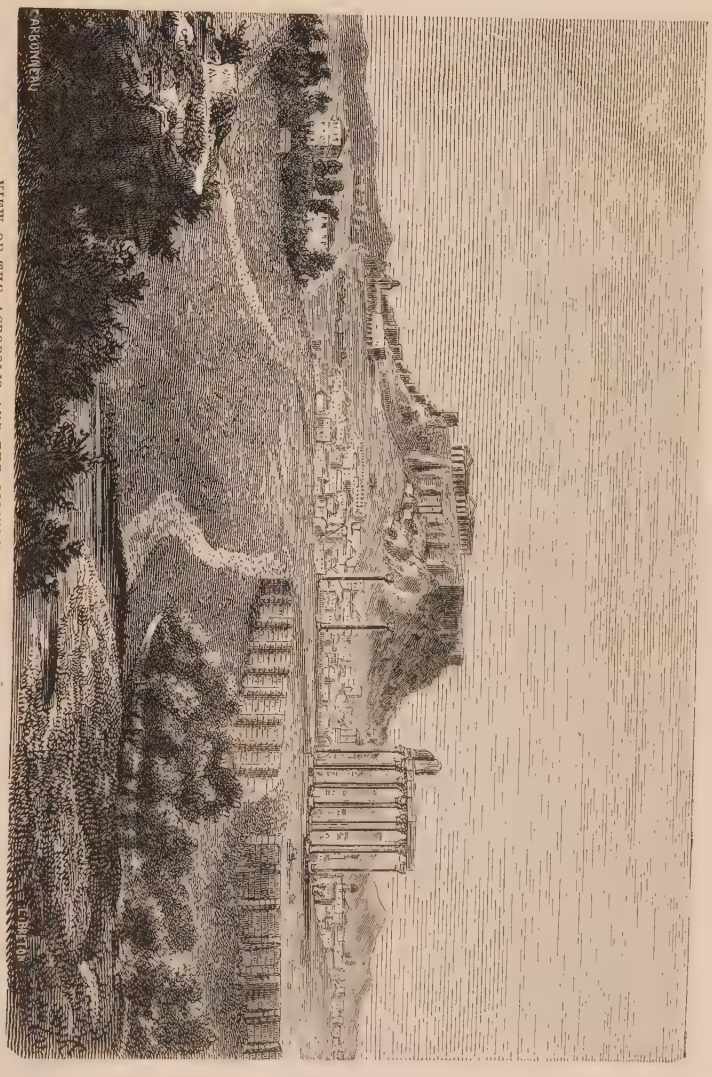
The anchor had scarcely dropped before the yacht was surrounded by a swarm of boats, the owners of which noisily endeavored to attract the notice of the passengers. No attention was paid to them, and when the "Fleetwing" lowered her boat for the purpose of setting her passengers ashore, there was a howl of disgust from the native boatmen. Our travellers were landed at the custom-house, where the examination of their baggage was quickly despatched. Then proceeding to the railway station, they took the last train for Athens, and in an hour after starting were comfortably installed in their apartments in the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, in the square of the royal palace.

Dr. Lawrence and his companions remained at Athens until Saturday afternoon, and during this time applied themselves busily to the task of exploring the city and its vicinity. I cannot hope to present here either a detailed account of all they saw or a description of Athens itself.

Their first visit was paid to the Acropolis, and many times during their stay in the city did they return to it. All felt that had they seen nothing else in Athens, a thorough exploration and understanding of this centre of all Greek history would have amply repaid them for their long journey to reach it.

Modern Athens occupies only a portion of the site of the ancient city, and contains but little of interest to the traveller. The situation is lovely, and the climate is delightful; but it is to the suburbs of the modern city that the traveller turns. Here once stood the intellectual capital of the world, and here centre the noblest memories of the past. Modern Athens lies in the great plain of Attica, and stretches towards the plain of the Cephissus, whilst ancient Athens, during the height of its prosperity, included the south side of the Acropolis and the hills to the west. In ancient times Athens contained a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, but in 1835, when it was made the

capital of the modern kingdom of Greece, it had sunk to a wretched country town of about three hundred houses. The present city, therefore, is the creation of the past forty-five years, and is chiefly indebted for its present thriving condition to its ancient prestige, its situation being highly unfavorable for the



VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS AND THE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.

capital of modern Greece. Neither commerce nor manufactures flourish here, as the city lies far away from the great thoroughfares of traffic, and the province of Attica is utterly unproductive. The present population is forty-five thousand five hundred and ten.

The Acropolis, the ancient citadel of Athens, crowns the summit of a rocky hill, which rises abruptly out of the plain in the midst of the city. It is one hundred and fifty feet high, and has been a fortress from the earliest times. The Pelasgi, the traditional aboriginal inhabitants of Attica, are said to have levelled the upper part of the rock and rendered its sides more precipitous by artificial means, while they protected the only accessible entrance, on the western side, by an outwork with nine gates. The fortress then became the residence of the kings of Athens and the seat of the courts of justice, and the principal temples were erected within the enclosure. Later on royalty was abolished, the courts of law were removed to the lower part of the city, and the Acropolis remained sacred to the gods. The Pisistratidæ erected on the site of the Parthenon a temple to Athené, and built a more magnificent entrance to the Acropolis; but both of these structures were destroyed by the Persians. Themistocles restored the north wall, but the Acropolis owed its glories to Pericles, who, in B.C. 448, caused the Parthenon to be commenced under the superintendence of Phidias and a competent staff of assistants. The Parthenon was completed in the short space of ten years, and the Propylæa was then begun, and finished five years later. Other temples were added from time to time, and the Acropolis was covered with a series of the noblest structures ever grouped together. Over all rose the lofty statue of Athené Promachos, the protecting deity of Athens. From every point of view the Acropolis, with its marble temples, was the most conspicuous object in the great plain. It could be seen far out to sea, and was eagerly watched for by the Athenian mariners returning home. In the sixth century the Parthenon was converted into a Christian church and dedicated to the Virgin. In 1459, upon the conquest of the country by the Turks, it became a mosque. In 1687, during the siege of the city by the Venetians, the Parthenon was laid in ruins by the explosion of the gunpowder contained in it, which was ignited by a Venetian shell. Lord Elgin found it in this condition in 1851 and stripped it of some of its finest monuments, which he conveyed to England.

Our travellers were admitted to the Acropolis by an invalid soldier, who accompanied them through the ruins on their first visit. Ascending a marble stairway, up which the great Panathenæan procession was wont to pass in ancient times, they came to the ruins of the Propylæa, which was thought by the Athenians of old to be superior in beauty to the Parthenon itself. They paused to visit the beautiful Ionic Temple of Athené Niké, or "Unwinged Victory," so called because the Athenians fondly hoped that the goddess would never forsake them. It was restored in 1835 by German architects, almost all of the original materials having been recovered. It is very small, and stands on a basement of three steps. The doctor told his companions that, according to the Greek legend, it was from this spot that Ægeus threw himself in despair

when he saw the ship of Theseus returning from Crete with black sails instead of white.

The Propylæa, which next claimed the attention of our travellers, remained in almost perfect preservation until the fourteenth century. The structure consists of three portions, the central gateway and two wings on the north and south, and formed the grand entrance to the Acropolis. In ancient times "a row of Doric columns, with a pediment in the form of a temple, received the visitor on ascending. He next entered a hall fifty feet deep, whose splendid marble roof was supported by six Ionic columns. This hall was shut off by a

TEMPLE OF VICTORY.

wall running horizontally across it, and with five gates of lattice-work, forming the entrance (open or closed at will) to the citadel. Passing out of this, the visitor again entered another Doric hall of six columns, and through it the inner space of the citadel. From the right and left side of the Propylæa, the portal proper, a wing projected to the right and left, for the purpose of completing the edifice bounding the rock of the citadel: the northern wing comprehended the chamber painted with frescoes by Polygnotus, the *Pinacothece*. Either wing opened by halls of columns towards the broad staircase, which led in a gentle ascent to the hall of the portal and united the upper with the lower

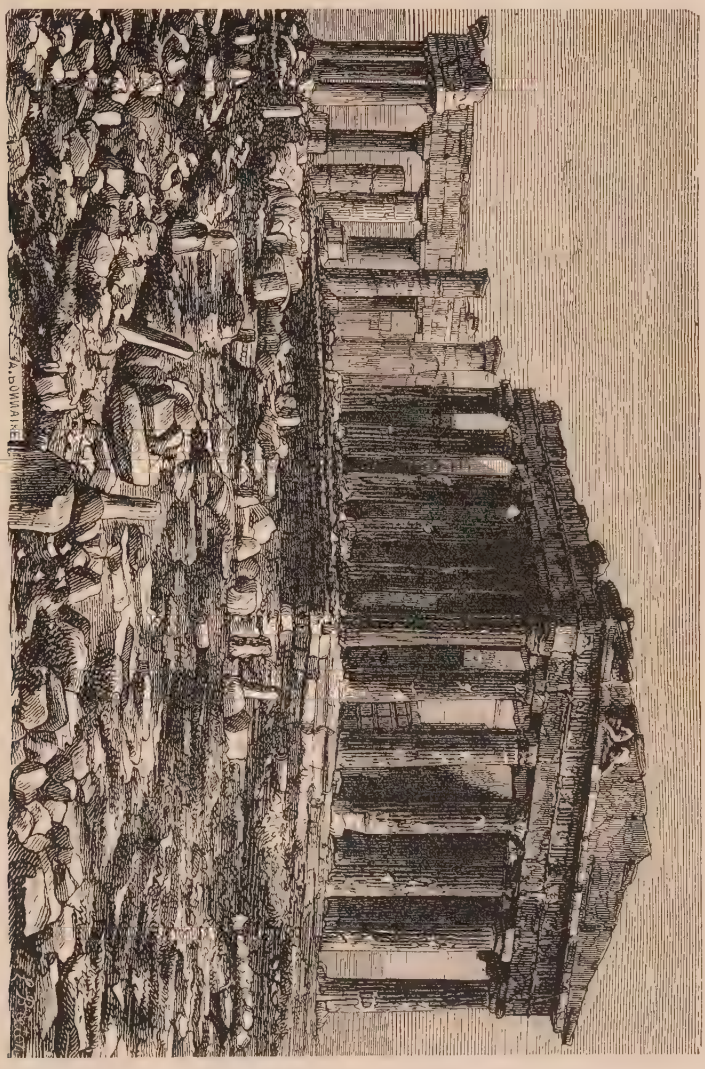
city. To the right of this ascent the wall of Cimon projected, with a bastion resembling a tower, towards the staircase. . . . The Acropolis of Athens opened its hospitable galleries of columns to all who wished to visit the temples and festivals of the Athenians: rising from the lower city, as the crown of the whole, like a great dedicatory offering, with its colossi, temples, and halls,

VICTORY UNTYING HER SANDALS.

and with the marble edifice of the Propylæa shining like a precious frontlet on its brow." But little is left of this beautiful edifice now. The left wing, supposed to be the *Pinacothece*, is still standing, and serves as a museum for all the statues and other relics found in the Acropolis.

Passing through the Propylæa, our travellers entered the enclosure of the ancient citadel. A few steps farther on they saw the site of the colossal bronze

statue of Athené Promachos, or "Athené the Foremost Fighter." This famous statue was sixty-four feet in height, was in full armor, and was constructed by Phidias out of the spoils taken at Marathon. The goddess was represented resting upon a lance, the gilded head of which formed a landmark to mariners



THE PARTHENON.

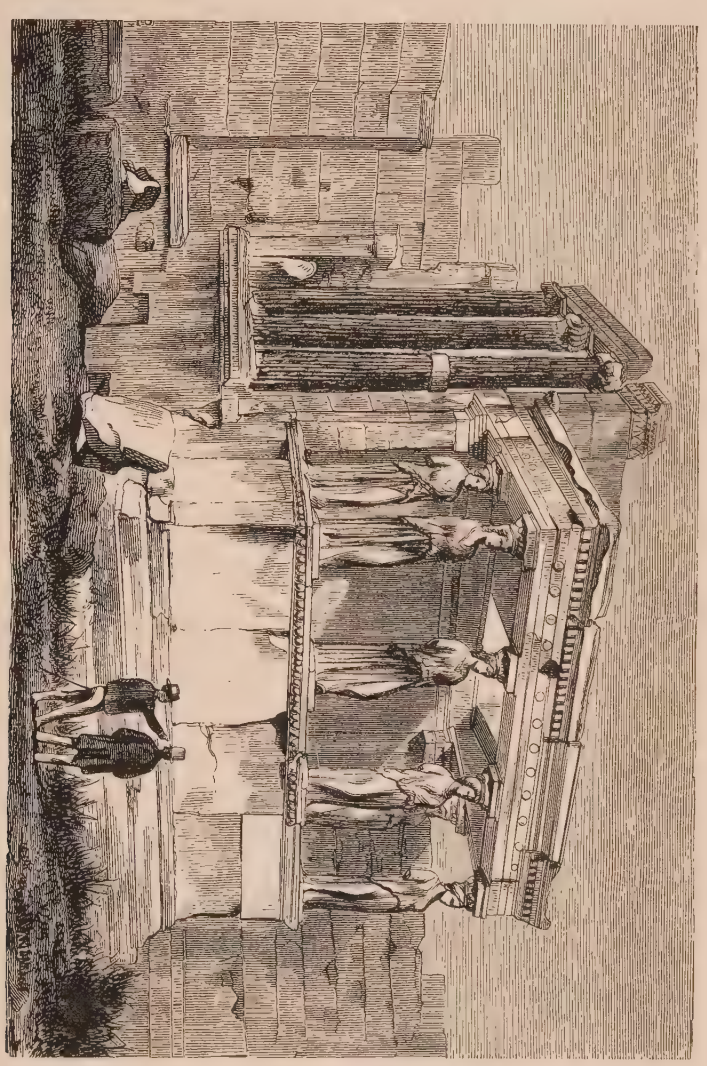
as they approached Athens from Cape Sunium. All around lay a vast field of ruins, through which the road wound by an easy ascent up the eastern portal of the Parthenon. The imposing ruins of this grand temple lay on our travellers' right, as they passed on, while to the left were the remains of the once

beautiful Erechtheum, dedicated to the joint worship of Minerva and Neptune. Along this deserted and ruined way once stood the statues and votive shrines erected to the gods by the rich and pious Athenians.

"What a grand sight must have burst upon the eye," said the doctor, "when the bronze gates of the Propylæa swung back to admit the great Panathanæan procession! Here was the great statue of Athené Promachos; before them the Parthenon towered, a gem of pure white marble adorned with the noblest sculptures, and to the left was the beautiful Erechtheum, with its rich sculptures and brilliant coloring. Between the great gates and the temples was a forest of statues lining this road, mingled with which were the smaller shrines and the votive offerings of the Athenians."

The Parthenon presents an imposing sight, though it is at present only a mass of ruins. It was two hundred and thirty feet long and one hundred feet wide, and was constructed of pure white marble. It stood upon a massive platform sixty-six feet longer than the edifice itself, and twenty-one feet in height. This arrangement brought the bases of the columns of the temple nearly on a level with the summit of the Propylæa, and caused the edifice to tower high over all the surrounding structures. Even what remains fills the spectator with awe and astonishment. The cost of the building was over three millions of dollars. The cella, or walls, of the principal building were surrounded with a peristyle containing forty-eight white marble columns of the Doric order. These columns had a diameter of six feet two inches at the base, and were thirty-four feet high. At both ends of the cella was a vestibule raised two steps above the platform and supported by six columns each. From the eastern vestibule a lofty portal of bronze led into the interior space, the Hecatompedon, properly so called, which was by a double row of columns divided lengthwise into three naves. Above was a second series of columns, forming a double gallery and supporting the stone ceiling. This ceiling, however, instead of extending over the whole interior, was partly open, and admitted sufficient light from above to illuminate the entire space. Next to this cella, one hundred feet deep, was the back part of the building, called the Opisthodomos, an equilateral hall, with four columns, opening into the western entrance-hall. The Opisthodomos was sixty-three feet broad and forty-two deep, the ceiling being supported by six columns. It was used as the public treasury. The larger apartment was the temple proper, was constructed of pure white marble, and was adorned with a magnificently-sculptured frieze, representing in bas-relief the faces of the gods and the ceremonies of the great Panathanæan festival. Our travellers had seen this in the British Museum at London. Within the larger hall stood the magnificent colossal statue of Athené, to whom the Parthenon was dedicated, and who was the tutelary deity of the Athenians. The explosion in 1687 completely destroyed the interior and threw

down a large portion of the colonnade. Relic-hunters have since stripped the edifice of many of its noblest ornaments; but it stands to-day the most imposing monument of antiquity in the world. It is built on the verge of the rock, and nothing obstructed the view of it from the lower city. The grand western



PORCH OF THE CARYATIDES.

front remains almost entire, a melancholy reminder of the glories of the perfect edifice.

The Erechtheum stands on the northern verge of the Acropolis, opposite the Parthenon, and was a much smaller edifice. It was a rectangular structure,

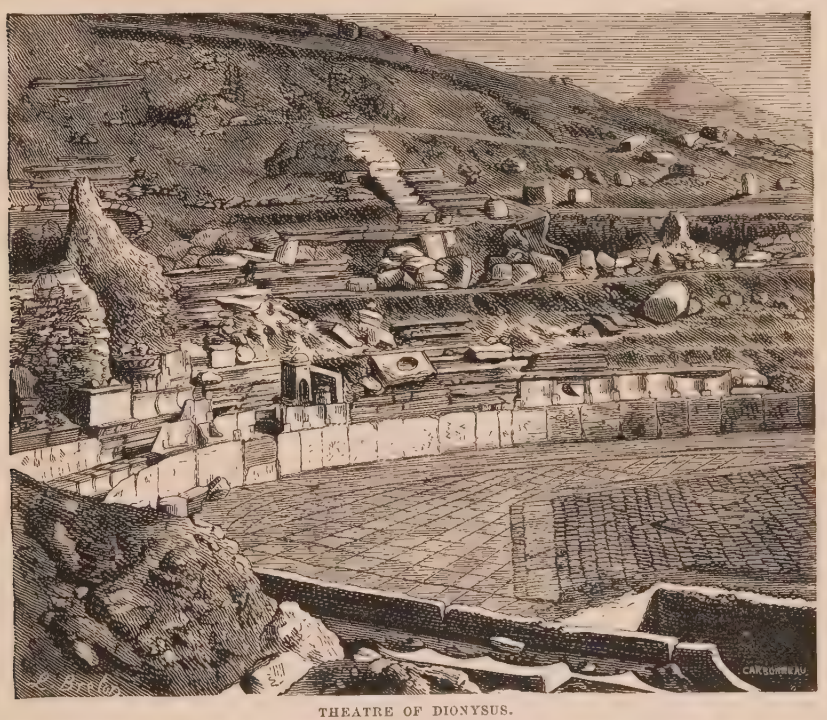
and was constructed of Pentelic marble, with a frieze of black marble of Eleusis. It is also in ruins. On the northern and western sides are porticoes supported by Ionic columns, the southern portico being upheld by beautiful female figures, or Caryatides. Only three of the ancient figures remain, the others are restorations. But five columns are standing of the principal or western portico, and they are the finest specimens of the Ionic order in existence. The sacred olive-tree grew in this temple. It was said to have been produced by Athené during her contest with Poseidon, or Neptune, for the soil of Attica. It was burned by the Persians when they gained possession of the temple, but grew an arm's length in a single night on being recovered by the Athenians. The ancients believed that Cecrops, the mythical founder of Athens, was buried in the portico of the Caryatides.

"You have mentioned the Panathanæan procession several times, father," said Mary. "What was it?"

"The procession," replied Dr. Lawrence, "closed the great six days' festival which was held every year in honor of Athené, the protecting goddess of the city. The festival was of very ancient origin, but Pericles gave to it the grand character which distinguished it from his time. It was participated in by every class of the population. The festival began with performances in the Odeum, where the masters of song and recitation, and the cither- and flute-players exhibited their skill, the choral songs being produced in the theatre. Then followed gymnastic games, contests in the Stadium, foot-races, wrestling-matches, and a torch-race held in the Ceramicus outside the Dipylum, when no moon shone in the heavens. Performances were given also in the Hippodrome, which stood near the Piræus, consisting of horse- and chariot-races, and off the shore of the Piræus there were races by the armed galleys of the state. The festival closed with the great procession, which was held on the last day but two of the month dedicated to Athené. It assembled at sunrise in the Ceramicus, and marched in solemn state to the citadel, with music and decorations. A splendid robe fastened like a sail to a ship moving on wheels was borne up to the temple to be offered to the goddess. On this piece of tapestry were woven the deeds of the goddess as well as the events of the national history, and even the portraits of those citizens who had deserved well of their country. This solemn procession was joined by the victors of all the games of the previous days, the handsomest and strongest Athenians of all ages, in chariots, on horseback, and on foot, splendidly equipped, crowned with wreaths, and arranged in solemn order. The citizens were followed by the foreigners residing in Athens under the protection of the state, who undertook the performance of certain services, and had to bear sunshades, chairs, gorgeous vases, and other orders, as a reminder of their own dependent condition; while all the colonies of Athens were represented by deputations, who offered cattle and sheep to the goddess."

From the Acropolis the party made a visit to the Areopagus, a short distance to the west of the citadel. This was the seat of the highest court of law in Athens, which dated from the foundation of the city. The doctor told his companions that it was also the "Mars' Hill" from which the Apostle Paul addressed the assembled inhabitants of the ancient city.

Visits were also made to the Olympieum, the noble ruin of the Temple of Zeus Olympius; to the Stadium, founded by the orator Lycurgus in B.C. 330, and the scene of the classic races; to the beautiful choragic Monument of Lysicrates, popularly called the Lantern of Demosthenes, the only remaining



THEATRE OF DIONYSUS.

temple of the series that ornamented the street of Tripods; and to the Theatre of Dionysus or Bacchus, founded in B.C. 500, where the immortal works of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes were produced before the admiring Athenians. The Theseum, the best preserved edifice of ancient Athens, was also visited. It was a temple dedicated to Theseus, the slayer of the Minotaur, and was erected in B.C. 470, in gratitude to the hero, who was believed to have appeared at the battle of Marathon in aid of his countrymen.

Other deeply-interesting places were visited by the doctor and his party, but our space forbids even a reference to them.

Modern Athens interested our travellers very greatly. It is a very bright and gay city, and its streets are filled with people whose varied costumes give them a most picturesque appearance. The crowd in Hermes and Æolus Streets, the latter of which contains the bazaar, and is the favorite promenade of the city, was a source of constant enjoyment. Here were throngs of swarthy Albanians, or Suliotes, in their picturesque dress, consisting of an open jacket, with a kilt of frilled white cotton, long thick stockings covering the legs, and a *capote*, or cloak, as rough as sheepskin, thrown jauntily over the shoulders.

> "'O who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
> In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?'"

exclaimed Mary, as a group of these picturesque fellows passed her.

"The Suliotes," said the doctor, "are not of pure Greek blood, but the bravery with which they fought in the war of independence fully entitles them to the praise Byron has bestowed upon them."

Late on Saturday afternoon the party took a carriage and drove to the Piræus. An hour or two was spent in looking about the place. The road by which they came from Athens is constructed on the ancient north wall, which formed one of the famous Long Walls, which connected Athens with its harbor. They ascended the hill of Munychia and strolled about the harbor, where they saw traces of the fortifications and dockyards which made Piræus such an important place in ancient times. A little before sunset they went on board the "Fleetwing," intending to sail for Constantinople early the next morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE "Fleetwing" sailed immediately after daylight on Sunday morning, June 13, long before our travellers were on deck, and by breakfast-time had rounded Cape Sunium and was running northeast towards Andros, which soon began to loom up darkly in the distance. Later in the afternoon the yacht passed through the narrow channel lying between the islands of Andros and Eubœa, and at nightfall the light on Cape Doro glimmered far to the westward. All through Monday the "Fleetwing" sailed steadily northward over the Ægean, which was rougher and more disagreeable than the other portions of the Mediterranean had been. A passing steamer, bound southward, and a large ship, which hoisted the American flag in reply to the yacht's salute, and which seemed to be heading for Smyrna, were the only things that broke the monotony of the voyage. The island of Scyros, far to the westward, remained in view during a good part of the day, and to the eastward they could see the mountains of Scio faintly against the sky. Scio, the doctor reminded his companions, is one of the places which dispute the honor of having produced the great poet Homer. Late in the afternoon the captain pointed out the island of Tenedos to the eastward, while to the west Lemnos, and to the north Imbros, were full in sight. Tenedos reminded the boys, who had read Homer, of the stratagem of the Greek leaders which led to the fall of Troy. Pretending to abandon the siege, they withdrew their fleet to Tenedos, leaving the wooden horse on the shore to be introduced into the city by the credulous Trojans. The captain pointed out the position of the plain of Troy, and the doctor told his companions that the ancients regarded the island of Lemnos as sacred to Vulcan, whose workshops they believed were located among its mountains. Towards sunset the yacht rounded the headland of Kum Kale, on the Asiatic shore, and entered the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, which joins the Ægean to the Sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. As the passage of the strait was made during the night our travellers saw none of the points of interest that lie along its shores. The scene of the great Athenian victory of Cynossema in the Peloponnesian war, Abydos, where Xerxes built his bridge for the invasion of

Greece, where Alexander the Great crossed into Asia, where Leander swam the Hellespont to visit his beloved Hero, and where Solyman, in 1536, planted the Crescent on the shores of Europe and began the rule of the Turk, were all passed during the night. All that our travellers saw were the four castles, or forts, situated at the entrance to the Dardanelles, very formidable-looking structures, but useless as a barrier to the passage of the strait by modern vessels of war.

Tuesday morning found the "Fleetwing" tossing uncomfortably on the rough waves of the Sea of Marmora. All day the voyage was continued in this disagreeable sea, the whole party being more or less uncomfortable. Early in the afternoon the sea became smoother, and soon the towers and domes of Constantinople rose up beyond the water. As the yacht drew swiftly towards it the city presented a very beautiful and imposing appearance. A number of domes, a forest of minarets, and long lines of shipping stood out against the sky, backed by picturesque wooded hills, sprinkled with villas and gardens. To the right the broad channel of the Bosphorus stretched away to the north, with a number of ironclads lying at anchor in it, and scores of small boats passing and repassing between its shores. A splendid view was had of the city of Stamboul as the yacht swept by it; then Seraglio Point, with its gardens and palaces, was rounded, and a little later the "Fleetwing" was at anchor in the beautiful Golden Horn.

The voyage was over, and our travellers, though glad to reach the utmost point of their wanderings, could not help a feeling of deep regret at the thought that they were now to take a final leave of the beautiful little vessel that for one month had been their home. They parted from Captain Thompson with genuine sorrow. They had liked him thoroughly from the first, and his kindness and attention had rendered the voyage unfailingly delightful. The crew were liberally remembered, and all joined in wishing the doctor and his party the best of luck and a safe return to their own country. Then the "Fleetwing's" boat was manned, and our travellers and their luggage were conveyed across the harbor to the custom-house, where a five-franc piece quietly slipped into the hand of the official in charge satisfied that worthy that there was nothing in the trunks to warrant the delay of an inspection, and they were accordingly passed without being opened. Three porters were engaged to carry the baggage to the hotel, and our travellers were astonished at seeing with what ease these *ammales*, as they are called, swung the heavy trunks up to their backs, gathered up the bags and other parcels, and marched off up the steep street leading to the Rue de Pera, in which the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at which the party had engaged rooms by letter, was situated.

As they passed through the net-work of dark, narrow, and dirty streets, they found that the charm of the city lies entirely in its surroundings and the

THE GOLDEN HORN.

view from the water. The houses along the way were wretched looking, and the streets were paved in the roughest manner. Plodding on patiently behind

A STREET SCENE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

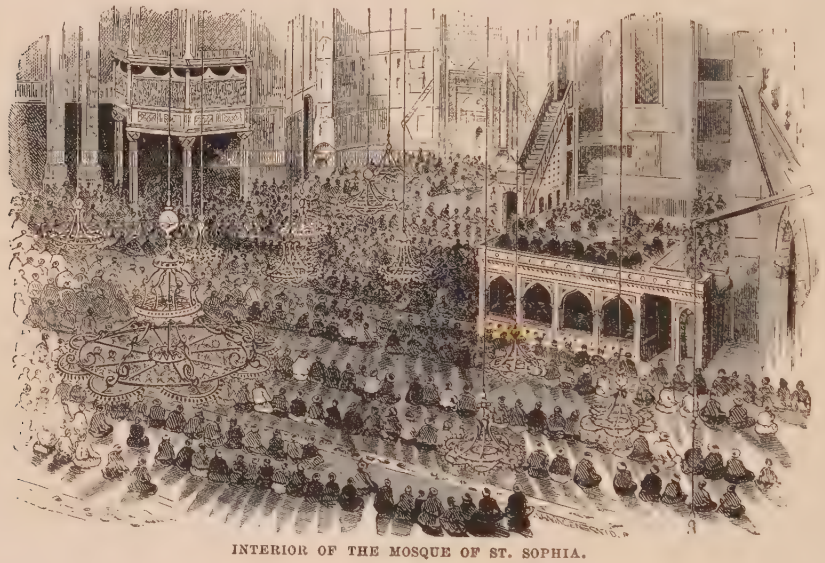
the porters, they came at last to their hotel, and were soon comfortably established in their pleasant quarters.

Constantinople is one of the most ancient cities of Europe. It stands upon a triangular-shaped tongue of land which lies upon the west side of the south-

ern entrance of the Bosphorus. On the northern side of the city is a branch or offset of the Bosphorus, called the Golden Horn, which forms a magnificent harbor. On the opposite side of the Golden Horn are the suburbs of Pera, Galata, and Tophana. Pera and Galata are the principal business quarters and the residence of nearly all the foreigners. The foreign ambassadors reside chiefly in the former quarter, in which are also located the hotels. The city is simply a mass of winding, steep, and dirty streets, without names or plan of any kind, and with houses which are, for the most part, built of wood and present dead walls to the street, light and air being, as in all Oriental towns, derived from the interior court-yards. There are but few streets in which vehicles can be used, and some of these are almost too narrow for two carriages to pass abreast. Being almost entirely surrounded by water, much of the traffic and intercourse between the city and the suburbs is carried on by means of light boats called *caïques*, which are a sort of open gondola, only much lighter and narrower, and painted yellow. It is said that no less than eighty thousand of these boats ply on the waters of Stamboul and its suburbs. The city is surrounded by walls, some of which were built fifteen centuries ago. Of the forty-three gates by which it was originally entered, but seven remain. The population is variously estimated at from five hundred thousand to one million.

Constantinople was founded in B.C. 656 by Byzas, from whom it was called

Byzantium. It at once became a place of great importance, as it controlled the grain trade of the Black Sea, the region from which Greece and Rome drew their supplies of bread. It was ruled alternately by the Lacedæmonians and Athenians, until the supremacy of Athens began to decline, when it rose to greater importance than ever. Macedon sought to conquer it, but it became the faithful ally of Rome, and was allowed by its protectors to remain a free city until the reign of Vespasian, who deprived it of its civic privileges. In A.D. 328, Constantine the Great rebuilt and enlarged it, and made it the capital of his empire, since which time it has been called by his name. After the fall of the Roman empire it remained the capital of the Eastern empire. In 1204 it was captured by the Crusaders, who held it until 1261. In 1453, Mohammed II., the sultan of Turkey, took it by storm after a memorable siege, and



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

destroyed the last vestige of the Roman empire. Since then it has been the capital of the Turkish empire.

Dr. Lawrence and his companions remained at Constantinople during the remainder of the month of June. The doctor's first effort, after reaching the city, was to seek out Sir George Ashford, but to his regret he found that that gentleman had gone on into the interior, and was not expected to return to the city until early in July. He had left letters for the doctor, begging him to make any further use of the yacht he might desire during that time, and expressing his regret at being unable to meet him in Constantinople.

Our travellers did not reach their hotel on the day of their arrival until nearly dark, and, as the streets of Constantinople are unsafe at night, they

could do nothing but enjoy a short stroll through the Rue de Pera, in which their hotel was situated. The shops in this street are the best in Constantinople, and are mostly French. As they were brightly lighted our travellers were able to view from the street the handsome goods with which they were filled. The fruit-shops were very interesting. The fronts were open, and the interior and its contents could be seen at a glance from the street. A huge torch blazed and smoked in each, and gave a rich glow to the tempting displays of luscious fruits and nuts. In each sat a solemn-visaged, turbaned Turk, generally puffing away at his pipe, and seemingly indifferent to all the world around him. From every dark alley, as the party passed along, several dogs would rush out, bark furiously at them, and then slink back to their own quarters. The barking and howling of the dogs filled the street with a dismal sound, and was the last thing heard as they fell asleep that night.

TURKISH LADY.

The next day a visit was made to the pretty English garden in Pera. A coffee-house stands in the centre, with tables and chairs outside, and as they regaled themselves there with their favorite beverage they enjoyed a fine view of the Bosphorus.

Seraglio Point, the site of the ancient palace of the sultans, was the first place of importance visited by our travellers. It stands at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and is enclosed by lofty walls, nearly three miles in circumference, adorned with gates and towers. It was built by Mohammed II., and occupies the site of the ancient Byzantium. The enclosed space is covered with detached palaces, baths, mosques, kiosks, gardens, and groves of cypresses, constructed at different periods according to the fancies of the builder, and without any attempt at orderly or systematic arrangement. Our travellers entered by the magnificent gate called the *Sublime Porte*, from which the government of the sultan takes its official name, passed by the barracks occupied by the guards, and visited the arsenal, where they saw, among other curiosities, the wax figures of the Janizaries. They strolled through the beautiful pleasure-gardens, now sadly neglected, and in some places almost in ruins, and visited the treasury containing the crown jewels and a valuable collection of other articles belonging to the sultan. Here were elegant toilet-sets

mounted in gold, the rarest china, daggers, swords, saddles, guns, turbans, and horse-trappings literally covered with sparkling diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones. There were several thousand of these jewels in the collection. The great palace, which formerly stood within the enclosure, was burned in the disastrous fire of 1865, which laid a large portion of this quarter of the city in ashes. It has never been restored, as the sultan considers it unlucky to rebuild. From a lovely pavilion of white marble, fitted up exquisitely in Turkish style, and situated on the highest part of Seraglio Point, a magnificent view was obtained of the city and its surroundings. In front was the Bosphorus, at the point of its junction with the Sea of Marmora, whose bright waters stretched away to the horizon. Beyond the strait was the shore of Asia, with the line of the snow-capped mountains of Olympus in the background. To the left the Bosphorus stretched away northward as far as the eye could reach, its shores dotted with towns, cemeteries, and palaces. Between the city and Pera was the bright line of the Golden Horn, crowded with shipping, and back of Seraglio Point was the old city of Stamboul and the mosque of St. Sophia.

AMMALE.

It was but a short distance from the Sublime Porte to the mosque of St. Sophia, which stands just out of the enclosure of the Seraglio, on the declivity of the first hill of the ancient city. This grand church was commenced in the year 531 by the Emperor Justinian I., and was completed in 538. Over ten thousand workmen were employed and a vast sum was expended upon it. It was dedicated to "The Eternal Wisdom," and was so beautiful that Justinian exclaimed on the day of its consecration, "O Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" The building is in the form of a Greek cross, two hundred and seventy feet long by two hundred and forty-three feet wide, and is surmounted in the centre by a dome one hundred and eighty feet in height. There are, in addition, two larger and six smaller semi-domes, with four minarets added by the Mohammedans, the whole presenting a magnificent appearance from without. The interior was originally very beautiful, but has been marred somewhat by the arrangements necessary for the Mohammedan worship. It contains one hundred and seventy columns of marble, granite, and porphyry taken from ancient temples in various parts of the Roman empire.

The doctor had obtained a firman from the sultan, through the American minister, for himself and party to visit the mosque, to which no Christian is admitted without such permission, and they were allowed to pass in without difficulty. As they had taken the precaution to bring overshoes with them, they were permitted to put these on over their shoes. But for this forethought they would have been obliged to remove their shoes and put on slippers, as the Turks regard it as a defilement of their mosques to enter them with the shoes worn in the streets. They were deeply impressed with the grandeur of the interior, and thought it not a little strange to see still remaining, though faintly, on the wall behind the place where the high altar once stood, the mosaic of the figure of the Saviour. On the dome are mosaics of the four Christian Sera-

CASTLE OF EUROPE, ON THE BOSPHORUS.

phim, under which the Turks have inscribed the names of the four archangels of the Moslem faith. Visits were also made to the mosques of Suleiman the Magnificent, the most beautiful in the city, of Sultan Achmed, and Mohammed II., the great conqueror of Constantinople, built upon the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles.

Opposite the mosque of Sultan Ahmed our travellers saw the site of the ancient Hippodrome, now the largest square in the city. The ancient building that stood here was modelled after the Circus at Rome, and was adorned with many statues in marble and bronze. Only a few of the monuments remain, the principal of which are the Obelisk of Theodosius, a granite shaft brought by that emperor from Thebes, in Egypt; the broken Pillar of Constantine, which was stripped of its bronze when the Turks first captured the city; and

the Serpentine Column, consisting of three brass serpents twisted together, the heads of which have been destroyed. The doctor told his companions that this column once supported the golden tripod in the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and that under the Byzantine emperors the Imperial Palace, the Senate House, and the Forum adjoined this square.

The bazaars of Stamboul, as the Turks call the old city, frequently attracted the party. Their route from their hotel to them lay over the famous bridge over the Golden Horn which connects Pera with the city. This is a broad structure, and is always crowded. Peddlers and beggars seem to make it their headquarters, and these proved amusing as well as annoying to the visitors. The Grand Bazaar, the largest and most interesting of these establishments, is entirely roofed over, and is lighted here and there by a small cupola, the half-light being highly advantageous to the merchants, as it renders it difficult for the purchaser to discern the true character of the wares exposed for sale. Our travellers found it crowded to an extent that rendered it difficult for them to move about. The purchasers were chiefly women, who gazed with undisguised curiosity at the Americans from under their veils. The bazaar contains a number of streets, passages, courts, and fountains, and is literally a city within a city. "The aspect of the goods, however, is truly enticing. One long alley glitters with yellow morocco, another brilliant with India shawls, another with meerschaums, another with amber mouth-pieces, another with embroidered muslin dresses, another with slippers, another with Damascus swords and daggers, another with robes of ermine and fur; all the different dealers in the same style of goods occupying the same bazaar."

The cemeteries, with their curious tombs and their beautiful groves of cypress-trees, were among the places visited by our travellers; and once or twice they witnessed the singular funeral rites of the people, as the processions, accompanied by mourners, passed them on the streets.

Once during their stay in the city they crossed over in the steam ferry-boat to Scutari, on the Asiatic shore, to witness the performance of the Howling Dervishes. Arriving at the mosque, they were required to change their shoes for slippers, and were conducted up a narrow stair to a small gallery, where sheepskins were spread upon the floor. They squatted upon these in Turkish fashion and watched the scene below. Forty or fifty dervishes were seated upon the floor of the mosque. Their leader repeated portions of the Koran in a quiet tone, and the others made occasional responses in the same manner. In a little while they knelt in a row opposite their leader and began to chant in a loud tone, occasionally bowing at full length. Then they stood up in line, and, joining hands, began to sway backwards and forwards and sideways, chanting, or rather howling, out verses of the Koran all the while. Every moment the movements became faster and the howls louder. The performance was

continued about an hour, when it ceased through the exhaustion of the performers. The next day the party went to see the Whirling Dervishes, who have a larger and handsomer mosque than the Howlers, and the boys declared it to be the best show they had witnessed. The performance began with chanting verses from the Koran, this was followed by a walk around, during which each one bowed profoundly to the leader as he passed him; then suddenly separating they sailed off around the room, spinning around at a dizzy rate until

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

their long robes stood out like inverted umbrellas, keeping time to the sound of rude musical instruments. The boys felt very much like applauding, but were restrained by a savage-looking old Turk who sat near, and eyed them suspiciously till they left the building.

On the Friday after their arrival our travellers took a caïque and rowed up the Bosphorus to the new Palace of Dolma Backté, the residence of the sultan, to see his majesty start for the mosque. A number of boats had gathered on

the water opposite the palace, and were filled with spectators. The sultan's state barge, a magnificent vessel, painted white, profusely ornamented with gilt, and rowed by twenty-four oarsmen dressed in white, lay at the marble stairway leading to the principal entrance of the palace, and a rich carpet was spread from the boat to the doorway. About the entrance were gathered a number of richly-dressed officers of the household and a detachment of soldiers. Shortly after the arrival of our travellers there was a stir among the attendants about the doorway,—they formed a line on each side of the stair, and, bending nearly double, remained so while the sultan came out of the palace, descended the stair, and entered the barge, followed by the grand vizier, or prime minister. They seated themselves under a purple canopy in the boat, and immediately the rowers bent to their oars, and the barge shot away like an arrow in the direction of the city. Instantly a gun from an ironclad opposite the palace announced the sultan's departure, and the war-vessels lying in the harbor and the batteries on the shore thundered forth a royal salute. The whole shore, from the palace to the mosque, was lined with troops, and arms were presented and bands played as the royal barge went by.

A pleasant excursion was made up the Bosphorus, which reminded our travellers very much of the Hudson near West Point. It is dotted with palaces and villas, and about half-way between Constantinople and the Black Sea are the famous castles of Europe and Asia, the former of which was built by Mohammed II. to secure his hold upon the dying Byzantine empire. Another excursion was up the Golden Horn to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," where the sultan has a summer palace, and where the people of Constantinople congregate in pleasant weather to lounge and enjoy the sunshine.

Some pleasant evenings were passed with friends of Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence residing in Constantinople, and this led to an invitation to the ladies by the mistress of one of these hospitable mansions to go with her on a visit to the harem of a wealthy Turk, whose wife was her friend. The invitation was accepted, and a pleasant visit followed, during which Mrs. Lawrence and the girls were able to see domestic life in Turkey in its most favorable aspect.

Such were the chief incidents of the visit of Dr. Lawrence and his companions to Constantinople. Here I must leave them, merely adding that their journey home was as pleasant and interesting as their travels from America to the Turkish capital. The limits of this work do not permit a description of it, but some day we may be found travelling in their company again.

THE END.